THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is 75 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.25 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers.

Springtime will come to you first between the covers of The Western Home Monthly for April. When you turn the pages, you will forget your disappointment if the snow has remained too long on the ground and the earliest flowers are frost-bitten. The Easter number of your favorite periodical will bring you timely articles that transport you to other lands and charming tales that impress upon you the beautiful significance of the annual awakening of Mother Earth.

In accordance with the spirit of the times, the Easter number will abound in seasonable stories and articles and many ideas given for making dainty little Easter gifts. The April number will also contain another list of hidden post-offices in connection with our $1,000 competition. Judging from the many enquiries we are constantly receiving, the greatest interest is manifested in this competition and readers from Cape Breton in the far east to Vancouver in the far west are all doing their level best to lift that substantial first prize.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact about this competition is that there is no entrance fee to be paid by competitors. Everything is free and we believe that this is the first time any publication in Canada has offered prizes to its readers without making certain stipulations regarding the eligibility of competitors. The regulations governing the contest are very simple and we have been very careful to explain everything thoroughly. We have received a few enquiries, however, and these we are answering here as it is quite possible that other competitors may be desiring information on the same subjects:

Q. What will happen in the event of several competitors winning the first prize?

A. This would be decided by the management of The Western Home Monthly.

Q. Is it possible for there to be more than one correct answer to any one solution?

A. Yes.

Q. When will the competition end?

A. This has not yet been determined, but it will not last much longer.

Q. I live in Montreal and want to know whether competitors living in Western Canada stand a better chance than I do of winning a prize?

A. Certainly not. Every competitor stands an equal chance, no matter where he lives.

For the benefit of new subscribers we are this month publishing all the coupons which have appeared since the beginning of the competition. This equips every one of our readers with a possibility of winning and, as a matter of fact, anyone who intelligently thinks out the problems may confidently hope to get a prize.

We want to know your opinion of this competition. Would you like us to start another one when this one finishes? We are anxious to do our best to please everybody and we can only accomplish this through the kind co-operation of our readers, so don't hesitate to take us into your confidence.

DAILY RULES THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

By Arthur Bergh.

We must, I believe, hark back to an old maxim to find a rule for success which may be universal in its application, and that is summed up in the word "stick-to-it-iveness."

Every individual, probably, has found rules which seem to meet his individual needs, but this one word applies to all.

In the strenuous struggle for recognition to-day only merit of the highest order will attain a lasting success, and that can only be achieved through the ability to travel along a straight line of endeavor, unswervingly.

Given health (of paramount importance) and a certain amount of talent (not genius), the realization and application of "stick-to-it-iveness" must inevitably bring real success.

* * * * *

By David Bispham.

Success is not to be obtained without very hard work—first, last, and in the middle. Work of brain and of body, of mind and of muscle. Make what rules you think fit your case. I will not give you any, for mine would be as different from yours as I am from you, and my first rule is to be original and copy no one. The rule before that is, be sensible as possible, even though you are an artist, and the rule before that is—induce your parents before you to be sensible, too; for common sense is the all in all, and so God bless your endeavors.

* * * * *

By Marcella Sembrich.

No daily habit has been of such service to me in my career as the time spent in the enjoyment of music. I do not mean merely the three-quarters or the whole hour spent in practice of scales. The minutes devoted daily to music have been the course of most of my inspiration and most of my power to accomplish whatever I have in my carreer. I don't think there is ever a day that I am not at the piano for an hour or two. I may be playing Brahms or Beethoven, or I may be running over some songs of my repertoire, or it may be that I am trying some of the many compositions sent to me every day by persons of whom I have never heard. Whatever the character of the music may be I can learn something from it. If it is banal, I am astonished at the ingeniousness that makes such composers satisfied to create what they do when the have the great masterpieces of the lyric composers before them. Whatever the nature of the music may be I find something of interest in it. If, on the other hand, my music that day happens to be from one of the great composers, my hours with them are certain to be inspiring. It often happens that my husband and I sit at the piano together for a whole evening, playing together Beethoven, the Hungarian dances of Brahms, or some equally inspiring music. This has been throughout my whole career the daily habit that has done most to keep me always true to the high ideals of my calling. Next to this essential to the continuance of my artistic development stand the hours I spend with nature. What music does for me during those months in which I am at work, and necessarily kept in the cities, my life in the mountains accomplishes in the summer. The hours I spend in climbing, in viewing the beauties of nature, and in surrendering myself completely to its delights—those are to me what music is at other times. Both whisper to me of the Infinite. In that sound lies the life of the artist's soul.

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Benger's Food is sold in Tins, and can be obtained through most leading Drug Stores.

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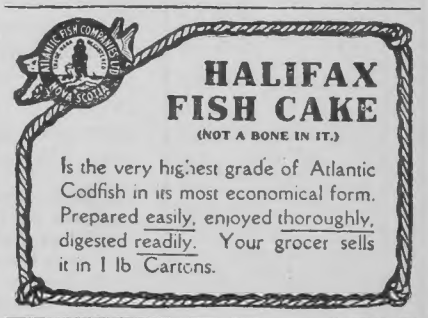

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TO PERFECTLY SEPARATE
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MY experience of over forty years in building special fanning mills for every farming region on earth makes it **certain** that this Mill No. 2, built for **your** particular use, will put an end to the worst pest you Western farmers endure---wild and tame oats in wheat and barley. This is the **one** machine that will get those oats out **easily** and with positive **certainty.** Just test a

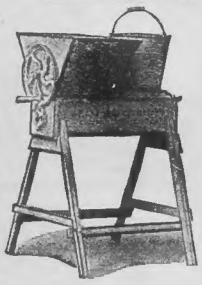
Saves its cost yearly. Made in two sizes, fitted with 25 in. and 33 in. Screens.

CHATHAM Fanning Mill

It will not only take **all** the oats out of your seed-wheat and the wheat you sell, but it will **grade** your wheat---separate the shrunken, immature and undersized grains, which you can profitably feed your stock. It will positively add ten cents a bushel to the value of your seed-wheat and five cents a bushel to the price you get for what grain you market.

Works Easiest. Cleans Fastest. Handles a Thousand Bushels a Day

No machine for the purpose runs anywhere near as EASY as the Chatham. None other will clean, grade and separate from 500 to 1,000 bushels of grain a day, doing the work perfectly,—taking out weed seeds and all oats or faulty grain. We absolutely guarantee this mill to do all we claim it will do. Test it for yourself and you will know it outclasses any Fanning Mill on the market.



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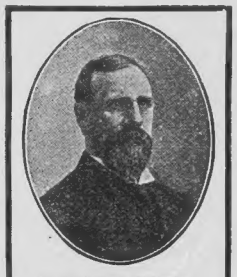
You get rid of wheat-smut. Made wholly of wood. Can't corrode, clog nor decay. Use either bluestone or formalin solution. New screw-feed easily pickles 60 bu. wheat, 80 bu. oats, per hour. Can't bruise the grain. Low-priced; solidly built; guaranteed. Credit, if you wish.

You Can Get One Quick

We carry an ample stock of these special oats-from-wheat machines (which are also fitted with 17 riddles and screens for cleaning and grading ANY grain, big or little) at all our warehouses. We can ship yours on shortest notice. Get our proposition now and think it over. Write us to-day.

The Chatham Fanning Mill was awarded First Prize by the Chicago, Buffalo and St. Louis World's Fairs. Send for valuable Free Book.



MANSON CAMPBELL says:
"I have been building fanning mills since 1867. My mills were in the West before the C. P. R. I am a specialist in this oats - from - wheat proposition, and I KNOW this Chatham mill will do what I say it will in this advertisement."

Sow Clean Grain---Sell Clean Grain---Make War on Weeds

Makes Kitchen Work Easy And Pays For Itself Too

Look at it in the Picture

Getting dinner—or any meal—takes only half as long when you have this Cabinet in your kitchen. Everything is so handy that cookery is a pleasure instead of drudgery. There's far less mess to clean up afterward—it's so easy to keep the kitchen tidy—and the cook saves so many steps. Compact, sensible, and work-saving.

Saves Room and Time

Take and try it in your kitchen,—see the work it does away with, the time it saves, the bother it puts an end to—see how sensibly planned, how excellently built, how well worth its small cost it actually is. Indeed, you will be well satisfied if you buy a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet. It is a most practical convenience.

Make Yourself a Present of One, Madam!

Let Me Ship You One Right Away

The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet will pay for itself speedily by preventing waste of foodstuffs—to say nothing of the vast deal of work it saves. After it has been a week in your kitchen you will wonder how you ever got on without it. This Cabinet actually is, and I GUARANTEE it to be, better, more compact and more labor-saving in design than any other made. It costs less. It is more complete, more convenient, built better—a great deal better. The wood-work is the finest selected Canadian chestnut, beautifully finished in rich, lustrous golden-brown. The bakeboards, drawers, flour-bin, are snow-white basswood—the shelves, hard, clean maple—knobs, handles, catches, heavy red copper—every part the best material money can buy.

Makes Kitchen Work Far Easier

The drop-leaves (they'll hold a heavy man's weight) just double the table top's area. Nothing is in the way,—nothing opens on the table's level. The whole top is polished metal,—sanitary, clean, waterproof. All the fronts of drawers, doors and bins overlap,—that makes them dust-proof, fly-proof, CLEAN. All the inside parts are finished satin-smooth,—not a crevice nor a seam to harbor dirt or insects. The flour-bin (that compartment lowest down) holds 75 pounds, has a curved solid-metal bottom, and glides in and out at a touch, on double roller ball-bearings. Every drawer shuts TIGHT, but never can stick. Every bin slides in and out EASILY. The whole Cabinet is mouse-proof.

Saves 500 Steps a Day in any Kitchen

The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet

saves endless bother and clutter

It's Very Practical

It couldn't be made more complete. Large enclosed closets for heavy utensils; plenty of shelves; shelf rack; two big drawers—17½ ins. wide, 5 inches deep; three small drawers; three cupboards; two big bins—self-moving; the whole thing 6 feet high, and mounted on double-acting rotary castors—easy to move around. Top is made of extra-heavy, polished zinc that will wear for years and be easy to keep clean all the while. Six aluminized canisters supplied free with Cabinet.

MANSON CAMPBELL
President

Fully Guaranteed

There are no out-of-the-way cubby-holes around a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet; but there IS a handy, easy-to-get-at place for everything that is used in getting a meal ready,—flour, sugar, salt, coffee, tea, spices, package food supplies, knives, spoons, kettles, bread-pans, etc., etc. Let me send you a book that illustrates and describes the Cabinet; or send me your order for it upon our special terms and with my personal guarantee that you will be wholly satisfied with it.

NOTICE TO DEALERS We want dealers to handle our products wherever we are not already represented, and offer exclusive privileges in each place. We are running a large advertising campaign and all orders received by us direct are referred to the dealer from whose territory they come. If you are not selling our products, write us for territory and terms.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Vol. XI. No. 3. MARCH, 1910.

Legalized Piracy.---A Simple Story for the People.

A Simple Transaction.

There is a factory down in Eastern Canada where they make boots. Things are so perfectly managed that the exact cost of any pair of boots can be ascertained in a few minutes. Now a certain pair cost for production one dollar and eighty-three cents. These boots were sold to a wholesale dealer for two dollars and seventy-eight cents, and sent by that firm to their Winnipeg branch, the cost of shipment being eleven cents. The wholesale house sold to a country merchant for three dollars and twenty-nine cents and the cost of handling in this case was nine cents. The country merchant, after paying all costs, marked the boots at four dollars and fifty cents, as a special bargain.

On the same day a farmer came into the store with thirty dozen eggs, which the merchant purchased at fifteen cents a dozen, giving in exchange the pair of boots. These eggs he shipped to Winnipeg to a wholesale provision house at eighteen cents, the express being two cents a dozen. The wholesale house disposed of them to a retail dealer at twenty-four cents a dozen delivered, and in a few hours the customers had bought up the lot at thirty cents.

Now apart from figures this is the picture of an actual transaction. Nor are the figures so wide of the mark. Let anyone who is curious make an actual examination and discover the facts for himself.

Who Makes on the Boots ?

Now the manufacturer of boots swears by all that is right and fair, that if he accepted less than the two dollars and seventy-eight cents he would have to close his shop. He uses certain expressions regarding cost of raw materials and unreasonableness of unions, but these do not concern us just now. The main point is his emphatic assertion that the boots cannot be sold for less than the price named. Similarly the railway company protests that it makes nothing on hauling freight from the East to Winnipeg. In fact this is a "losing proposition." In line with this are the statements of certain American roads leading into Chicago who have given testimony that they lose on the freight business, the passenger traffic, on special excursions, and on everything. Yet they pay a good dividend on watered stock. It is strange how these things happen. Next, the wholesale firm in Winnipeg protests that it barely manages to live by selling the boots at three dollars and twenty-nine cents. The proof of it is the manager's little hovel in the fashionable district. The wholesale merchants of Winnipeg are proverbially poor. Nor can the country merchant live unless he marks the boots at four dollars and fifty cents. On nearly every line of goods he must sell below cost because of the great competition, and he is making on the boots just sufficient margin to pay for cost of handling.

If anyone doubts the facts as above stated, let him institute inquiries and he will find everything just as given.

Who Makes on the Eggs ?

When we investigate the transaction in eggs we are informed by the farmer that there is positively no money in hens. They eat off their own heads; and the business is on so small a scale that if it were not because every farmer must have a few eggs for his own family use he would not bother with hens at all. Similarly, the merchant assures us that there is nothing in handling eggs, but he must oblige his farm customers by acting as salesman. Everybody knows that the express company never makes anything on the handling of goods of any kind. Certainly they make nothing on perishable goods like eggs. So it remains for the wholesale merchant and the retail merchant to explain that it is necessary in the case of eggs and dairy products to charge a little above cost because of the great risk they take in handling such goods at all.

This is all so reasonable and so perfectly plain that it is surely not worth one's while to examine into the facts. They must be in line with the testimony given.

Who Pays too Much ?

Yet notwithstanding all that has been asserted, it does seem strange that a farmer should have to pay four dollars and fifty cents for boots that were made for one dollar and eighty-three cents, and it is more strange still that the sick wife of a poor day laborer in Winnipeg should have to pay thirty cents for eggs that the farmer was willing to dispose of at fifteen cents a dozen. And because of these strange facts there arises the question in economics that is now being propounded far and near, and compared with which all other questions are but trifling. Why does it cost so much in these days to live? It is the question of the consumer, and perhaps it is well that he is about to have a hearing.

A Ray of Hope.

Some months ago, when the struggle between the producers and the shippers was at its worst, we predicted that before long the consumers would begin to assert their claims. We did not think then that in four short months the question would be agitated in Canada, in Great Britain and in the United States. Yet to-day that is the leading question in these three countries. It has been discovered that in Canadian cities the ordinary workman cannot afford to marry, because he cannot purchase food and clothing for a family; it is found that in the United States thousands of families have to live on half-fare, because the earning capacity of the parents is not great enough to purchase the necessities of life; and in Great Britain legislation has been promised which will relieve the situation in which the poorer classes find themselves when it comes to the grave problem of barely maintaining an existence.

> ¶ "It is probable that if every great fortune in the United States could be traced to its source, we would find its origin in some form of favoritism by the Government. The lumber kings, the railroad millionaires, the sugar monopolists, those who have enriched themselves by operating public service corporations, all these and the long list of those who have been enriched by a wicked, vicious, deceitful tariff system, have to thank a kind government for the means by which they have piled up wealth at the expense of the farmer, the workingman, the professional man, and the ordinary business man. The alliance between big business and politics has been profitable to the big business man and the politicians."
>
> From Hampton's Magazine.

Known by their Fruits.

In the examination which will be made regarding existing conditions, the various commissions that are appointed will find it necessary to doubt every man's word just a little—but more especially the word of the man who is doing well financially. There is no man who can make such a strong plea for poverty as the man who is living handsomely on the fruits of the labors of others. When a manufacturer says he is making nothing it is well to examine his coach-house and to study the dimensions of his private yacht. When railway owners say that rates are reasonable it is well to remember right at once that the reference is not to conditions in our own country, where the people have paid for the roads and bonused them, and then are accorded the privilege of paying to private parties an exhorbitant fee for using what should really belong to themselves. And as for wholesale dealers and retail merchants, they must be judged by results. On the whole, we venture to say that in proportion to his output in labor, anxiety and faithfulness of effort, there is nobody to-day in a worse position than the day-worker, who has no landed property and no business which is growing with the years. For it must be remembered that even the farmer is growing in wealth as he sleeps, but the wage-earner is completely at the mercy of Providence—and his employer.

The Robber of the Combines.

The commissioners, in making their investigations, must also inquire as to whether the manufacturer has combined with others of his ilk to charge the wholesale dealers more than they should for the boots, and whether the transportation companies have not, in spite of railway commissions, combined to charge twice the rate that is necessary, and whether the express company, as an annex of the railway, does not use its power as a monopoly to force the shippers to pay exhorbitant rates. It is not forestalling the report of any honest commission that may be appointed, to say that one of the first things that will be discovered is a whole series of combines organized to raise the selling price of manufactured products and to lower the price of raw materials. For example, a recent article in a western newspaper has published what it claims are verified tables to show that whereas the farmer loses about $1.25 on every cow that he prepares for the market, the abattoir owner makes $15.40 and the butcher $15.80. And this because there is a combination among the dealers in meat. Similar combinations among producers and shippers are found all around us. Can anyone tell us where the consumer comes in?

The Policy that Renders Combines Possible.

A third thing the commissioners must examine into is the fact that though the manufacturers charge prices beyond what is right and necessary, they are free from competition of manufacturers outside of our own country. And this because they are protected by that system so unfair in every way to the consumers. If this protection policy were not in force every last man of us could have foods of certain kinds, clothing of almost every kind, and shelter in all its forms, together with the implements and supplies necessary to life at such a low cost, that we might indulge in one or two little luxuries during the course of the year. If there is anything absurdly ridiculous it is for the consumer to support the doctrine of protection. The selfish manufacturer wishes this policy in force, but why should the farmer, who has no protection for his wares, favor a system which taxes him from 20 to 30 per cent. on all that he purchases. If a farm implement can be bought in the United States for $100, and the duty is 25 per cent., is it not always true that the Canadian-made implement sells for $125? Yet it would yield a good profit to the manufacturers to-day if sold at $100. We all know the cry of these people, "You must give us encouragement to begin!" How long does it take to begin? Judging by the bequests of some Canadian implement manufacturers, they have done pretty well in the early years of their experience. Is it not time the whole farce ended? If we have to pay taxes to support our national necessities we shall pay them like men; but we object to this legalized robbery, which protection makes possible.

The Reason Why Protection is to be Rated.

But the farce will not end for a little while yet, because most men would rather suffer anything than offend the political parties to which they belong, and as yet we have not parties who can afford to do without the aid of the manufacturers —who, along with the railway-magnates, have been from the very beginning "a very present help in time of trouble."

The Dawning of a New Day.

But the clouds are lifting. Next year we may hope to eat a little more beef, if the farmers do not quit raising it. We may be able to buy boots instead of mocassins, we may be able to buy implements to work the farm; but for the present we must be contented to know that if our daily wages will not feed and clothe our little ones, the children of the favored few are happy, and we have ministered to their happiness.

MOVING PICTURES
OF THE WONDERFUL
DAN PATCH 1:55

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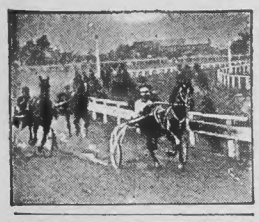
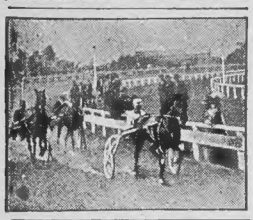
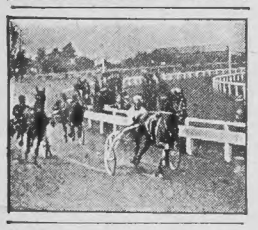
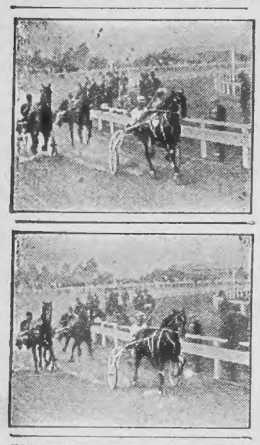
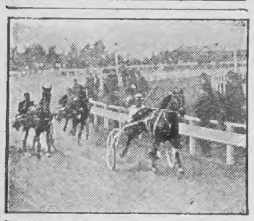
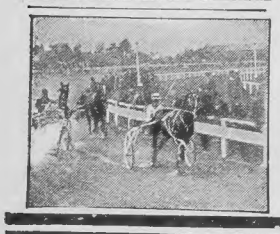



IT COST $2700.00 TO HAVE IT TAKEN AND REPRODUCED.

THIS IS THE LATEST HORSE SENSATION AND GREATEST TRIUMPH IN THE MARVELOUS AND REALISTIC MOVING PICTURE ART.

It is a new invention that you can carry in your pocket and show your friends instantly day or night, either once or a hundred times and without a machine, curtain or light. It is the most attractive novelty and most valuable Dan Patch Souvenir ever invented and shows every motion of Dan Patch 1:55 in pacing one of his world record miles and absolutely true to life.

I want to assure you that it is the most successful moving picture of ever taken of a world champion horse in his wonderful burst of speed. If you love a great horse and want to be able to see him in thrilling motion pictures at any time as long as you live be sure and accept my remarkable offer before they are gone. I reserve the right to stop sending these moving pictures when 2,500,000 have been mailed.

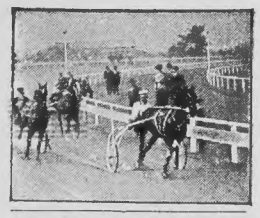
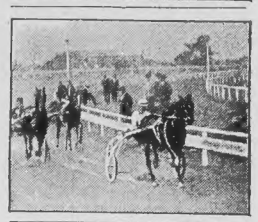
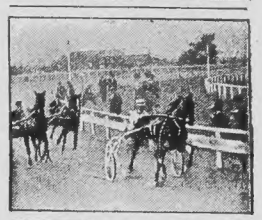
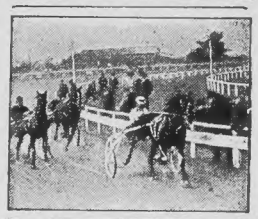
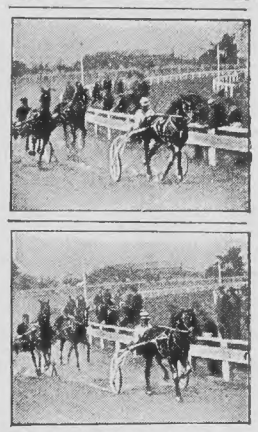
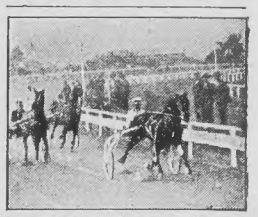
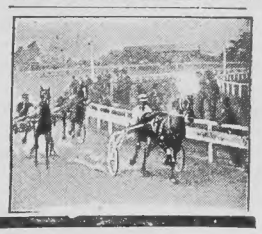
The original photographic film contains

2400 MOVING RACE PICTURES OF DAN PATCH 1:55

and every one of these pictures shows the King of all Horse Creation as plainly as if you stood on the track and actually saw the mighty Dan Patch 1:55 in one of his thrilling speed exhibitions for a full mile. Just think of it! 2400 moving pictures taken of Dan in one minute and fifty-five seconds means 21 pictures taken for every second all of the way around the entire mile track from the back seat of a high power automobile.

You can see Dan shake his head to let his driver know that he is ready and then you can watch every motion of his legs as he flies through the air with his tremendous stride of 29 feet. As a study of horse motion alone this is better than if you saw the actual speed mile because you can see Dan Patch right before you for every foot of the entire mile and not a single motion of his legs, body or head can escape you. You can see his thrilling finish as he strains every nerve and muscle to reach the wire in record breaking time, you can see his driver dismount and look at his watch while thousands of people crowd around, you can see his caretaker force his way through the crowds, uncheck Dan and then throw a beautiful woolen blanket over him to prevent catching cold and then you can see him walk up the track before the madly cheering multitude.

Wherever this wonderful moving picture, of the fastest harness horse in the world, is shown, people involuntarily call out "Come on Dan"—"Come on Dan." This marvelous moving picture of Dan Patch pacing a great mile is the most realistic and thrilling picture you ever saw. We have taken a part of these 2400 wonderful and sensational pictures and made them into a newly invented pocket moving picture that you can easily carry with you in your pocket and show to your friends at any time, day or night. It does not need a machine, it does not need a curtain and it does not need a light. It is all ready to show instantly, either once or a hundred times and creates a sensation wherever shown. If you admire a world champion who has gone more extremely fast miles than all of the pacers and trotters combined that have ever lived then I am sure you will write me today for one of my wonderful moving pictures of the King of all Horse Creation, Dan Patch 1:55.

THIS MOVING PICTURE WILL BE MAILED TO YOU ABSOLUTELY FREE, WITH POSTAGE PREPAID, IF YOU ARE A FARMER, STOCKMAN OR POULTRY RAISER AND IF YOU CORRECTLY ANSWER THE THREE QUESTIONS. YOU MUST ANSWER QUESTIONS.

1st. In what paper did you see my Moving Picture Offer? **2nd.** How many head Each of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry do you own? **3rd.** How many acres of land do you own or how many acres of land do you rent?

I will not mail this wonderful moving picture of Dan Patch 1:55 free unless you are a Farmer, Stockowner or Poultry Raiser and unless you correctly answer these three questions.

If You are Not a Stockowner and want the Moving Pictures send me 25 Cents

In silver or stamps to pay postage, etc., on Moving Pictures. I will mail this wonderful Moving Picture of Dan Patch 1:55, the fastest harness horse the world has ever seen,—to you if you send me Twenty-five Cents in silver or stamps even if you do not own any stock or land. It costs about $2700.00 Cash to have one of the original pictures taken and reproduced. ☞Write me today so that you will be sure to secure one before my supply is exhausted. Address

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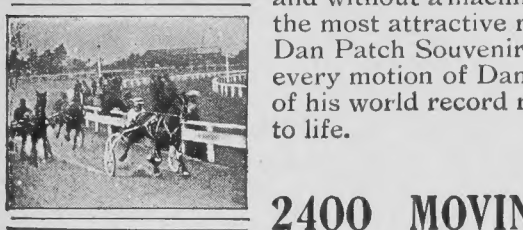
E. B. SAVAGE, Proprietor



International Stock Food Factory

LARGEST IN THE WORLD

Covers over a City Block and Contains Over 18 Acres of Floor Space

CASH CAPITAL PAID IN $2,000,000.00

Ask Your Dealer for My Preparations

International Stock Food	Dan Patch Stable Disinfectant
International Poultry Food	Dan Patch White Liniment
International Compound Absorbent	International Worm Powder
International Pheso-Chloro	International Hoof Ointment
International Distemper Remedy	International Sheep Dip
International Foot Remedy	International Cattle Dip
International Colic Remedy	International Hog Dip
International Louse Killer	International Harness Soap
International Louse Paint	International Gopher Poison
International Gall Heal	International Worm Remedy
Silver Pine Healing Oil	International Healing Powder
International Heave Remedy	

Ask your dealer for any of my preparations and insist on having what you ask for. Beware of many cheap and inferior substitutes and imitations. High class dealers sell my preparations on my Spot Cash Guarantee to refund your money if they ever fail.

I OWN THE 5 FASTEST WORLD CHAMPION STALLIONS EVER OWNED IN ONE FARM IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

On my "International Stock Food Farm" of 700 acres I own Dan Patch 1:55, Minor Heir 1:59¼, Directum 2:05¼, Arion 2:07¾, Roy Wilkes 2:06½, and also about 200 head of Young Stallions, Brood Mares and Colts and they eat "International Stock Food" every day. I will be pleased to have you visit my farm at any time and see my horses and their splendid condition. I feel sure that you never saw their equals at any Fair or Horse Show. **ACTUAL TEST IS WHAT PROVES EVERYTHING IN THIS WORLD.** If "International Stock Food" gives paying results for the highest priced horses in the world on my farm it certainly will pay you to use it for all of your stock. Remember that if it ever fails to give your Horses, Cattle, Sheep or Hogs, better assimilation and digestion, purer blood and perfect health with quick growth and fattening that it will not cost you a cent no matter whether you have used one hundred pounds or five hundred pounds and you are to be not only the user but also the sole judge of results. I will leave the entire matter for you to decide and accept your own statement. The United States Government back my claims that "International Stock Food" is strictly a medicinal tonic, blood purifier, etc. During the Spanish-American War, United States officials made a special examination and decided that "International Stock Food was strictly Medical and I paid $40,000.00 patent medicine war tax. Can any honorable man deny this evidence? "International Stock Food" and label design is registered in Medicinal Department as a Trade Mark No ——— giving it commercial standing and rights as a distinctive

"TRADE NAME" FOR A MEDICINAL PREPARATION

The United States Government issues me a Trade Mark No.——on the world famous lines, 3 Feeds For One Cent—as showing how cheaply International Stock Food can be mixed with the regular grain feed—My label shows a list of the medicinal ingredients used and 250,000 druggists have sold "International Stock Food" for over 20 years as a medical preparation.

DO YOU EVER EXPECT TO SEE THESE WONDERFUL DAN PATCH 1:55 RECORDS EQUALLED?

DAN PATCH 1:55 HAS PACED

1 MILE IN	1:55
1 MILE IN	1:55¼
2 MILES IN	1:56
14 MILES AVERAGING	1:56½
30 MILES AVERAGING	1:57½
45 MILES AVERAGING	1:58
73 MILES AVERAGING	1:59½

Dan Patch 1:55 has gone more extremely fast miles than the combined miles of all the trotters and pacers that have ever lived. Be sure and remember these facts when you think of some horse equalling Dan's marvellous performances.

For seven years Dan Patch has eaten "International Stock Food" every day mixed in his regular grain feed. It has given Dan Purer Blood, More Strength, More Endurance, More Speed and Perfect Health. It is constantly used and strongly endorsed by over Two Million Farmers and Stock Breeders, as the greatest Animal Tonic, and has been for 20 years. No other preparation has such strong United States Government and practical stock breeders endorsement.

Signed, E. B. SAVAGE, International Stock Food Co., Toronto, Can.

A Plague of Women.

By WILL PAYNE.

"Yes—F. D. Brewster," she said.

I

WHEN Street entered the office, laid down his card and asked for the president he he had the appearance of a man who is ready to fight and is going to be disappointed if he does not get the chance.

He stalked to the inner room with his jaw squared and an ominous twinkle in his eye—then stopped in a heap, for it was a woman who stood at the desk to receive him with his card in her hand, a woman whom he had once known better than any other.

He saw at once that she had grown stouter: the five years had left their mark; yet how completely it was she.

"Why, Fanny!" he stammered. "Of course, you are F. D. Brewster. I thought it must be some relative, but I never thought of you." In his confusion he forgot to shake hands.

The president laughed very pleasantly over his embarrassment. Certainly her eyes and lips were just the same—quite sweet and frank. "Yes—F. D. Brewster," she said.

He had prepared to meet a man and demand immediate and unconditional surrender. As it was he slid into a chair and began in a troubled, apologetical way:

"Well, you see, you're bringing out this Lazarus mine, offering the stock for public subscription. I just happened to run across one of the prospectuses." He got the document from his pocket. "It contains, here, a statement by me, under my name, about the condition and prospects of the property. Now—I don't know whether you're acquainted with the facts in the case."

"I know Fred bought it of you," she replied.

He rubbed his brow. "Hardly bought it." He pulled himself together. "You see, it was just like this: The Lazarus mine was my first venture down there at Joplin. I suppose I was a good deal of a greenhorn. The engineer's report sounded all right, though, and the mine opened up all right, so I intended to ask some of my friends to go in and take some stock, and I prepared this statement, just as you have it here. But before I got any further the thing began to go bad. We ran into quicksand and what not. It looked as though it was going to play out. In short, it didn't seem worth while to go on working the mine any longer, so I did nothing more with it. Now, your husband, you know—why, Fred and I were both doing something in the mining business and we used to have deals with each other now and then, a good deal the way boys trade jack-knives, 'unsight-unseen,' each trying to stick the other in a perfectly friendly sort of way. Well, I traded Lazarus to Fred that way, and afterwards I came across this statement that I had prepared and sent it to him—just to complete the joke, as you might say. That statement was made half a dozen years ago. I'm very sure that he never understood it to represent my ideas of the property at the time I traded with him, and it doesn't at all represent my ideas of the property now."

He could not tell her quite all the truth—namely, that though he and Brewster had kept up a show of good fellowship, it had never been just the same after she had preferred the more dashing man; that when he traded jack-knives with Brewster there may have been a bad little flavor of revenge in his amusement over getting the best of the deal.

"I knew something about it," she said with perfect frankness. "But Fred went all over it a short time before he died. You know he was unfortunate, his affairs got tangled up so he had to look around for whatever might promise to yield something. He looked over the Lazarus and concluded that you'd given it up too easily. He felt sure it would pay out if it was worked again. So he concluded to bring it out—form a company, you know, turning in the mine for $25,000 and selling enough stock besides to work it. He prepared this prospectus and all the plans before he was taken sick. When he died I found affairs involved and not much that was available in sight. I had to see what I could do for myself and the children—a boy and a girl, you know—and I thought the best thing would be to go on with the Lazarus just as he had intended, in fact"—she smiled a little—"there wasn't anything ese. And he had this all ready, so it wouldn't be like the responsibility of taking up something new."

Street stared at her, then at the carpet. He could not tell her what he knew to be true, that her husband had deteriorated under the touch of misfortune, had plunged recklessly and, finally, got himself mixed up in two or three things that were not spoken of with respect. It was clear enough to him. The desperate man had at last come down to the mere goldbrick game of unloading the Lazarus. Perhaps there was a touch of malice—on account of those old jack-knife trades—in putting his statement into the prospectus.

"He may have been right," Street stumbled unhappily; "but—why, in fact, Fanny, I don't believe he was right about the Lazarus. Of course, I haven't looked at it for some time, but I should be surprised if it turned out as well as he expected. So the way it stands the stock is being offered on the strength of a statement by me that I couldn't say I believe to be true at the present time. There's no date to the statement, you see. I might have made it yesterday."

She laughed with perfect good-humor, as witnessing a masculine eccentricity. "Well, you believed the statement when you made it."

"Oh, certainly—then!"

"So it's just as likely that you were right then as that you're right now, isn't it? If your judgment of the mine wasn't right then it may not be right now."

"But that's hardly the point, is it?" he pleaded. "The point is putting out today a statement which to-day I don't believe. Of course, I'm perfectly selfish about it!" He seemed to be on quite sure ground at last and brightened up in consequence. "I'm doing something now and then in the zinc-mine line myself, and if anybody got into this on the strength of my statement and was disappointed it would react on me. As a selfish business man I can't afford to recommend goods that I'm not sure of."

"Oh, certainly not!" she assented cheerfully; "and I wouldn't expect you to do it. You needn't recommend anything. If anyone inquires of you you will have to tell them that you've changed your mind."

"But the trouble is they'll just accept the statement; they won't ask me whether I've changed by mind."

"It's just what we were speaking of?" Mrs. Street exclaimed.

"Well, then, there's no responsibility on you, is there?" she said, smiling.

He thought, "Ah there's the Brewster touch!"

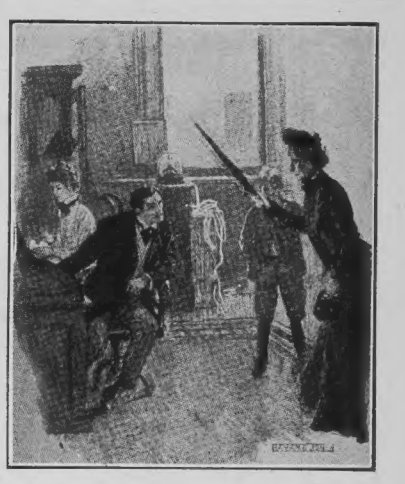
She put her fingers to her cheek in a way he remembered her using when she was thoughtful.

"You see, Fred got up the prospectus and I'm using it just as he left it," she said gravely, but with a perfectly sweet temper. "He counted on it to put us in a better position. I feel that it's what he left for the children and I ought not to do anything that would interfere with its chances. I know I'm not much of a business woman. I wouldn't trust myself to get up a new prospectus."

He clutched at a straw. "Suppose we fix it this way, then: I'll get up a new prospectus for you, but leaving my name out?"

She laughed a little at this further masculine eccentricity; then regarded him with her frank gravity. "If you don't believe in the mine you could hardly put it convincingly, could you? This prospectus seems to attract attention. Could you get one up that would answer as well?"

"Why—I'd get it up, you know, acting as your clerk, taking your point of view. I believe it would answer just as well. It's quite embarrassing to me, just now ,to have my name used in that way." He wished to add, "Give this thing up! Don't bring it out! It's a swindle!" But how could he do that?



"I told Aunt Trotman she'd probably lost all her money.

He saw she was a bit hurt, and that made him miserable. She thought a moment, her hand at her cheek; then replied gently: "Well, Frank, if you wish it—and the new one will answer as well?"

"Oh, I think so. We'll make it so it will!" To get out of the scrape on any terms was good enough. "I'll go right to work at it—have it to the printer this afternoon and send 'em over to you in the morning."

When he left the office he was thinking that at any rate he would accomplish the chief point of getting his name off the thing. He was entitled to that surely! Yet he felt some way as though he had been detected embezzling the widow's mite.

II

Coming home to dinner the next night Street climbed heavily up the steps, applied his latch-key and stepped in, hardly knowing where he was.

But he was instantly made aware. A voice called, and his wife came gliding down the hall to him, cool and dainty in her light gown, smiling, her chin uplifted, her eyes shining. He put his arm over her shoulders and was loth to let her go. At the moment she seemed his only refuge in a welter of trouble.

"Tired?" she asked.

He frowned unconsciously, still holding her. "Nell, I've had the two rottenest days in the world," he confessed. He hardly ever talked shop to her. He wished to drop all that when he got home.

"Business?" She smiled and with her thumb ironed the wrinkle out of his brow.

"Well—not so much business as women; a regular plague of women."

They went into the living-room. He stretched himself in the Morris chair; she sat beside him and took his hand.

"What women, dear?" she asked.

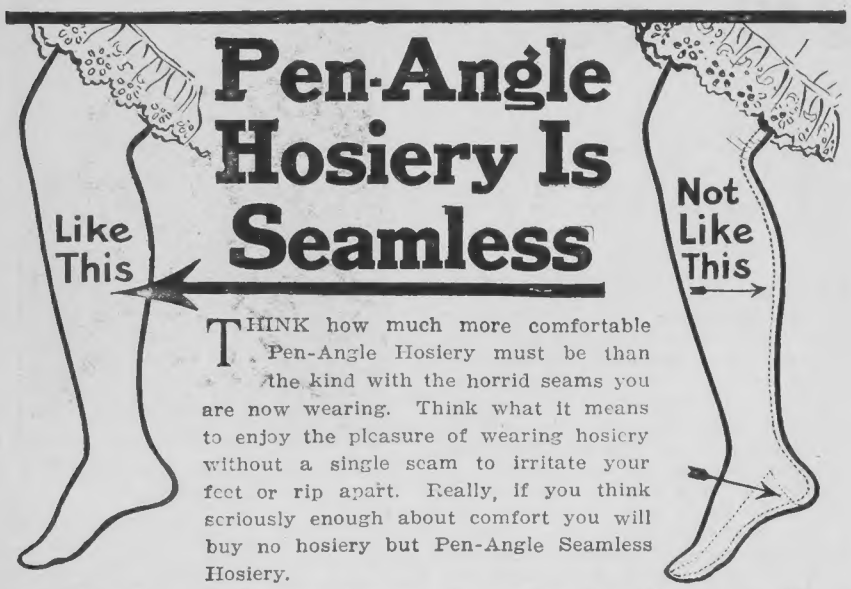
"All kinds," he replied without mirth.

He had made up his mind to tell her as he was coming home. But after the first moment of her greeting, as they went into the room and sat down together, as he looked at her now, bending a little toward him, solicitous and fond and generous, it came over him that telling her was not so easy. Looking at her loving blue eyes and tender lips it came to him that she was altogether a woman and that the affair was altogether that of another woman. So, in his disingenous, masculine way, he dodged.

"There's the new stenographer, for one thing. She let Aunt Trotman in on me yesterday when I was awfully busy getting up a new deal, and Aunt Trotman talked for an hour and a quarter without taking breath. I don't object to her talking but to the way she rambles. The upshot was that she'd decided to be reckless and invest $1000 in a mine if I'd guarantee her against loss and pay Tom's expenses for a week to go down to Joplin and look over the property."

"But she's very kind-hearted, dear," said Mrs. Street sympathetically.

"Well, thats' something," he replied. "I suppose I was rather short with Miss Prothroe for letting Aunt Trotman in on me, and I told her if anybody else came I was out. As it happened, Willits came. I was depending on him to find the money for the deal. She told him I was in but was too busy to see him, and the old man went off piping mad. He sent me a note to say so. I just asked Miss Prothroe what her



Pen-Angle Hosiery Is Seamless

THINK how much more comfortable Pen-Angle Hosiery must be than the kind with the horrid seams you are now wearing. Think what it means to enjoy the pleasure of wearing hosiery without a single seam to irritate your feet or rip apart. Really, if you think seriously enough about comfort you will buy no hosiery but Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery.

2 Pairs Free for any pair that fails

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

Read that guarantee over again carefully, for we want to impress it indelibly upon your mind, because it is the most liberal—the fairest and squarest—hosiery guarantee given anywhere.

It proves our unlimited confidence in Pen-Angle Hosiery. We must be sure of their quality to back them up so strongly.

Exclusive Process

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

They form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly without a single seam anywhere.

Reinforced Feet

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

You see, these wonderful machines increase the wear-resistance, and at the same time make Pen-Angle Hosiery more comfortable—your ideal hosiery. So be sure and get Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery—the hosiery with the DOUBLE guarantee.

For Ladies

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1770.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champaigne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

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idea was in telling him I was in when I'd told her to say I was out. She said, 'Sir, I will not tell lies.' That was enough to make a man blue."

"But is it really necessary, Frank—to tell fibs?"

"It would have saved a lot of trouble in this case." He felt that he was bungling his affair and making it more difficult.

"What else?" she asked.

"Well, for one thing, shrewd Aunt Trotman took the memoranda of the new deal that I had given her and sent it down to Dickson at Joplin to ask him whether he thought it was a good thing. Naturally, Dickson felt so sure of it that he jumped right in and bought up the claims under our noses and knocked our deal into a cocked hat. That happened to-day."

He paused and rubbed his brow. "I tell you all this, Nell, so you can understand that I was irritated and all out of temper this afternoon. I don't know whether you ever knew Fred Brewster?"

"I think not."

"Well, his wife—his widow—is bringing out the Lazarus mine, offering the stock for public subscription and using an old statement of mine in the prospectus."

He told her hurriedly of his talk with Mrs. Brewster.

'She was Fanny Putnam, wasn't she?" Mrs. Street asked coolly. Her grasp of his hand had relaxed.

"Yes. Did you know her—I'd forgotten."

"I knew her slightly, I think." She was looking at the wall, her head high. "I came across some letters from you to her a little while ago, when I was going through that old secretary. You seemed to have got them back."

"Yes, I got them back. Well, I went over to the office and set to work on the prospectus," he kept on rapidly. "It wasn't easy, but I got something up and had it printed and sent it over. Then this afternoon, when Aunt Trotman came in again, I found that she'd spoiled my deal and put her thousand dollars into the Lazarus because it looked so much more promising and I recommended it. She had a prospectus with her that she'd got that day. They were using the old one with my statement; not the new one. I told Aunt Trotman she'd probably lost her money, and she went out accusing me and dabbing her eyes with the corner of her handkerchief. I felt pretty savage, and I called up Mrs. Brewster. I didn't speak roughly to her, but I said I saw she was using the old prospectus. She said they were, because she had looked over the new one and consulted a friend and decided it wasn't so atractive as the old. I just said that I'd have to file a bill for an injunction to prevent her using my name, and that would get into the newspapers and stop the sale of stock. Then I hung up."

"Have you filed the bill?" she asked calmly.

"No! And I can't. That's just the trouble. I can't attack her. I can't file a bill to tell her and her children that her husband was a rascal. This mine is all she's got. I traded it to Brewster. Of course, it was just dog-eat-dog between us and there wasn't any deceit on either side. It was like two horse-sharks swapping horses to see which can beat the other. I don't suppose she could understand it that way, and even if she did there she is with the mine and my statement about it and what her husband told her about its value. I can't attack her."

"Will it hurt you—your business and standing?"

"About as much as being caught selling counterfeit money would," he replied gloomily.

"Why don't you protect yourself, then?" she demanded with spirit. "Surely you are entitled to protect your reputation. What woman has any right to injure that?"

"Oh, I don't know that it's a matter of right, exactly," he replied unhappily.

The hand that had lain in his with a relaxing grasp was withdrawn to busy itself a moment at a strand of hair, then drop into her lap. "It seems to be more a question of feeling," she suggested with a slight smile that did not encourage him.

"Perhaps," he muttered.

"You were engaged, were you not?" She said it with something the air of lifting a dirty rag.

"No," he hastened to say—"that is, not exactly engaged. We were together a good deal. I suppose there was a kind of understanding—before I met you, you know," he added, but he saw this littlesop availed nothing.

Mrs. Street smoothed down a fold of her skirt. Then she looked at him steadily from a far distance. "And she preferred Brewster."

He felt utterly ignominious. "Yes, she did prefer Brewster," he said doggedly. There was a little pause and he said, as though that might reoncile her, "Of course, Nellie, I was fond of her then."

She arose. "You must have been, to let her ruin your reputation and business now."

He stared at her, thoroughly miserable, across the great distance. But there seemed nothing to say that would improve the situation, so he clumped glomily upstairs to prepare for dinner.

He felt mightly abused, too. This was the worst of all, he told himself. Because he had once been in love with Fanny his wife would not be just to her or to him. As though their having been in love was a crime, the wife demanded the sacrifice of this other woman—all the more because she had thrown him over for another man. It was the everlasting plague of women. His last refuge was full of thorns sharper than any of the others.

The dinner was not inspiriting, although Mrs. Street talked calmly of various incidental things.

Afterwards she sat down at the piano as though she thought herself alone and began playing a little, aimlessly. She asked him over her shoulder whether he had remembered about the repairs for the furnace. He answered absently.

"Frank"—she stopped but did not look around—"you did get the better of Brewster in that trade, didn't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so. The mine he traded me certainly turned out better than Lazarus."

She played aimlessly again for a moment, then turned on the stool, slipped swiftly over and knelt beside his chair, pushing aside the newspaper and looking up into his face.

"Dear, I'll tell you what to do, what you must do, the only way," she spoke breathlessly. "You must buy her mine from her. It was twenty-five thousand, you said. You must buy it. We can stand it. I have some money, you know. You can take that if you like. It's the only way out of it." She gathered his hand to her breast. "You mustn't attack her. You must help her. You loved her once. It did hurt, dear, when I ran across those letters. I made up my mind never to mention it or think of it again. But it was something that hurt; and now, to-night, it hurt again. But it ought not to. I know that. She must have been nice or you wouldn't—have loved her. She must be nice now, or you wouldn't care." Her eyes shone with tears. "You did love her. How much that is! I wouldn't have you be anything but generous and fine to her. If you were not I couldn't bear it—afterward."

"Nellie, there's nobody but you! Nobody but you!"

"I know! I know that!" Her lips were so near his face by now that she kised him often. "That's just another reason, dear, why you must be generous and fine to her. It belongs to both of us to be generous to her. Don't you see it's right."

"Why," he stammered, "of course; I'd thought of that. But it seemed—well, sort of foolish and sentimental to go dumping twenty-five thousand dollars into a hole in the ground for an old married man—and, after all, on account of a woman who is not your wife."

"No! It isn't foolish!" She hugged his hand. You know, you men are so afraid of being sentimental that when you are a little it startles us women so we don't know what to make of it. You're doing this for me as well as for her. It's the only way, dear, that will restore us. This woman whom you once loved has come up, and unless we are fine and generous to her she'd be a bit of a ghost, wouldn't she?

"Why, that's right, Nellie—If you can see it that way."

"Of course, I see it that way," she declared, and kissed him again, while he marveled at her magnanimity which so far exceeded his. Before her woman's height he felt poor.

He would have gone on humbly to tell

her this, but the ringing of the doorbell interrupted. The maid announced a lady to see Mr. Street.

He stepped to the hall and exclaimed, "Why Fanny!" Then, "You remember Mrs. Street?"

The two women greeted very frankly and the caller sat down. In her hat and jacket she looked older and stouter. She turned to him with the old sweet-tempered manner.

"I've been thinking over what you said, Frank. I don't know that I can see it as you do; but since you do see it that way I feel bound to respect your decision. At any rate, it seems to me you and I ought not to have a quarrel. I wouldn't mind, only the mine was left for the children, you know, and I ought to do something with it. It seemed to me the best way would be to come to you and see if you could dispose of it some way, or get it worked."

"It's just what we were speaking of!" Mrs. Street exclaimed. She was beaming with happiness.

"Why, of course it's worth something," said Street. "It might be worked, too. I'll tell you, I've got some properties down there. We can find a way to take in the Lazarus, and get you, probably, as much out of it that way as you expected. Suppose you pick out a sort of referee, you know, and I'll let him say what's fair—let him pass on my offer."

She laughed. "I don't know that we need any referee. I'd be perfectly willing to take your judgment. We've known each other a long time," she added to Mrs. Street.

They talked a while and Street rejoiced to see how his wife warmed up to the caller. They both saw her to the door, and when she was gone Mrs. Street leaned to her husband's breast.

"It's all right, dear! It's all right! I'm so glad, dear!" The joy shone in her face.

"She is nice!" Mrs. Street declared. "Nice as she can be! And so much older-looking than I thought—and isn't she getting fat!"

Street was discreet enough not to laugh.

The Coat of Alpaca.

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

THREE men were sitting at one of the little tables outside a cafe on the Boulevard des Italiens. One was a professor in the Sorbonne, one an artist from the Quartier Latin, and one a veritable gentilhomme from the Faubourg St. Germain.

What had brought them together matters little. That they were friends is an incontestable fact. That they had been telling one another stories those at the neighboring tables could well of testified, for the voices of all were raised above normal pitch, their libations having caused them to throw vocal restraint to the four winds of Paris.

"And now it is your turn, my dear fellow," said the professor to the artist. "Can you match my tale of devotion?" "I think so," said the artist, who, in fact, had been thinking more of the story he was to tell than of the one to which he was supposed to be listening. "Yes, I have a tale of devotion that will bring the tears to my eyes when I tell it."

"Let us have it, my friend," said the gentilhomme. "I would like to see you cry. Here, waiter, more absinthe!"

"In the year 1877," said the artist, tracing the figures with his finger in some spilled absinthe, "there were living in opposite apartments on the Rue des Batignolles a young clerk, Alphonse Poissy, and a young woman of perfect respectability, named Heloise Pericort.

"Alphonse was city-born and city-bred, well meaning and honest, but not of a type likely to rise above its environment. Heloise had come from Chatillon, a little town near Bordeaux, and there was something in the freshness of her country manners that appealed to the Parisian lad. Many times they walked in the gardens of the Luxembourg, or took the little steamer up to Charenton, and drank to each other's health in the harmless red wine that one gets at the resorts up the Seine. Nay, more, for Alphonse asked Heloise if she would do him the pleasure to become his wife; and she replied that just as soon as he could support her, she would ask nothing better than to make him happy."

"Positively, Henri, you talk exactly as a feuilletonist writes," said the professor. "Is it not so, Georges?"

"Don't interrupt, my dear friend; and lower your voice, that's a good fellow," said the gentilhomme.

"Alphonse," continued the artist, "was a clerk in the counting-room of the wholesale silk house of De Maupigny & Horsdoeuvre, at a salary of fifty francs a week, but with a good prospect of being advanced at the beginning of next year.

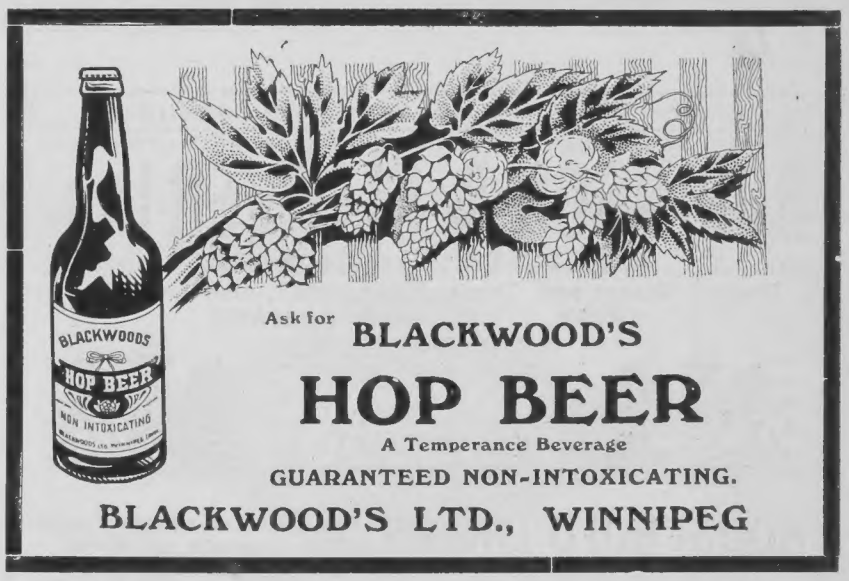
"'When I receive sixty francs a week, then we will set up our own little menage, is it not?' said Alphonse; and a smile of assent from the beautiful and pure Heloise rewarded his question.

"Who could tell, my friend—who could tell that fate had so many evil days set apart for this innocent young pair? Not they, indeed. On the festival of Easter they went to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, heard the glad bells ringing, caught the scent of the flowers, and felt that in a year ir two they would be taking a child to be christened—perhaps sooner. Love looks ahead, my friends!

"Behold Alphonse on the Monday after Easter. He stands at his high desk wiping his red ink pen on his coat of alpaca—a coat which he has worn since he entered the house, and which he would not part for more than its worth, because it had belonged to his dear father, likewise a clerk. It was a coat to laugh at, but Alphonse never thought of laughing at it.

"The boy who was in the habit of carrying the deposits to the bank was ill this Eastern Monday, and the cashier asked the obliging Alphonse if he would go to the bank with a heavy deposit.

"'See to it that they do not rob you,'



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said the cashier, as Alphonse tucked the book in his pocket. 'Twenty thousand eight hundred francs—it would be worth taking.'

"'Never fear!' laughed Alphonse, and set out for the bank.

"And now a word about M. de Maupigny, the senior partner. He was a fiend of malignancy and settled purpose. That which he planned he carried out. Who got on his bad books paid the piper, if it took a lifetime. Heavily built and swarthy, a Gascon without the Gascon's temperament—and this due to a Sicilian grandfather of great force of character—Jean Marie de Maupigny was a formidable enemy and a terrible taskmaster.

"How it happened Alphonse never knew. Why the twenty thousand eight hundred francs he carried did not reach the bank he never could tell. Who had followed the little fellow in the coat of alpaca no one knew. What Alphonse said, when he recovered his senses, was that he was passing through a little alley

"It will be just twenty years. Go!"

on his way to the bank, noticing a rag-picker behind him, and then he knew no more until he opened his eyes in the hospital.

"That the rag-picker had known of the amount of the deposit—was it probable, my friends? At any rate, the money was gone, and the honest fellow was heart-broken.

"Did M. de Maupigny send the miserable Alphonse flowers, and tell him not to grieve—that it could not have been helped—that when he came out he should be a partner? No. M. de Maupigny was not that kind of man. So far from thinking the affair trvial, he was furious at Alphonse's carelessness.

"Heloise was not so harsh. She it was who brought flowers to him, and who read him the news in La Presse, or laughed with him over the innocent pictures in Le Rire, and told him to hurry up and get out of the hospital and they would be married at once.

"'I can get along on very little,' she said, 'and you have come so near death that we must not waste any more time.'

"'Ah Heloise!' said Alphonse. 'I must spend my time looking for the money. Every house in Paris shall be searched when I get well. It was a Parisian who took the bills, and no Parisian ever leaves Paris if he can help it; therefore in Paris I will find the money.'

"'That is delirium,' said a nurse who was passing.

"'Thank you,' said Heloise.

"The thought that Heloise would marry him, poor as he was, caused Alphonse to recover rapidly, and in a fortnight's time he reported at the counting-house of his employers. M. de Maupigny received him with black looks.

"'Where is the money?' said M. de Maupigny.

"'It was very unfortunate,' began Alphonse, a cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

"'It was asinine!' roared M. de Maupigny.

"'I will look for it,' said Alphonse.

"'You will not have time!' screamed M. de Maupigny.

The heart of Alphonse sank.

"'What will you?' said he.

"'This will I,' said M. de Maupigny. 'How much did you get a week?'

"'Fifty francs.'

"'After this you will receive a different sum,' said M. de Maupigny.

"The simple Alphonse, wondering if his employer was going to raise his salary, opened his mouth with astonishment.

"'Shut your mouth!' yelled the Gascon. 'Hereafter your salary is thirty francs a week until the debt is paid. You owe me twenty thousand eight hundred francs. You will pay me twenty francs a week until the debt is paid.

"Alphonse sank limply to the floor. M. de Maupigny lifted him to his feet, and shook him until he was able to stand.

"'Do you know how long that will take?'

"'All my life,' faltered Alphonse.

"'Perhaps,' said M. de Maupigny cynically. 'I hope you will have the grace to live until you have paid it. It will be just twenty years. Go!'

"Scarce knowing what he did, the miserable Alphonse went to the cashier and told him that hereafter he was to pay the house twenty francs a week until the stolen money had been paid. Then he took up his pen, dipped it in red ink, wiped it mechanically upon the lapel of his coat of alpaca, and began with a heavy heart to make entries in the ledger.

"That evening he learnt what faithfulness in woman is. He went to see Heloise, and told her that it would be twenty years before he could even think of marrying her.

"'What are twenty years?' said she, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. 'My grandmother lived to be a hundred and two!'

"Ma foi, but it was fine, my friends!

"Year after year, at high noon of a Saturday, Alphonse went to the office of the detestable M. de Maupigny, and said: 'Sir, here are twenty francs. Please credit me with them.'

"'Drop them into the tin box,' M. de Maupigny would say, not looking up from his work, and Alphonse would drop what might have been such a nest-egg for him and the girl into the hateful box that seemed to mock him.

"During this time Alphonse lived on next to nothing, and lost half a pound of weight in a month. He could no longer afford the wax to spindle his mustache, so he went smooth-shaven. He who had had one of the most fetching mustaches in the whole silk trade!

"Once a week he met Heloise and took a turn with her in the Luxembourg Gardens, where they had first walked together. Each week all that he said was:

"'I am twenty francs nearer paying the debt. Do you still love me?'

"'As long as life lasts!' was the invariable response.

"Then they would walk around the

"What are twenty years?"

gardens and he would see her home. He would kiss her on the left cheek, and then go to his humble lodging, far from his old quarters, and dream of her at night.

"And always he wore the coat of alpaca that he had had on when he was assaulted by the robber.

"Years do not go by, my friends, without taking their toll, and no one would have said that at twenty-six Heloise was as beautiful as she had been at sixteen, when Alphonse had fallen in love with her. He, on his part, was haggard, lacked zest in life, and lived only to pay the debt.

On the tenth anniversary of the robbery M. Horsdoeuvre, the jolly partner of M. de Maupigny, said:

"'Alphonse has served us faithfully

for many years. Shall we raise his salary?'

"'Never!' said M. de Maupigny, shooting an evil look at the other. 'That would be the same as our paying ourselves the money we have lost.'

"'Then call it all paid. There are ten thousand four hundred francs in the tin box now.'

"'Did Alphonse lose but ten thousand four hundred francs?' sneered M. de Maupigny. 'He should count himself lucky that I did not send him to prison!'

"The years rolled on, my friends, and at last the year 1907 came around—"

"Why, that is this year!" said the professor.

"Of course," said the artist. "And this week my story had its finish. On Saturday last I had gone to the house of De Maupigny & Horsdoeuvre, for my cousin is a clerk there, and of course I knew all about this romance. While I was there, the salaries were paid, and Alphonse, taking twenty francs, went in to make the last payment.

"M. de Maupigny was at his desk when the poor fellow went in. Oh, but Alphonse looked fifty-eight instead of thirty-eight! He said:

"'Sir, here are the last twenty francs.'

"'Drop them in the box,' said M. de Maupigny sternly.

"There was just room for them to go inside the big tin box, now entirely filled. So my cousin told me.

"'Good day, sir,' said Alphonse, turning to leave.

"'Wait!' said M. de Maupigny in a tone of thunder. We who were outside could hear plainly every word.

"'What is it?' asked Alphonse, feeling as if he would welcome death.

"'The interest! Where is the interest on the twenty thousand eight hundred francs?"

"Poor Alphonse fell to the floor.

"But at this M. Horsdoeuvre, who was sitting in the next compartment, roared through the partition:

"'De Maupigny, you are a disgrace to France! I will pay the interest myself. Let this poor fellow go!'

"At the words, Alphonse rose up like a feather, and made his way out of the office, to be greeted by all the clerks, who shook hands with him and asked him to join them at dinner at Marguery's. I was also invited, and you may be sure I took good care to be there, for I understood that the fellows were going to make up a purse, that their wives were to come, and that the faithful Heloise was to be there.

"The dinner took place last night. Heloise and Alphonse came together—he in the same coat of alpaca, she in a dress that had been dyed and redyed and patched until it was like a quilt made by one's grandmother. She was still good-looking, although twenty sorher. As for Alphonse, he looked ten rowful years have left their mark on years younger than he had the day before.

"After a fine dinner, the head cashier called upon Alphonse to rise and receive the purse that his friends had made up. Alphonse rose to his feet, clasped his hands to his heart, and was just on the point of saying something full of feeling, when he uttered an ejaculation.

"'What is it?' cried Heloise, perceiving that something had happened.

"'What is in this pocket?' gasped Alphonse, clutching at the inside pocket of his coat of alpaca.

"All looked at him with wide open eyes as he drew forth a bank-book.

"There, before us all, he opened it, and will you believe it, my friends? There were the twenty thousand eight hundred francs that he had been sent to deposit! Whoever had assaulted him had failed to get the money, and by a curious fatality Alphonse had never once thought to look in that pocket."

The artist drew out his watch.

"Ah, it is almost the hour. Farewell!"

"Where are you going?" cried both the others.

"To the wedding of that fortunate couple, Alphonse and Heloise."

"What is in this Pocket?"

What is the difference between a gardener, a billiard player, a gentleman, and a sexton? The first minds his peas, the second minds his cues, the third minds his p's and q's, the fourth minds his keys and pews.—The Catholic Fortnightly Review.

A well-known professor on the medical side of one of the English universities was a short time ago honored by a royal appointment. With a flush of pardonable pride he wrote on a blackboard in his laboratory:—

"Professor ——— informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to the King."

After the class assembled he had occasion to leave the room for a few minutes, and on his return found that some wag had added the words, "God Save the King!"

"Why are all those people flocking down to Hiram Hardapple's barn?" asked the old farmer on the hay wagon.

"Hi's got a curiosity down thar," chuckled the village constable.

"That so? What kind of a curiosity is it?"

"Why, Hi's old red and white Jersey cow, the other night the old critter had the colic and Hi went down with his lantern to give her a dose of cow medicine. Blamed if he didn't make a mistake and give her a pint of gasoline."

"Do tell! Didn't kill her, did it?"

"No, by heck, it had a funny effect. Now, instead of going 'Moo, moo,' like any other sensible cow, she goes 'Honk, honk!' like one of them thar blamed automobiles."

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Yanto the Waster.

By JOSEPH KEATING.

THE night before, in the "Collier's Arms," Yanto the haulier, an elaborate composite of good and evil—some said mostly of evil—prophesied disaster.

"I tell you straight," said he, handing the pint to the next man whose turn came to drink from it, "they're drivin' into Jerry's deep in the old worrkings, and the old worrkings is full of water. We'll be drowneded—all of us—like rats!"

As Yanto, before his mother died, had studied these things—she wanted to see her son a manager—no one felt justified in calling him a fool for hinting at such a horrid possibility.

The next day they wondered why they ever doubted him.

About noon, Prince, the excellent collier who "drove on" the level in the Glamorgan Company's No. 2 pit, found the coal suddenly become soft.

"Funny!" he exclaimed.

Prince—being a collier—did not frequent the Collier's Arms. He left such places to scamps of hauliers—like Yanto: so he knew nothing of the haulier's prognostications.

His light flashed upon an opening on his right hand which led to the lower workings and the double parting—the distributing junction. If he took that road he could get to his boy and take care of him. A door stood at the top to guide the air-current down to his own working-place. Well aware that this door opened against him, he thought that if he could reach it, and get inside, the door itself might hold back the water for a time.

As he reached the door the flood reached his heels. He pulled at the door, it opened a little way; then the flood rushed against it and closed it with a crash, before the man could get through.

The water swirled around him. He screamed and held up his lamp to keep it alight. The water rose and drowned the little light; the darkness of the pit followed; then came the greater darkness; and poor Prince never saw his boy again.

Water filled the place—from the tram-rails on the ground to the timber across the top, but the plank door with its framework of sturdy wood pillars and side-walls of compact, well-beaten turf, held it back so that it could not get down that way.

So our prophet Yanto going down the

"We'll be drowneded—all of us—like rats!"

Prince put his lamp close to the coal. "Oh, Arglwyd [Lord]!" he shouted, very much alarmed; "water! comin' through."

He called to his boy down the lower side. The boy, frightened, scurried up.

Even before he reached his father the coal in the upper side burst, and the water came breaking through. The boy screamed and ran back through the face of the coal down the lower side. The water followed him. But he kept ahead. His father tried to run to him. But the whole face of the coal came tearing away from its place and water filled the open road.

For many days, it would seem, only a thin barrier of coal had remained to hold back the water. Now it broke through in a yellow, roaring flood, big enough to drown every man, boy and horse in the whole district.

Prince leaped back and ran. The water rushed after him. His little light threw back long rays of red upon the yellow death, roaring and muddy like a torrent rushing down the mountain side after a storm. He could not hope to keep ahead of that flood.

He knew every turn of the workings; and thought of a way of escape. I little way out, a road turned to the left—upward. He felt he could reach it, and perhaps evade the water for a time. But thoughts of the boy interfered with this plan.

heading behind his horse Warrior, with his lamp swinging on the corner of a full "tram" of coal—the last tram filled by Prince and his boy—went on singing his Welsh love-song.

His swinging lamp threw grotesque shadows of horse, tram, and haulier over the sides and roof.

The horse kicked up a thick black dust and made Yanto cough. He broke off in the middle of a line to resent this.

"Warrior," said he, "you're the clumsiest, laziest——. Pick up your big feet. Come up, yr hen ceffyl!"

As the road went down and their direction went downward, too, Warrior could not "Come up." But he took the spirit of the paradox; and after a toss of the head and a wild gleam of the eye—a look that wondered whether corporal punishment would follow—enlivened his pace and stirred up a thicker dust than ever. He swished his tail vigorously, and the black, glossy hair gleamed in the lamplight. His harness jingled, and the tram rumbled; and to this accompaniment Yanto sang his love-song as he sat on the "iron" behind Warrior.

If the door at the top gave way to the pressure of the torrent, the love-song would end with a flourish and a tragedy, as a love-song should. And Marrgat of the "Collier's Arms," the wench with Celtic black eyes, dark red cheeks, and ample bosom, who preferred

serving pints to Yanto rather than any other scamp, would cry bitterly, hiding her face in her apron.

Then Yanto noticed in the roadway, betwen the tram-rails, something which flashed under his light. He stared down at it.

"Water," said he, reflectively. "Now where is she coming from?"

From under the rumbling tram the water trickled. It travelled a little faster than the horse, and Warrior's hoofs began to splash in it, while Yanto's light flashed on it.

"Oh," quietly said Yanto, in the tone of a man accepting a miracle as quite an ordinary matter.

He could not know that this little stream represented the bulk of water which had escaped through the door at the top when Prince had tried to go that way.

"Come up," said he to Warrior.

He could think of nothing more apt at the moment.

Warrior, annoyed by the splashing, willingly hastened. The increased speed bespattered Yanto with mud; and the mud deepened his perplexity. Down ran horse and tram with Yanto on the iron. They reached the beginning of a short turn which joined the heading to the main road, and Yanto saw something ahead which gleamed in his light like a wall of flame.

"Woa!" he shouted, and leapt cleverly off into the side.

Owing to the speed, Warrior could not stop, and horse and tram rushed into the water that filled the bottom road from floor to roof. It had gone around Prince's road, and come back through every opening in the main road, from which the heading branched.

Yanto found himself in it up to the waist.

"Arglwyd!" said he, spluttering and gasping. Half swimming and half wading, he worked his way back up the heading to dry ground. In the dark, —the water put out his light before he could guard it—he heard Warrior floundering, struggling against drowning, and squealing with terror. Then the struggling ceased.

"Poor old Warrior!" said Yanto. He's drownded—an' I'm in a nice pickle, ain't I?"

"I wonder if I can get out through Prince's road," he questioned himself.

He knew he must be swift, for the water would soon rise and fill the headings.

But he did not get flustered. He went calmly up the incline. The darkness did not hinder his movements. He knew the road—knew every yard of the workings.

His out-stretched hand touched the door. He pushed against it, trying to open it. It did not move. He heard hissing noises; the escaping of water through little cracks in the door.

"Oh,' said Yanto. "Tons of water against her. I'm blocked by there, then."

He thought a minute.

"Come you," said he. The phrase means: "I accept the situation just exactly as it is." "If I don't get out of here quick," he added, "the water from top and bottom will meet, and I'll have too much to drink. A drunkard's death is awful, mind you."

Yanto laughed. He semed to take a sardonic pleasure in the situation.

He turned back, feeling the side of the passage with his hand. He had struck an old disused stall-road, which led in toward the coal.

"I thought it was hereabouts," he said. "I'd rather it led out, but I can't have everything my own way, I s'pose," he added.

Stones, fallen timber, and rubbish obstructed the way. Stumbling, and swearing every time he stumbled, Yanto covered the ground with remarkable speed for a man travelling in utter darkness.

His foot kicked against something yielding. The touch sent a thrill over Yanto.

"Who is it, I wonder," said he.

He bent down and touched a human body.

He passed his hands over it.

"It's a boy."

He shook him vigorously, and a sound came from the boy. So Yanto repeated the shaking until consciousness came back, and the lad sat up in the roadway.

"Ain't you Prince's boy?" asked Yanto.

"Yes."

"Where's your father?"

Young Prince whimpered.

"I don'—know."

"Where's your lamp?"

"I ran away without it when the water came."

Yanto knew the rest. The boy had got lost in the dark and had frightened himself into a faint.

"Well, come with me, wassy [lad]," he said. "The water'll soon be in this way."

The boy began to cry.

"How can us get out?" "Out" always means "home" in the pits.

"Never mind that for a minute. Let's get away from the water. Let's get into Jimmy's heading. We might do something worth there."

He took the boy's hand. They went a litte way on until Yanto's out-thrust arm once more poked itself into nothingness.

"Here it is, wassy."

"There's a light," shouted the boy.

Yanto turned to look up the roadway.

"Five of um," said he. "They're in the same trap as us. Hoy-y!" he shouted.

"Hoy-y!"

The five lights shook wildly, because those who carried them came rushing down the hill.

"They're runnin' well," remarked Yanto, laughing. "But they'd better not go far at that rate—or they'll run into the pool at the bottom and drownd like poor old Warrior."

"What—is poor old Warrior drownded?" demanded young Prince, suddenly.

"Ahy."

"Oh, poor old Warrior," said the boy, with overwhelming tenderness, and he

"The water swirled around him."

began to cry; for horses and boys in the pits cherish a real friendship for one another.

Presently five men came abreast with Yanto and the boy.

"Hoy!" said Yanto.

"Hoy!" they replied without stopping.

"Hold on," said Yanto, catching the first one.

"Come on, come on!" they all cried. "Don't stop. The water's come through Prince's place."

"Ahy, ahy," returned Yanto, easily. "An' it's waiting for you at the bottom of Jimmy's place. It drownded my horse at the bottom of the next heading."

"Is it there already?" they asked, horrified. "Then we're shut in forever."

"Let's try another road," said Yanto. "Give me your light, Lewis—I'll lead you." He reached for the lamp in the hand of the man he held.

"No!" shouted Lewis, drawing back. "What does a waster of a haulier like you know? I'll try my luck in the main road!" And he broke away and ran down the heading.

The other four seemed inclined to try their luck in the same way. They tried to push by.

"Don't be fools," said Yanto, calmly. "You'll never see Lewis again."

The sarcasm in his tone made for conviction. The men stopped. "What are you goin' to do?" they asked, with their lights up to his face.

"Who'll give me a light?"

"Here."

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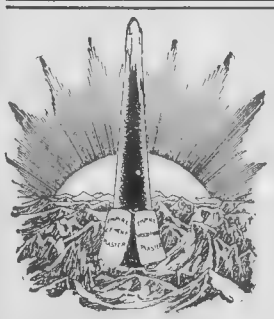

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One of the men put a lamp into his hand.

"Ah—somebody's got a bit of sense then," remarked Yanto, as if highly gratified by the discovery. "Come on with me, Rees," he added to the man.

With the light he took the lead and started up the heading. His right hand held the lamp; his left still held young Prince; and the boy clung to him with perfect faith in Yanto's omnipotence. Rees followed with equal confidence. But the other three held back, doubting.

"You can come if you like," Yanto shouted back by way of invitation.

"But what can you do going that way?"

"I don' promise nothin'."

"But tell us—tell us," they pleaded. "What's your plan?"

"Get behind the water an' see if we can't scheme into the return to the upcast."

A revelation of the other world would cause less excitement among the three doubters than did Yanto's words. The men ran up and joined him, followin him with childlike eagerness and delight, talking—babbling—as if they had just had an invitation to heaven.

The leader laughed. He drew the boy level with him, and bent down to say quietly in his ear:

"I knew they'd come. Now, we'll make these beauties work for their escape—and ours."

The boy laughed because Yanto seemed to consider the matter. quite an excellent joke.

They came to an opening on the right hand side and Yanto turned briskly up the heading, and after some minutes stopped before a door which opened from him.

"Hsh!" said he. They stopped. Silence of death fell upon them all.

"No water comin' through," he announced.

He put his hand to the door. He pushed gently. The door yielded. It opened slightly.

The lights sent yellow rays into the black space.

"No sign of water. First class!"

He flung the door wide and went through. The others followed. The last man gave the plank door a push. It closed with a hollow bang, and the black dust of the road, disturbed by the rush of air, rose up around the men's lights in red rings.

A little way on, a road turned to the left, going down hill now, in consequence of a fault or break in the coal seam.

"Now we can cut into Prince's place, and get behind the water," said Yanto, and he began to sing. He took up his Welsh love-song from the point where the water first interrupted him by drowning Warrior. And the boy sang with him; because, hearing Prince's place mentioned as their destination, he thought Yanto intended taking him straight to his father.

Yanto went steadily down a little way, and soon they stood in Prince's place.

"Here's where it broke through."

The men, with much excitement and many exclamations, examined the great gap in the coal. Everything dripped yellow water.

"It's all flowed into the lower roads," said Yanto, "and blocked the way out. Come on—try my way."

"Where's my father?" demanded the boy. His father's dead body lay in the mire not fifty yards away.

"Waiting for you on top," said Yanto, lying with ease for the good of the boy's health. "You ought to have gone with him."

"I couldn't, indeed," stammered the lad.

"Most likely you'll get it when he ketches you," added Yanto.

This convinced young Prince. The others mercifully held their tongues.

They went back along the track of the flood, Yanto leading till they came to a sheet of water which flashed into golden flames under the lamps. He stopped. The water rolled sluggishly toward him and rose under his feet.

"Oh," said he, with his careless inflection. He apostrophized the water. "Comin' back, arre you?"

"What?" cried his companions, with angry surprise.

"The worrld is turnin' upside down, I s'pose, and the water's havin' a run round for the fun of it," explained Yanto. But he made a grimace to himself that expressed neither fun nor indifference, and he shook his fist at the water.

"What's the meanin'——?" asked the others, in a fluster.

"It's the reeyaction," said he. "We've bin a long time gettin' here, and the water's comin' back to say she's sorry for intrudin' so 'bruptly."

"Don't make sport," said a grave voice from the tail.

"An' can't we go on to the return?"

"No, indeed," Yanto answered, with too much earnestness—like a boy promising his teacher not to "mitch" any more.

"What can us do now?" the men asked in a panic.

"Best us can," said Yanto, laughing.

"Shame!" they cried. "Mockin' us like this, when we might all die in here."

"They are only pretendin'," said Yanto, soothingly, to the boy who clung to him terrorstruck when the men spoke of death. Yanto's declaration made him laugh. The boy believed in the man to an alarming extent.

But the others held Yanto responsible for their lives.

"You brought us here," they cried. "Get us out of it."

"Oh," said Yanto, "I'm God Almighty, am I?"

"More like the devil himself," blurted out one of the men under the shock of Yanto's inquiry.

The others laughed at the incongruity—a little wildly and hysterically, perhaps; yet they laughed; and the ring of their laughter among the hollows and the timber did them good. In good-humored remonstrance one said:

"The swinging lamp threw grotesque shadows."

"Now, Yanto, machgen i [my boy], whats' the next move?"

He made no answer but led them down a new heading which terminated in a wall of coal.

"You'll have to cut through into Jimmy Prece's place," he said, coolly, as he examined the face of the coal with his lamp.

"What!" came a chorus of mingled doubt and faith. "Can we do it?"

"It's not far, I should think. When they stopped work here they left a pillar of coal—the surveyors said about twenty yarrds. But they never know what they are talking about."

"Or they wouldn' have let Prince cut into Jerry's Deep," put in one of them, furious.

"I reckon," Yanto said, his light still on the shining coal, "it's not ten yarrds. Then from Jimmy Preece's old stall we can get in the return and go home, boys—in a couple of weeks," he added, dropping his voice, like a man who feels that his company will not care about the joke which he can't help making.

"You an' Rees go down to Prince's road an' the other places and pick up what tools haven't washed away," he continued, turning to the man nearest him. "An' be quick, or the water'll cut you off an' leave us here with nothin' to do but starve for a bit."

Nothing but swift obedience could follow this. Away they went. The others watched the two lights swinging, and growing smaller, till they vanished at the bottom of the road. They quickly

reappeared, and the two men were back with mandrels, bars, wedges, and sledge-hammers. Their clothes dripped.

"We had to wade through it," said Rees.

"It's at the bottom of this road."

"Risin' up here, I s'pose," said Yanto, calmly.

"Yes."

"Oh. Then you'll have to cut more coal in the next few hours than you ever cut in your worthy lives. Now tamp," said he to the men, meaning "hurry." They leaped to the coal. Yanto organized them. He put two to cut, two to draw the loose stuff out of the way, and one to hold the light.

"Change about when you want to," he added. "But cut only a hole big enough to crawl through. And, mind, above all things, cut on the slant to the right."

The work began briskly. He picked up four lamps out of the five, and deliberately extinguished them.

"The oil won't hold for long," he explained. "If you burrn um all, they'll all go out. But if you burn one at a time they'll last longer. The wind is strong and there's no gas, so we can light one from the other."

The men, by the solitary light, cut and hammered for their lives; choking with the dust, shining with the sweat of their labor, trembling with fear that the water would rise and drown them like rats in a hole. Yanto, after a mere glance at the operations, went back to the place where he had put young Prince to rest. He found the boy lying in the dust fast asleep, tired out with all the marching and counter-marching.

"He'll get cold," said Yanto. "The water is forcing all the air of the pit up to this road. I'll get some bedcloths for him."

He went to the men, picked up the

"The men, by the solitary light, cut and hammered."

clothes they had thrown off—they worked with bare bodies—came back and put the garments carefully over young Prince. Then he lay down beside the sleeping lad, took him in his arms, and with the ring of the hammer and mandrels in his ears he went to sleep himself.

You will notice that in organizing the cutting-out operation Yanto left nothing for himself to do. Yanto, a real leader, hated real work: he used his brain and left the labor of carrying out his ideas to lesser mortals. So while the others worked frantically, Yanto forgot all about the danger, and slept as peacefully as if in bed in his lodgings with no work next day to harass his slumber.

He woke up at the sound of the boy, crying. He sat up shivering in the cold, abnormally strong wind.

"What's up, wassy?" he inquired.

"I'm hungry," sobbed the boy.

"Oh, you're hungry, are you? Well, where do you think we're going to get any grub for you—before the shops are open?"

"I'm as hungry as—as anythin'," said the boy, crying more piteously. Yanto grumbled.

"Well, I s'pose I must ask um to pull the shutters down somewhere," said he, rising. He took up a dark lamp, went to the man who held the lighted one and lit his own.

The men worked without a moment's stopping, like lost souls trying to cut their way out of hell. Yanto muttered something in a dissatisfied tone as he looked at the work.

"I'll have something to say to them when I get back," said he to himself.

But, as if the mission of getting something to eat for the boy exceeded all other things in importance, away he went down the road, his lamp swinging its light on the rough sides and top. He felt certain of finding some scraps of bread in the victuals-boxes left behind by colliers in their rush to escape the water. He came back soaking from head to foot. The water streamed from his hair—from his neckerchief—from every particle of his clothing. But under both armpits he carried a small tin box full of bread.

"I had a nice long swim for um," said he, putting down the lamp, and opening a tin for the boy, who pounced on the food greedily.

The wind was blowing up the road with terrific force. The water, after closing all other outlets, drove all the air up this last opening with the fierceness of a gale. Yanto shivered with cold; his clothing clung to him as if he were swathed in ice-folds.

"I shouldn't be surprised if I ketch my death of cold," said he, laughing as he walked up in the dark toward the men.

"Funny them blows sounds," he said, listening to the dull thuds coming from the "cut.' "Seems as if they're just through."

"The water's risin' quick—not twenty yarrds from us now," said he, affably, as he joined the other five.

"Oh, anwyl!" they exclaimed in consternation. And under the horrible incentive, the two men then using the cutting tools picked and hammered faster than ever.

Yanto listened to the sound of the blows carefully. They struck dull and heavy. He looked puzzled.

"Stop a bit," said he, very quietly.

"Stop!—with the water just on us?" cried the men.

"Stop, I tell you," said Yanto, still quietly, "or, if I don't make a mistake, you'll be blown to pieces up against the coal."

This alarmed them more than the water. They dropped their tools.

"Come out," said Yanto.

The four men shuffled back. Sweat poured from them in spite of the intense cold in which they worked. Yanto took the light and examined the face of the coal. In front and on the right it shone under the light. But on the left side he noticed that the coal wore a feathery, dull black look and gave no reflection from the lamp rays.

"Ah," said he.

He touched it: the soft coal crumbled and fell like mould down to his feet. He struck his knuckles against it: it sounded hollow.

"Ah," said he again.

He looked back at the men, who watched every one of his movements.

"Measure," said Yanto.

One man paced the length of the gap made.

"Six yards."

"Good goin'," remarked Yanto. "But I told you to slant to the right. You have slanted to the left."

"It cut easier that way."

"Oh. And was it easier to make the cut so big? You've made it big enough for a horse and tram to go through."

'It kept falling'."

"Oh."

"We've done our best."

"Oh, indeed."

His tone wounded their feelings. One said, complainingly:

"Anyhow—you didn't do much more."

"No ,I s'pose. Only, machgen i, you've made this hole big enough to be my grave. Good job it isn't yours, too. I s'pose there was somethin' in the boy wakin' me up."

"What do you mean, Yanto?" they asked, bewildered.

"Light the other lamps from this one and—keep back," answered he, once more sounding the coal on the left side.

They took the lamp from his hand The wind blew so strongly—they felt its unlifting pressure as if it were a solid force thrusting itself upon them. With such a breeze no gas could exist; therefore, protecting the flame, they opened the lamp and succeeded in lighting two of the others.

"Now," said Yanto, with his back to the coal at the extreme end of the cut, "the pillar wasn't so thick as any-

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body thought—and it was thinner on the left than anywhere and nobody knew nothin' 'bout that."

He stopped: They looked at this leader of theirs in silence. His tone now put into their hearts, strangely, a feeling of terror. The light from the three lamps shone straight in upon him, and the rays reflected from the coal behind him gave his head a golden halo.

Yano had not forgotten the things of his student days, when his mother wanted to see him a "maniger." She died and so did the ambition she inspired. But some of the "things to be remembered" remained with him. He knew well what a rush of compressed air would do when it found an opening.

"The atmospheric pressure in this here headin'," said he, smiling at the sound of the opening phrase, "is enough to smash six big elephants, let alone six little men like you an' me. But—before I strike—one of you go back to that boy, and let him cling to him."

The rear man doubled back to the lad.

"And you others—cling fast to the sides—hold on tight or the wind will come through here like an explosion and carry you through this hole like dead leaves in a March wind."

The men threw themselves down, clutching at projecting stones and slips of coal in the sides.

"If you didn't make the hole so big, I'd stand a better chance," said Yanto. "Now I must take all the risks. But I s'pose the leader must lead in the risks like in everythin' else. I wonder," he added, whimsically, "will Marrgat of the 'Collier's' like me when she sees me next?"

He took up a mandrel. With the lightest possible blow he touched the coal. The point of the tool went through into space. He drew it back. The wind shrieked through the aperture. The men clung tighter to the stones and buried their faces in the dust, terrified by the screaming wind. Yanto struck the coal again. He struck again—(may the Lord have mercy on poor Yanto!) A crashing, tearing sound followed. The out-rush of compressed air tore away the whole side of the coal and smashed it into a million pieces against the opposite wall of the road of escape these men sought. A human body added to the heap of debris.

When the fury spent itself the five men rose and came fearfully to the gap. They examined it with their lamps.

"Where is he?"

One crept over the ragged edge at the bottom and looked around. He came back, and the others held their lights to his terror-stricken face. First he said, whispering:

"We can get in the main road from here and be home in less than an hour."

Next he said, whispering still:

"We'll come back with something to wrap around him. We can't carry him. He is all mangled."

When Napoleon Gave Way to Pity.

By ERNEST DE BALZAC.

CHARLES Murice de Talleyrand-Perigord,, Prince of Benevento, sat alone one evening in Napoleon's headquarters at Berlin. It was in the month of October, 1806, and the little Corsican was still triumphant. Some three weeks before, in the battle of Jena, he had laid Prussia humble and submissive at his feet.

The work of spoliation was active in Berlin, and the conqueror had shown neither magnanimity nor valor in robbing the funeral monument of Frederick the Great and in sending the sword and orders of that monarch to the French capital as trophies of war. Indeed, at that time, the emperor was exceedingly rapacious, and the finest examples of art in the galleries of Potsdam and Berlin were annexed to the ever-increasing spoils of la grande armee. But whether these recorded acts of rampant victorship raised or debased his august master in the eyes of the Prince de Talleyrand, none could say. That inscrutable diplomatist, with the many orders and the club foot, kept his own counsel, and the emperor's, too.

He sat at a table, on the evening mentioned, and slowly and deliberately sorted over a heap of documents lying before him. Ever and anon he would pause at some special paper and scrawl a little comment in the margin. For these documents lying on the emperor's table, and being so carefully scrutinized by his counselor, were deeds of gifts, rewards, and punishments, only awaiting the short signature of "Nap" to make them valid and all-powerful.

At this period, the impetuous emperor had discarded the full signing of his name, and placed but the first three letters; later, he curtailed this to one enormous "N."

As Talleyrand sorted out the last batch of documents, his eye caught the name "Hatzfeld," inscribed upon one of them. He drew it out, perused it, and coughed ominously.

It was no deed of gift, no reward for bravery in the field; this was the warrant of punishment of a traitor and spy.

Talleyrand put down the paper, and unlocked a small box which stood on the table. From the box he extracted a letter and, placing it on the Hatzfeld document, threw himself back in his chair, and fell into a profound reverie.

The Prince of Hatzfeld was living in Berlin under the protection of Napoleon. The Prince of Hatzfeld existed because of the emperor's belief in his honor. Yet in the hands of Talleyrand lay a letter in the prince's character addressed to Hohenlohe, giving every information of the state and movements of the French army. And Hohenlohe was Napoleon's enemy, and stood opposed to him in the field.

Talleyrand sat and thought. The Prince of Hatzfeld had been under arrest two days. His fate on the evidence of the letter could be little short of death.

Talleyrand arose, and stretched himself. He heard a sound of the grounding of muskets outside the royal door. He stepped across and opened it, expecting to behold the emperor. But no! The corridor without was dimly lighted. He saw a lady, evidently much agitated, attired in a cloak and veil, endeavoring to pass the incorruptible sentries of the Old Guard.

Talleyrand's bow became clouded as he watched her, for he recognized in this lady the Princess of Hatzfeld.

She caught sight of him and made an imperious gesture that he should go to her. He remained where he was, however, his brow still clouded, but with a heart-chilling smile curling the edges of his lips.

The princess motioned to him again, a little less imperiously. He carelessly shook some powder off his coat, and half turned to re-enter the room.

"Monseigneur!"

Talleyrand hesitated. The gesture this time was one of entreaty, of terrible distress.

He advanced a step into the corridor, and signed to the sentries that the lady might pass. They lowered their muskets, and she hurried toward him.

"Monseigneur!"

"Madame."

"The emperor,—where is he?"

"The emperor is not within."

"I will wait for him. Allow me to pass you to enter the cabinet."

"Such is not our rule, madame."

"I am the Princess of Hatzfeld."

"And I, the Prince de Talleyrand."

There was a pause. Their eyes met. The lady cast back her veil. She was

very beautiful; pale as death, and pitifully determined.

"Monseigneur, I must see the emperor."

"Madame, it is impossible."

"But my husband, the prince, is under arrest, yet he is innocent. His own lips cannot plead for him to the emperor. Mine must, and shall. Offer me a chair, monseigneur."

"Alas! madame, that there should be none in the corridor; it is, indeed, an oversight."

"Listen to me. All this day, from five in the morning until now, I have been striving to gain audience with the emperor. Once let me come face to face with him, and all his doubts of my husband's fealty will be removed. Will you not aid me to an audience with him? Oh, monseigneur, it is a heartbroken, despairing wife—an almost fainting and friendless woman,—that appeals to you."

Talleyrand slowly took snuff, and regarded the lady with a look of suffering patience.

The beautiful eyes changed their tears for fire the beautiful arms fell heavily.

"Good, monseigneur, good! the victors in Berlin show how they treat their women! The politeness of France, then, is a fable! Even a prince has no courtesy for the wife of his equal in rank! Ah!" She reeled slightly, as if about to faint.

Talleyrand stepped from before the door, and supported her with his arm. but to smile and beg the honor of madame's company.

They entered the emperor's cabinet together. The prince conducted the princess to a chair, as far from the document-strewn table as possible.

Then he seated himself as before, and asked madame's pardon that affairs of state—urgent affairs,—deprived him of the exquisite pleasure of madame's conversation. The princess remained silent. The only sound in the room was the scratching of the pen of Talleyrand. Through the windows came the muffled tread of sentries.

"You have a large number of documents before you on the table, monseigneur?"

"Yes, yes, a large number,"

Monseigneur was, at the time, furtively covering one of them, and a letter, with his arm.

"When the emperor arrives, he will sign them, no doubt?"

"No doubt."

"Here?"

"No, no."

"To-night?"

"To-morrow."

"Oh, then, monseigneur, there is plenty of time. You can have little to do with those papers. I perceive they are already written. Will you not come and sit by me a little, and converse for a few moments before I go?"

Talleyrand turned in his chair, and regarded the princess. She leaned toward him and smiled. Really, she was a magnificent woman.

By Napoleon's order, the Princess of Hatzfeld destroyed the evidence of her husband's guilt.

Had he not done so, she would, apparently, have fallen.

"A chair," she murmured, "lead me to a chair."

"I will support madame to her carriage."

"No, no,—I faint,—lead me to a chair."

"Ah! to some distant room beyond the sentries; madame will be undisturbed in such a place. Yes; allow me to render my support thither."

"No; pardon; I am better."

"A rapid recovery! I offer my congratulations."

They stood and faced one another again.

"Monseigneur, I am a woman of determination."

The prince was sure madam was a model for women.

"Monseigneur, I have come to this place to see the emperor and to plead for my husband's life."

The prince expressed his admiration at so laudable an intention, and only regretted the utter impossibility of its fulfillment.

"It shall not be impossible!"

Monseigneur was too well bred to contradict madam. He bowed.

"I shall remain here until the emperor arrives."

The emperor would not pass down the corridor, nor enter that room. Madame would but waste time.

So much the better! Ah,—monseigneur had then no real excuse for keeping out madame! She would enter then into this room, where the emperor would not come, and rest awhile

Monseigneur was annoyed. He had been outwitted by a feminine diplomatist. There was nothing remaining

He hesitated.

"Come!"

"After all," he thought, "there is nothing left to do, and it may be best to humor her. Perhaps, If I promise something, I may the earlier get rid of her. Fortunately the emperor may not return for an hour yet."

"Will you not come?"

She spoke with a little offended pout, like a beauty not used to repeat an invitation. Talleyrand took up a certain letter from the table and locked it away in a certain box. Then he pushed his chair back, arose, and hobbled across the room and sat near her.

He regarded her keenly for some moments.

"You are a very beautiful and very remarkable woman."

"I seem to have little attraction for diplomats."

"On the contrary, madame, I am sure. At least, allow me to speak for one of them,"

—and he bowed, and kissed her hand.

The princess smiled again; this time more bewitchingly than before.

"Prince de Talleyrand, you were once a student in the seminary of St. Sulpice."

"Yes, princess. As you know, it was while I was Bishop of Autun that Mirabeau first prophesied of my future career."

"His prophecy has been more than fulfilled. You have become the builder of an empire, the strength of a people, the right hand of Napoleon himself!"

"Hush, hush, madame. Let us be humble. Recollect that I was excommunicated by his holiness, Pius VI. What I have gained in temporal mat-

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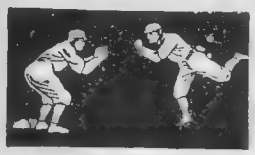

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ters, alas, I have lost in spiritual."

"You are still the bishop, monseigneur! You would still teach us humility! I find you a delightful instructor."

"And I. you, madame; and I, you."

"Ha, ha, you mock me!"

"Not I, princess. I heartily admire you."

Again he bent down, and kissed the snowy hand.

At this moment, a roll of drums in the street and the clattering of horsemen told him that the emperor had returned before his time.

The Princess of Hatzfeld arose, and listened.

"The emperor is here!" she exclaimed quickly.

"No, no! They are but relieving the guard. Yet it is getting late." Talleyrand left his chair and took up the princess's cloak, which she had cast aside. "It is wise that you should now return. I will speak to the emperor in your husband's behalf. Allow me, madame."

"Many thanks, monseigneur. Will you help me with it near the light? It has tiresome hooks. It is convenient to have a lamp upon the table. Now."

Prince de Talleyrand had the cloak in both hands. He assisted the Princess of Hatzfeld to assume it. When this was done the princess turned to him with a certain document in her hands. Before he could stay her, she rent it in half, and then again, and let the pieces flutter to the floor.

"You have by that one act destroyed your husband."

"Princess, you have by that one act destroyed your husband!"

"No, monseigneur, by that one act I may have saved him."

"Better go, madame. You could not now face the emperor. Come with me to your coach."

"I shall stay here."

"Very good. With your own hands you have slain your husband."

The rattle of muskets, without the corridor, proclaimed the coming of Napoleon.

The princess at once took up her station by the door, while Talleyrand stood by the table.

A little, sallow man in a gray overcoat and a large black military hat came quickly in, muttering to himself.

"Sire!"

He passed the kneeling woman at the door, apparently unconscious of her presence.

He paused in the middle of the room, and stood there, with his hands locked behind his back. He still continued to mutter, and every now and then the occupants of the cabinet heard him mention numbers.

"Twenty-five thousand ;yes, and thirteen thousand,—are thirty-eight thousand."

The Princess of Hatzfeld arose, and, advancing to Napoleon, fell on her knees at her feet.

"Sire!"

He saw her then, but made no attempt to raise her; neither did he remove his hat. He turned to Talleyrand.

"Who is this woman?" he asked, abruptly.

"Sire, the Princess of Hatzfeld."

What do you desire of me, madame?"

"Sire, my husband's life!"

"Your husband's life? You already know it is forfeited through his treachery."

"Sire, he has never broken faith with you. I swear it! Sire, he is under arrest, and cannot defend himself. You have been misinformed regarding him. Oh, listen to me,—to me, his wife, and your most strong ally. Listen to me!"

She wrung her hands in her fierce entreaty. Napoleon did not move, nor make any reply. But his searching, terrible, gray-blue eyes never shifted from her beautiful, upturned face,—that face with the lovely lashes again jeweled with tears.

"Oh, sire, if I knew, or thought, that you had any proof or blame against the prince, my husband, I would not dare to plead thus for his life. But I know that he is innocent. All this day, since five o'clock in the morning until now, I have waited, and waited, hour by hour, to see you. Look into my face, sire see how weary and faint I am; consider my agony—oh, consider it,—and, in the absence of any proof of his guilt, give my husband back to me!"

Napoleon turned to Talleyrand and held out his hand, as if for some document. Talleyrand hobbled round to the little box, and, unlocking it, brought forth the fatal letter. This he handed to Napoleon and the latter handed it to the kneeling princess.

"Whose handwriting is that, madame?"

The princess eagerly ran her eye down the lines, turned sick, and, with a cry, let the paper fall. The two men exchanged glances.

"Is that your husband's writing, madame?"

Sobs were the only reply,—from a bent and utterly crushed woman.

Napoleon regarded this figure of awful grief, and hopeless despair, and an expression came over his face which few men had seen.

It was an expression of pity.

"Talleyrand!"

"Sire?"

"What other proof of the Prince of Hatzfeld's treachery have we in our possession?"

"None other, sire."

"Princess," said Napoleon, bending and pressing the lady's ear in a manner familiar with him, "put that letter in the fire yonder, and then we shall have no proof."

"Oh, sire!"

"Yes, yes. You believed. I can see it. You did not know. You are a beautiful woman. If he had been as true as you are beautiful, it would have been better. Put the letter in the fire."

The princess covered Napoleon's hand with kisses, and rose and cast the letter into the flames. Oh, the happy, happy sparks that flew upward!

"Princess," said Talleyrand, and he bowed; "no man with such a wife but can amend his conduct. I offer my congratulations."

"Thank you, monseigneur."

"I shall inform the emperor how useful a member you would make in his cabinet of diplomatists."

"Thank you, monseigneur."

Napoleon sat at the table and began to scrawl "Nap" on the kind and cruel documents.

The princess of Hatzfeld approched him.

"Sire," she said, "I, too, need a pardon; with my own hands I destroyed the warrant for my husband. It is in four pieces at your feet."

Napoleon looked down but made no reply.

"Farewell, sire; by this one act tonight you have gained a victory your army could not give you. You have won a woman's love to your empire and your imperial crown; and it will not rest there, for, when this one woman tells her story, all the women of this country, conquered though it be, will cry with me. as I cry tonight, vive l' empereur!"

Why I Resigned.

An Ex-Detective's Story.

"WHY did I retire from the force?"

The speaker was a well-knit, clean-shaven man, whose face, without being handsome, revealed the possession by its owner of intelligence and a sensitive nature. His eyes were frankly observant, and his demeanor was one of alertness and vigor.

"Yes," proceeded ex-Detective Morrison, "I suppose it will ever be a bit of mystery to my late colleagues of the Criminal Investiagtion Department that I who had confessedly done much excellent work should have renounced my career when my prospects were most promising. 'What! Going to resign?' exclaimed the Commissioner. 'You who largely assisted to secure the arrest of the authors of the De Mallincourt paste-jewel frauds, who discovered the Hampstead prisoners, and who successfully traced the international banknote forgers to their den?'

"It certainly did seem strange, and I dared not explain. Are you listening? Well, what mystified Scotland Yard shall be made clear to you.

* * * * *

"Early in life I became enamored of the idea of a detective's career. I was eternally picturing myself as an avenging instrument of outraged justice, rescuing innocent beauty from the grasp of remorseless scoundrelism, winning the plaudits of the world and the smile of virtue—you know the kind of thing that springs from the imagination of sensitive youth.

"My sister and myself had been left orphans. We had been given into the custody of a half-brother of my father's, as good and generous a fellow as ever lived, considerate as a father, and naturally less exacting in checking any of our original sins. He had a daughter, Ethel; and it was Ethel, sweet Ethel"—here the narrator made an emotional pause—"who unconsciously weaved herself into all my imaginary acts of heroism.

"I lived the ordinary life of a young man, helping my uncle in his business and taking part in no more escapades than do most fellows of twenty. I wasn't what's termed a mollycoddle—not at all; but the mere presence of Ethel and my sister Rose was a restraint upon any extravagant foolishness.

"They were a strange contrast in appearance. Rose was as dark as any Egyptian, with heavily arched brows, eyes that sparkled with vitality, hair that nestled low upon the forehead; she was impetuous, eager, a child of impulse. Ethel was as fair as the morning sun—a clinging, easily-moved, trusting maid who seemed to lean for support on Rose.

"Rose was my elder, and she lavished a passionate affections upon me. Ethel apparently reflected it in a less vehement and in a more regulated manner.

"When I quitted Northington to join the force I little thought that Rose's passion must have another outlet, and that in its turbulence it might overwhelm my darling Ethel, now secretly half-plighted to me.

* * * * *

"'Yes, Morrison,' said my chief, 'these are the cutest and cleverest frauds we have had to deal with for some time. The notes are so accurately executed as to deceive even the smartest of bank-clerks. Of course a thorough expert, if he were to examine them closely, could detect a variation in the water-mark if not in the typographical peculiarities of a counterfeit note; but that variation is so slight that even he might be deceived. By the way, quite a few of these notes have been in circulation in your native place, Northington. However, you have got charge of the case.'

"My heart leapt at the thought of Northington. My sister Rose had been suddenly married to a gentleman whom I had never seen, but whose name did not impress me. It was Hubert Featherstone Maitland. I had not been able to attend the wedding because I was in Paris inquiring into the De Mallincourt frauds. Rose was wildly enthusiastic about her husband; she rhapsodied over his goodness, generosity, affection for her, and his unvarying devotion. How had she met him? He was staying at the county hotel and so ingratiated himself with some of the townsmen that he got invited to the annual bachelors' ball. Within five months he and Rose were married. Didn't I know something about his family? Well, Rose wrote enthusiastically about his brother, Hugh Featherstone Maitland, and somehow I began to fear for Ethel.

"I did not go to Northington, for on arrival at my lodgings, after the interview with the chief, I had a wire from Rose—or rather from Mrs. Maitland—saying that I might expect a call from her at any moment. She was then in London. Besides, news had come of these notes having been given an increased circulation at several West End establishments. Rose's wire gave no address. It was a bald note announcing her arrival, and was despatched from Charing Cross.

"I was in Bond Street, where as yet the forger had not commenced his depredations. I was persuaded that he would not relinquish so happy a hunting-ground, but was moody over my non-success.

"'Don't forget I shall want some change!'

"These words fell on my ears. They had been uttered by a well-dressed handsome man who was just getting into a cab from which a lady had only a second before alighted. He drove away, and the lady entered a jeweller's shop.

"I always act upon impulse. I was attired in fashionable clothes, and I too went into the shop. The lady bought a pair of links for her husband and gave a ten-pound note in exchange. She received seven pounds twelve shillings from the cashier. I had completed my inquiries as to the price of a hunter-watch which I did not want. When she left—her close veil had never been raised—her very movement was reminiscent. Who could she be? I saw her enter another shop eight or nine doors away. I returned to the jeweller's called the manager, showed my authority, and asked to see the note. I was certainly unable to discover any flaw in it, but was not convinced of its genuineness.

"In another minute I was standing outside the second shop which the lady had entered. I dared not gaze too intently at her as she left. However, by lounging near the cab I was able to learn the address she gave the cabman. It was 61 Overchurch Mansions—one of the best-known suites of maisonettes in the West End.

"I followed her closely in another cab. She had not entered the mansions ten seconds before I had resolved to make some inquiries at the office on the ground floor.

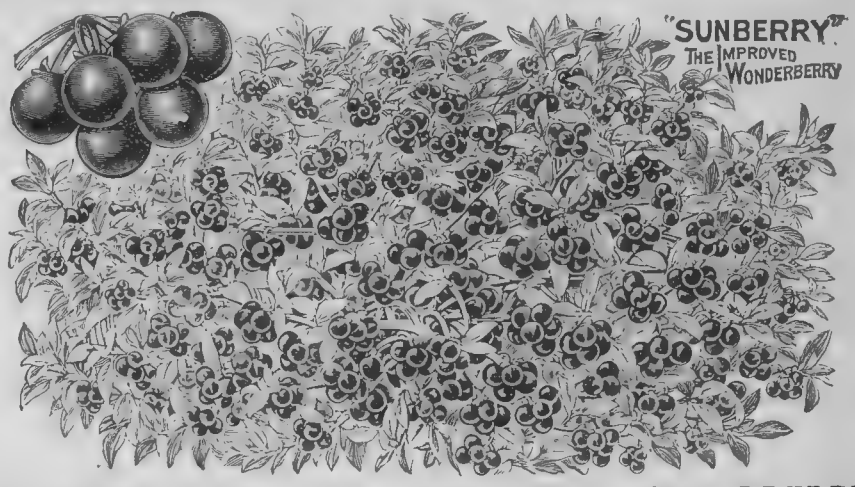
"She was actually leaving the office as I approached. 'Yes,' I heard an obsequious clerk say, as she entered the lift, 'I can assure you that to-morrow a man shall come and see what is the matter with your gas service. We cannot understand it.'

"The lady still left an impression on my mind—an impression that her form and manner were not new. I imperatively dismissed the notion from my mind, for I had now a scheme in view. I hurried back to the jeweller's; he had in the meantime taken the note to the bank. After very careful examination the expert had come to the conclusion that it was a flash note. I went to the other shop—a similar note had been passed there. The manager laughed to scorn the idea that it was not a genuine one.

* * * * *

"The housemaid at 61 Overchurch Mansions was in a very unpleasant mood.

"'Ere's the missus says as 'ow you wasn't comin' till to-morrer! It's most haggravatin'! An' master's bringing



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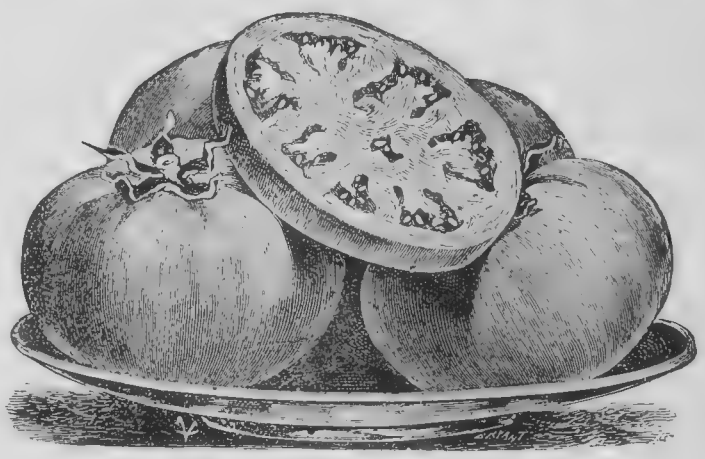

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some friends to dinner, and the missus's cous is a-coming with 'er fiancey! Of course, what do it matter to you?'

"However she had to put up with the presence of the workman—he assured her that he had been sent by the express instructions of her mistress to attend to the gas.

"The leakage was in a pretty little dining-room. It was only divided by a thin partition from another room in which two persons were talking.

"'Ah, pauvre petite, you are tired! Never mind now why I want so many notes changed and never allow you to spend gold and silver! Remember our dinner-party to-night!'

"This was said in a low soothing voice—the voice of a man born to cozen women. The workman was listening intently.

"'Well, well, dear!' the man went on. 'Don't you know that on the Continent we can't change notes easily? Why, what a time we shall have! We shall have to play the roles of an old staid couple in the presence of the bride and bridegroom!'

"'Whew,' whistled the workman—'a marriage!'

"'Reely now,' said the supercilious housemaid a minute later—'you cahnt finish the job to-night, eh? You must go and get some piping? Well, of all the haggraving creatures——'

"And the angry little Cockney shut the door with a clang.

* * * * *

"'Tell the guv'nor we want to see him!' said the Inspector, in a quiet assuring tone, to the housemaid at No. 61. 'We sha'n't keep him a second.'

"We had followed the girl to the dining-room. The handsome man whom I had seen in the cab stood before us, framed by the doorway.

"'I arrest you,' said the Inspector, 'on suspicious of having passed a number of forged notes on the Bank of England!'

"There was an exclamation from the inner room followed by a scuffling noise. Evidently a confederate was about to bolt. I bounded into the room, followed a retreating form into a second apartment, and caught him as he rushed into the passage leading to the lift.

"I brought him to the Inspector. A woman confronted me like a pythoness.

"'You liar and blackguard, Richard Morrison! That man never circulated forged notes! He is my husband—an honorable gentleman! If notes were passed, I passed them.'

"Good heavens! The author of this self-accusation was my sister Rose!

"'Oh Richard,' wailed a woman at my feet, 'don't hurt him—don't kill me! We were to be married the day after to-morrow!'

"I staggered back. This was Ethel—my Ethel! The man I had caught was Hugh Maitland. He was to have been her husband.

* * * * *

"They were two of the greatest scoundrels, sir, who ever played upon the credulity of women. They are now expatiating their crime in Portland.

"And what of Rose and Ethel? Providence only knows. I am an outcast from their affection—a traitor, the ruiner of their happiness, the man who has wrecked the careers of two heroes. Do you wonder, sir, that crime investigation has no longer any romance for me?"

Before and After Taking.

By LUKE SHARP.

IS there a person living in this village by the name of Jeremiah Bolton?" asked the stranger of Hiram Stiggins, who was sitting on the top rail of the fence.

"He doesn't live here," said Hiram, a good deal of emphasis on the word.

"I have a letter from him and he gave this place as his address." "Oh, it's his address all right enough. We don't call Jerry's existence living, you know. He vegetates. And if you want to collect any money from him, let me give you a pointer or two that'll save you some trouble. You just go back where you came from and wait till Jerry sends it. You'll get the cash just as quick that way as by bothering him about it. Jerry's the alfiredest loafer in the hull country, and that's saying a good deal, for I know most of the folks in the neighborhood. I've lived here myself goin' on twenty-four year. Some of 'em are spleeny enough, and these times a man has to be up and doin' ef he wants to pay his debts, let alone gittin' credit for makin' more. Times ain't what they used to be. I remember nineteen year-ago this spring when——"

"What is Mr. Bolton's business? He is a mechanic, isn't he?"

"Jerry? He ain't got no business—never had. I tell him he's got no business to live. Beats me what such men are made for in the first place. Natural born loafer, Jerry is. Yes, sir. Work? When you see Jerry Bolton tackle honest work, you look out fer the judgment day the week after. The world will be comin' to an end, sure. Why last harvest—I own this farm joinin' the village—and men were mighty scarce, I come over to get Jerry to help me with the hayin' — offered him good pay—a man can get anything he likes in hayin' nowadays. 'Tain't like what it used to be. Seems as ef the more machinery we get on a farm the more work there is to do. Labor savin', they call them. Labor makin' is more like it. I remember sixteen years ago last harvest that we——"

"Wouldn't Jerry work?"

"Not by a long chalk. Needed the money, too. His wife was doin' the washin' for the village to keep the children and Jerry alive. As fer the rent, they never thought o' payin' no rent. I own the house he lives in and I suppose Jerry thought I would take it out in rent ef he came to work. Still, that's flatterin' Jerry. He hain't sense enough to be afraid I'd apply his wages on his rent. He's just good for nothin'. He's a tinkerer, Jerry is. Allus workin' at some new fangled thing that ain't no good to any livin' creature. Jack of all trades and good at none, I tell him. Trusts Providence and his wife mostly. Jerry would have starved long ago if it wasn't for that woman. She's a sight too good for him. But she's just as big a fool as Jerry, for she believes he'll do somethin' someday. She's the only one creature on earth that does, but that don't make no difference to her. She's a faded, washed-out creature, and the only time she flares up is when some one tells the truth about Jerry and she hears it. Jest like a woman, you know. There's no accountin' fur 'em. Many a woman with a good, hard-workin' husband don't appreciate him. There's my wife, fur instance——"

"What does he tinker at, principally?"

"Who? Jerry? Oh, Lord knows. Some fool thing or 'nuther. Deacon Swipes says its perpetual motion, but I tell the deacon there's no motion, perpetual or otherwise, about Jerry. Perpetual dum foolishness, I call it. Tryin' to get a livin' by the sweat of somebody else's brow. I tell 'em down in the village that Jerry's a smarter man than any of us 'cause he can live without work and we can't. Time was in this country when a man had to work or starve. Things ain't what they used to be with the young folks all wantin' to clerk in the city. I remember twenty-one years ago when——"

"Then how does he manage to live?"

"I tell you he don't live; he vegetates, and on my vegetables, too, mostly. Only the other day Miss Bolton, she came to our place with a basket and said she wanted to borrow a basket of potatoes. I says to her, Miss Bolton, you can't borrow nothin'. I'll give you a basket of potatoes, if you go out and dig 'em. But I'm no such dum fool as to lend anything to the Bolton family. Thep she ups and cries and my wife she says—well, that's neither here nor there. Some women don't know when

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they're well off and other women can't bear to hear the truth. I went down to Jerry's and gave him a piece of my mind. Had to do it to somebody or bust, for my wife's a plain spoken woman—and then a man shouldn't be a tyrant in his own family. Well, Jerry he just looks at me and says nothin'. I believe the man's crazy. He didn't seem to hear a word I said, but just looked past a person as if some one had hit him with a club. He'll go to a insane hospital yet, and be kept at the county's expense—his family, too. Hanged if I can see the sense of lettin' a man like that have a family. I remember years ago when—yes, the first house you come to, right on the edge of the village. No, it ain't much of a house; more of a shanty, as you say, but it's a mighty sight bigger'n any rent I ever got fur it. Good-bye, stranger."

* * * * *

Ten Years Later.

Hiram holds forth to a crowd of listeners on the veranda of the village tavern.

"Know Mr. Bolton? Well, I should say I did. I can remember the time when Jeremiah Bolton didn't have a second shirt to his back, and I know some people who had doubts about the first shirt. Poor? Job's turkey wasn't in it, with Jerry—I allus used to call him Jerry an' he used to call me Hiram. There wasn't no Misters between us them days. Some of you boys think yourselves smart but there's none of you can hold a candle to Jeremiah Bolton. No, sir. Last 'lection, when there was talk of running Jerry fur Guvnor, I knowed Jerry wouldn't take no nomination. What did he care about being Guvnor? Why, Jerry Bolton could buy the hull state ef he wanted to."

"Most of the Governors have had to do that," said a by-stander.

"Well, Jerry ain't that kind of man. Fact is, they don't build men like Mr. Bolton nowadays. Why, I remember eleven years ago, before Jerry took out his patent, an' he was feelin' kind o' discouraged, I says to him, 'Never you mind, Jerry, your time's a-coming'. You'll be able to buy out the country some o' these days.' Why, there wasn't a man in town believed in Jerry but me. There was old Deacon Swipes, him that's dead and gone. He used to say to me, "Hiram, I can't imagine what the devil you see in that wuthless coot, Jerry Bolton.' The deacon, he used to swear a little, 'cause he'd been a lumberman once, and a man has to swear when he's bringin' down a raft, but he never knew he swore, and nobody liked to tell him, and him a deacon. Why, the preacher, he used to——"

"What did you say to the deacon about Bolton?"

"Oh, I says to him, 'Deacon, you're all right at seeing anything that's right under your nose, but you're no good at dealing with the future.'"

"The preacher attended to futurity, I suppose."

"Jess so, jess so. But the deacon could never see why I took such trouble with Jerry, but I knowed he wasn't no common kind of a man. He had a way of lookin' past you and of not hearin' what a person was sayin' to him that——"

"Lucky man!"

"Exactly. He was always a-studyin' and a-studyin' in his mind. We used to talk about his patent, and though he never'd tell me what he was figurin' on you could tell which way his mind was turned. 'Hiram,' he used to say to me, 'great inventions, like the air brake and the telegraph and the Standard Oil Company, they's only thought out once in a lifetime. It takes a big man to invent them sort of things, and I'm only a small man, Hiram.' He was always a modest man, was Jerry."

"That was because he was so much in your company."

"Well, anyhow he used to say that what he wanted to invent was some little thing that everybody would want to have and couldn't do without once they had it, and that wouldn't cost much, and wouldn't last long, and yet would pay fifty per cent. to the maker of it. 'Hiram,' he used to say to me, 'if soap wasn't invented, that's what I would like to invent and get a patent on it.' He never could have lived, ef it hadn't been for me. Lived in a house I owned at that time, and most they got to eat come off my farm. I never bothered him about no rent nor pay, and when he was troubled about it I used to slap him on the back and say, 'you wait till your ship comes in'."

"Didn't he pay the mortgage on your farm, Hiram?"

"Well, that's neither here nor there. That's a private matter 'twixt him and me. Besides, it was like this. I put that mortgage on to get the money for his patents——"

"Why, it was in the papers that the man from New York put up the cash."

"Now young man, you keep your shirt on, and don't be too smart. I didn't need to use no money for that, because I brought Jerry the man from New York. 'Twas me introduced 'em. The man from New York made a good enough thing out of it, and he can thank me fur it, not that he's ever done it."

"But Jerry was grateful."

"You bet he was. And he didn't want to hurt my feelings nuther. His wife she came to my wife with the papers that Jerry had bought up and she says to my wife, 'Hiram was god to us when we was poor, and so you give him these 'ere papers for a present.' Then Jerry's wife, thinking of the hard times, I suppose, she breaks down and cries, and my wife keeps her company, and them two women had a good cry together."

"Over your goodness, Hiram, I suppose."

"Well, that's neither here nor there. Jerry knows who backed him up when it was hard sleddin' fur him, and now, by gum, he's rich enough to buy us all out and never feel it, and has a big house in New York. I allus said that's what he would come to, and ef the deacon was alive, he'd tell you the same thing."

Johanna Gadski.

As to what "daily rules that make for success" I have been led to lay down for myself from practical experience I wish to say the following:

In singing, like in all other occupations, the prime factor is unbounded energy, although this does not mean an unlimited amount of practicing. Beginners are often heard to remark: "I work so hard!" Hard work alone will not accomplish much; what is the most required is a judicious use of brains, with, say, one-half hour practice each morning and afternoon. Such practice should, however, be omitted for twenty-four hours after public appearances.

A general rule may be laid down—"to take great care of your voice," by leading a most regular and natural life, which means not to be shut up in a closed room most of the time, but to take plenty of healthful exercise in the open air, without muffling up the neck in furs. Athletic exercises are not included in the programme, but daily walks in the fresh air for about an hour will give the lungs plenty of exercise and keep the body in good condition.

From a dietary point on days of public appearances it is recommended that after a hearty luncheon one should take a nap, or, at least, rest for about an hour; follow this with a cup of coffee, but no further meals should be taken until after one's appearance.

The use of beverages on days of appearances should be extremely limited, while alcoholic beverages should be absolutely shunned. Should the desire for liquid refreshment be pronounced, a sip or two of cold coffee or tea is recommended.

Last, but not least, a good night's rest, and for this reason society functions which are apt to keep one up too late should be enjoyed but infrequently, and I, personally, have made it a point to attend as few as possible.

An old Highland sergeant in one of the Scottish regiments was going his round one night to see that all the lights were out in the barrack-rooms. Coming to a room where he thought he saw a light shining, he roared out:

"Put oot that licht there."

One of the men shouted back:

"Man, it's the mune, sergeant."

Not, hearing very well, the sergeant cried in return:

"I dinna care a tacket what it is—put it oot!"

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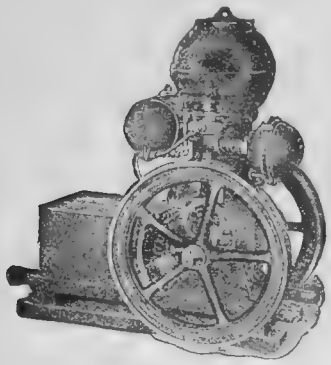

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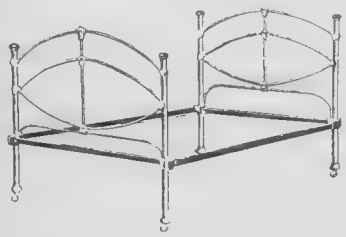

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The Onion in The Wheelrut.

By HENRY CECIL WALSH.

PART I.

FELIX DUMOUCHEL had been to the neighboring town; and departing at five in the morning gaily humming "Le rejallissement du pensee," he now returned at at a suspiciously late hour, boisterously trolling "En roulant ma boule."

Diverging from the dusty main road at this point, that brought him back to St. Agapit again, he turned to the left and continued on by a short cross-road, and from thence downward on a third, paralleling the first, more private than public from infrequent use, and surface-worn by nothing except a cow-path, and what rutting wheels now and then abashedly made upon close-cropped sod adorned with mullens and sagey-looking weeds, knee high.

Midway upon this grassy, mile-long stretch between cultivated fields, stood the house of the Dumouchels, towards which Felix, thirty, good-looking and muscular, bent his steps by the light of the waning moon.

Within thirty yards of his homestead he kicked something with his foot that rolled away for a short distance and then stopped. It was white, and Felix now picked it up.

An onion! Bah! He was about to throw it away, but the thing remained in his hand, as with the other he brushed off the damp earth still adhering to it. A few feet further and Felix saved himself from falling by an effort, as his foot slipped sideways into a freshly made wheel-rut.

The rollicking pedestrian now stopped, and tried to think with a whiskey blanc brain. Immediately before him a small stream crossed the road, bridged by two logs resting lengthwise on their supports, on either side of which the ground declined to the level of each with bare, soft soil.

Felix looked about him, then at the onion, and finally down around his feet, his air, meanwhile, being that of a man who, deep in his cups, feels confronted with a problem demanding solution.

"Les Saintes!" he remarked to himself, "the onions have not been gathered hereabouts as yet, and how comes this one?"

Then he knit his brow as he poked his boot-toe in an unfamiliar rut, at which he gazed while cogitating with a mixed mind.

Two minutes from halting he took his way forward again, and proceeded past a house he should have otherwise entered, till, when two arpents beyond it, he strode with an increasing steadiness from mid-road to side—leaping the ditch and looked over the rail fence.

"Ours are the first thrown up," he muttered, "and as for the old man carting them to the cellar before their time, misere! I would as soon expect to see apples on oaks. And for what those mischief-making women would take it upon themselves to do behind my back, that they might poke a finger at me—Ah! Tor 'ieu!"

Felix, to see, was instantly sobered, and cleared the fence with a single spring. It would have fared hard with the author of his rage could he have laid hands on him at this moment, but the former could only impotently swear and storm in a loud voice, and shake his fist as he called on the Holy Virgin to witness this wrong-doing.

Where two days ago he had completed the best half of a week exposing the onion crop to the sun prior removal to the root-house, a gap in their white quantity nearest the gate was at once apparent, even beneath a now clouded moon, and, as the blazing eyes of Felix at once perceived, sufficient had been hastily gathered to form a respectable cart-load.

Subsiding into silent wrath, Felix mechanically put both hands into his side coat pockets; drawing forth from one a short clay pipe, and from the other a handful of loose, rough cut habitant shag. Cramming the bowl full tight, he thrust the remainder of the tabac Canadien back into a pocket, searched in three others before he found a match and produced it, scratched it on the pipe he lit, and then, carefully skirting the onion patch, becoming cautious when utter carelessness might be expected, made his way to the gate. This was found, as usual, hooked, and passing out and closing it again, he stood on the planks bridging the ditch for field and road.

The tell-tale marks of trespassing wheel and shod hoof were still plainly visible to his eye in the moonlight, leading to the field side of the gate, and, turning away, a white object at his feet beside the post claimed his attention, and stooping down he picked it up—another onion. Turning slightly he flung it back to its fellows; after which he pulled at his pipe for quick puffs, as he spent the next five minutes leaning against the gate, hard in thought. Then he roused himself, shook the top ashes from his pipe, and began retracing his steps up the road.

PART II.

At the end of a half-mile he had once more reached the cross-road, past which he continued on, this time slowly and savagely, with the air of a man who meant to verify unpleasant suspecion.

Three separate houses now to his left faced open fields, and leaving the middle of the road he approached the first of these beneath a row of soft maples, avoiding the gravel side-path, that he might noiselessly brush past the tree-trunks on turf.

Over a low, shabby picket-fence Felix placed one leg and then the other, at the furthest convenient spot from the house, and stealthily fringing by the three short rows of celery, passed on between a few currant bushes beneath several fameuse apple trees, till he was clear of all, and had reached a dilapidated, straw-thatched shed into which ran two single wheel tracks, and the brain of Felix was but fired the more to find the door securely padlocked.

Taking his pipe from his mouth, its half-consumed contents were emptied to the ground, and which he trod underfoot with a twist of his boot. Then replacing his pipe in a pocket, Felix bethought himself finding of something with which to force out one of the staples.

Ah! but, Mother of God! he used half a dozen such locks of his own every day at home. His keys! had he his keys with him? He searched feverishly in his pockets, Le bon Dieu! here they were; and with a hand as damp as his forehead he brought them forth.

One—two—three. Diable! would none fit? He tried the fitting fourth, and with an inspiring click the lock and arm hinged apart.

Exulting as he did so, Felix had the door open in a trice, and the odor which came to him without through crack and chink-hole as he fumbled at the lock, was now strong enough to start a delicate man sneezing.

Searching through his pocekts for a match, Felix next felt the band of his hat for one where he so often carried some when working coatless in the fields, but the last had been used on his pipe and the lack gave him this groping in pitchy darkness.

But he knew the place, did Felix; the woodpile was to the left, and—sacre—here he nearly fell over a block from it.

Edging thence gingerly forward over crackling chips, the twelfth of a dozen paces wedged a foot firmly between the bare ground and left shaft attached to a roughly-fashioned Scotch cart.

A sidelong stride brought him to the wheel, and, reaching over, his hand now came in contact with sacking. Thrusting this aside, and peering over as well, a glance, and sweeping feel of his hand—aside from smell—at once indicated a three-quarter load of onions blanc.

Enough—the sacking was replaced as found, and in making his way back to the door, left purposely ajar, Felix knocked up against a saw-horse and sat down to think.

Ah! it was painful, bitterly painful, thought he. That dog of a Placide-robbing his only sister's sweetheart. He would not work, the idle, shiftless cur, but he would steal; and this was stealing brought home to the heart with a vengeance.

A score of times had he already interposed to save Albina from the shame of Placide's disgrace, and taken money from his own pocket to do it. And this! — Felix grew wet of face to think of it. Something must be done—it should not be passed over; and between love and duty his soul sickened within him. The exposure! it would drive her from him, humiliated, hidden. Ah, that vile brother of hers! Within arm's reach he would now half-throttle the hound for his behavior. Misere! Misere! Where would it all end?

—Feix wiped his clammy brow with a silk handkerchief, and stood to his feet. He could see that the night was white without again, by the moonshine streaming in through various crevices. He would go home—there was nothing more to be done now; and who knows but that a dream might solve the difficulty. If M. le Cure sometimes received inspirations asleep, why should not he? But then the reverend father was a holy man, and the Blessed God might not speak to children of the Church as He would to a priest. But he would go home and brood the matter over on the morrow, and perhaps by that time the Evil One would have whispered slumber, and tempted him to something that, by crossing and sprinkling himself, might be turned to good account.

With sundry vague resolutions akin these, Felix passed out from the strong-smelling gloom into the mellow radiance of an August Canadian night, and turned to relock the door.

But when about to turn the key that fastened again, a sound immediately behind turned his head in that direction for a sight that gave him a shock; and his hands seemed frozen to what they were doing, in that he had to wrench them away before he could face about.

PART III.

"Mon Dieu!" said Albina Sabourin, coming closer, "it is you, Felix? Placide is not home yet, and I thought it was he. I have been sitting up with father, but he is at last asleep, and the night-air is so sweet to one from the sick-room. Pauvre, pauvre pere, how he suffers. And he was always such a dear, good man to me—so kind, so thoughtful Ah, bon Dieu! what would I not give to share some of his pain—the anguish only his eyes betray. I fear——" But Albini stopped abruptly, and hastily brushed away the misty gathering with a corner of her apron. "But tell me —what are you doing here—alone—at this hour?"

A sudden parching ran up and down the throat of Felix that he could scarcely speak, and when he did, first wetting his lips, his voice was without depth.

"Truly, I was looking for the hames Placide borrowed of me. He forgot to return them, and to-morrow is market-day."

Albina was another woman in an instant.

"Felix" (how the one word stirred him), "it is not the truth."

Coming forward, she gently grasped each lapel of his coat, and looked straight up at him, her face close to his. Felix closed lips and teeth together hard, very hard, and did with as little breathing as possible.

"I have every trick of your voice by heart," she continued, "and this ring of it now is new. Why should you look for harness in the woodshed? You are hiding something from me. Fie, my Felix, as if you could not trust me. But I will see for myself."

Like flashing light an idea was born of the moment with Felix as, folding his arms, a backward step brought him plumb against the door, barring entrance.

"Listen, heart of my heart," said he. "As God is witness, I have done no wrong, but my honor is at stake to-night. Do my bidding as I now ask it, and M. le Cure will have his fee within a month. Bring me the stable key from the kitchen and a few matches. Then retire to the house again and pray the Mother of Jesus for my success. Quick —be quick! nor look once from the house again after giving me these things, and all goes well."

Albina gave him a look of terror from a white face, and then turning around ran fleetly towards the house. A few seconds later, and placing what he desired with a trembling hand in his, she looked appealingly up at him, but Felix only shook his head, and walked with short nervous strides to the stable, while Albina, unrequitted as desired, faithfully disappeared the way she came.

Unlocking the door, Felix entered the stable, found the lantern where it always hung, lit it, and by its sickly yellow light harnessed the horse.

As busy as his hands were with straps and buckles, so was his brain with thought, for the one worked the other in Felix with a will.

If that rascally Placide, thought he, as he buckled the throat-latch, and now led the horse out, was only in bed and fast asleep—it lacked yet a quarter of twelve—the scheme was as good as carried out, but there was no knowing, as things were, when he might turn up, and that, too, pehaps, in a condition and mood that strikes first and argues afterwards.

But Felix, doggedly, took the chances of extreme risk, and seven minutes from the time the lantern was lit it was out again, the stable door locked, key pocketed, and the horse between the shafts in the woodshed.

The trying time of all was now to come, but Felix never hesitated, and immediately walked the horse out into the yard with its load. Then he also closed and locked the woodshed door, detached the key that fitted the lock from its ring, and placed it in a separate pocket; after which he very deliberately led the horse on, close by, and past the house, out through the front gate and on to the road. The gate was now closed in its turn, and taking the reins Felix seated himself on the back part of the right-hand shaft, and drove briskly off.

It was astonishing with what despatch and low result in noise all this had been accomplished; and once upon the road a slight clacking was all that was directly noticeable in sound from wheels that rolled over a level stretch of sandy, grass-grown surface.

Arrived at the field Felix dumped the onions back on the spot from whence they had been taken, and then with the shovel, his forethought had provided, speedily refilled the empty cart with as much of the light sandy loam in which the onions had been luxuriated, equal to the emptied quantity of the latter; covering the substituted load, when he had finished, with the same sacking which so exactly had concealed the onions.

Half an hour later and Felix was back again, intensely satisfied to find everything as he had left it.

Without any loss of time when seconds were so valuable, he was quickly—quietly in all—through the gate and shut it, had turned and backed the animal and its load into the woodshed —trusting to Providence that Placide would fail to observe that the still single tracks of wheels were much broader than the tires—unhitched the horse and led it out, locked the woodshed door for the last time, stalled the horse in its stable, put the harness in the adjoining manger where Placide had carelessly thrown it, locked the stable-door in its turn for the last time, crossed the yard, and having found the kitchen-door unbolted, whether Albina had left it unfastened to him or not for this single purpose he was unable to say, tip-toed in, and hung the stable-key on its accustomed nail, over the sink.

Then he gently closed both kitchen and porch doors behind him, made his way down the garden through the currant-bushes and beneath the screening apple-trees, and, as he first came, went home.

* * * * *

Ding-a-ling! Ding-a-ling! Ding-a-ling!

It was the bell of a rapidly-driven priest on his way to the dangerously ill or dying—usually rung by the Jesuit's driver as he drove: the former always to be seen busily engaged reading his missal, and at whose passing those by the wayside were expected to kneel and offer up short and silent prayer for the afflicted.

Placide Sabourin, on his way to the market-town, stopped his meaningless

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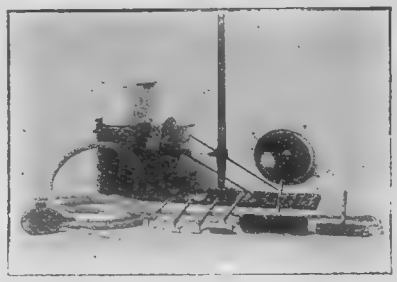

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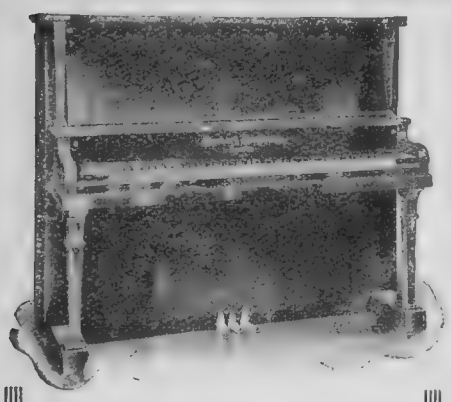

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whip-cracking, and brought the horse to a standstill. As the other came up he began devoutly crossing himself, and repeating the Qui Tollis.

With the two vehicles abreast, that of the priest's also stopped, and Placide saw that the holy father rang and drove for himself.

And a great fear seized upon the superstitious Placide the moment he next saw the priest drop bell, book and reins, and lift his hands towards heaven in the former's direction.

And as he looked, and no sound yet came, he began to quake and tremble so that his knees smote together, and shrink back upon his seat as if from a fearful thing.

And when the solemnly slow words did come, they were so awful upon him that he felt as if riven with fire.

"Thou—guilty—man! Accursed—be—thy—load! May—it—turn—to—the—earth—from—which—it—was—taken."

Placide doubted his sense, but he turned and lifted the sacking, and with a single yell leaped from the cart, plunged headlong through the roadside bushes, and having fallen, rather than climed over the fence, made as fast as his legs would carry for the nearest woods.

And from that hour forth Placide became a changed man. As for Albina she kept her own counsel, drew her own conclusions, and made a good wife to a man whose mind became troubled at times, to think that he once made light of holy office, and played the priest.

A Hand-Made Village.

By Mary E Wilkins.

In these days of machines and machine work, when even the elements are harnessed down and made to bear the brunt of the labor of the world, when horseflesh is gradually becoming less valuable, when cogs and wheels and gasoline and steam and electricity carry us, push us, clothe us and feed us, we have little realization of what a hand-made village ever meant.

And yet it is not so long ago that a hand-made village was an actual fact. From the time one entered the boundary of the town, or "precinct," one encountered nothing except handiwork.

The roads were all made by the patient hands of day-laborers. There were no steam-rollers to frighten the steeds of other days, only a long line of bent men digging and smoothing for their bread and butter, in order to make the highways passible for the pedestrians, and for the travellers in chaises and sulkies, and for the mail-choaches. It is true that some of the roads, especially in the southern part of the country, were pretty bad, but hands did all they could.

If a man who kourished a century ago could come to life again upon a macadamized road and see automobiles and trolley-cars flying past him, he would very likely think himself on another planet. Possibly the great Cotton Mather, could he be reincarnated in Boston town, the great Cotton, with his belief in the supernatural and witchcraft, would even try his utmost to have all motor-men and chaffeus, and their vehicles, included in an auto da fe for the grace of God, and the purging of the land from the practises of the devil.

It might be amusing and interesting to imagine the great divine again in his old haunts, and viewing the progress made since he left them.

How hard he would look at the tunnel, which desecrated the tombs of his contemporaries for the good of their descendants! How he would possibly commend his soul to his Maker before that plunge into the bowels of the earth! What would he say to the witch-like progress of the trolley-cars, with no apparent motive power, except something after the fashion of a broomstick sweeping a wire? How would he stand and solemnly gaze at the electric-light poles!

He might esteem it a miracle if he were in a house which could be flooded with light by the pressure of a button on the wall. He would certainly write innumerable sermons about such a phenomenon, and command attendance at all the meeting-houses through interminable hours.

Conceive what it would mean to a man to make one stride from candles to electricity! Think of the laborious process of candle-making, the careful saving of wax and tallow and bayberries, the melting and dipping, which was a large part of the year's work for housewives! Think of the difference of obtaining light at all, the running to secure some coals from a neighbor's hearth fire, the nerve-wearing work of striking light with flint and steel!

But in those days all light, save that of the sun and moon and stars, was in its truest sense hand made. Of course even today all artificial light, so called, depends upon human labor, but not as in former days upon one's own individual human labor. How many of us have had actually to employ human labor to secure light during dark hours for work or amusement?

We work, it is true, but in a sense our feet and hands, our factors of work, have become multiplied, and the end is not yet. We accomplish in a single day more than some of our forefathers by unremitting industry could accomplish in a year, and still the wonder grows if the work accomplished by these superadded members of action, these machines, and innumerable devices to husband and speed the human nerve and muscle, is quite as perfect, as God-fearing, as that which bore the thumb mark.

There is nobody but will concede that the lights are better, nobody but will concede that the facilities for transit are better for communication between various quarters of the globe; but when we consider the products of the factories, and those which were patiently and slowly wrought with toil-roughened fingers, with an alert brain as supervisor, one wonders if there is really an advance.

In the hand-made villages it is true that the people froze in winter in their badly heated houses, suffered in summer in their screenless and blindless rooms, had less comfort; but did they not have as reward for their industry better products?

Think of the houses in the hand-made village, every beam and rafter of which was joined with hand-wrought nails. Think of the wainscotel walls, built for generations. No repapering and plastering were needed then. The thumb-mark of the worker was on those walls. His best strength was in them, and they were built to endure.

Think of the ceilings with their great hand-hewn rafters. Not much danger of plaster falling, to the destruction of household treasures, in those houses. The great central chimney, after the period of catted chimneys, when bricks had come into use, was a tower of strength for the house. It is true that it af-

Why Women Buy Magazines

"Did you read my story?" asked the young writer of magazine s ories.

"I read the first part of it," answered the candid girl, "but after the first page it trickled off among a lot of advertisements that were so interesting that I lost track of it."

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to dispose of the remnants that accumulate in our Ladies' suit factory we have made them up into childrens' dresses like dress No. 3, of pleated skirt and sailor collar with silk tie. This is a very attractive and neat style and one that you will be pleased with. Comes in following material Fine luster in cream, navy, brown, and red; any age up to 12 years, $2.95. Beautiful rich velveteen, all shades, $6.50 to 12 years.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

From 10 to 12 years give bust and waist measure, also length of dress from collar down also give age.

Order one of our wonderful dress bargains to-day.

Add 30c. we will pay postage. Be sure and give dress number when ordering. Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

Send $3.95

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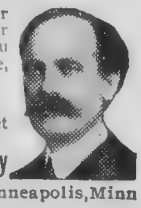

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forded possibly too good ventilation, but the chimney was there and to stay.

The walls of the house, too, were raised with such strength, on the foundation of hand-hewn beams and stone, that nothing save an earthquake could disturb them. In those days houses did not crumble because of the zeal of the contractor to make as many dollars as possible. They stayed, because of the simple intent of the worker upon his work, and his lack of imagination for shirking in order to gain riches.

Look at the solid pieces of old-time furniture which once were gathered together in the homes of the hand-made village, and supplied the needs of their owners. The makers, and the owners thereof, are long since dead, and their ashes returned to the earth, their very names have faded from their tombstones, but here are their work and their possessions, as solid and fine as when first fashioned. The old tables are much more stable than the tables of today, although they have been weighted down with a hundred Thanksgiving dinners, and the great plates and platters of pewter which also endure.

It is improbable that the work of a man who uses a machine in a modern furniture factory will endure in its first strength a century after he has passed away. His work will follow closely upon his heels. It is really an achievement to construct anything which will survive one for a hundred years, and lose nothing of its beauty and utility, even if it be only a table.

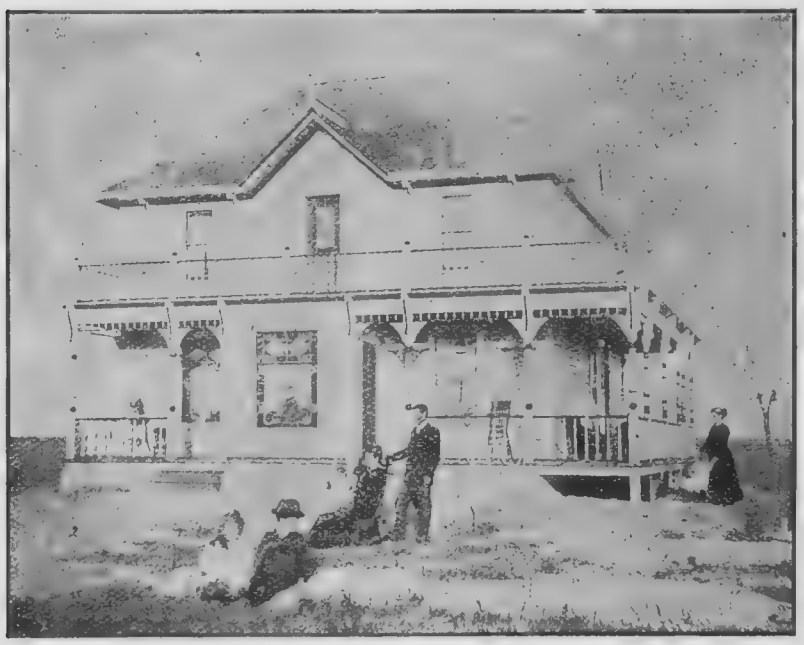
When one looks at the solid old chairs, some of a period which antedated the mortar and pestle which endures now that he has gone.

The quilted petticoats of our ancestresses are in themselves monuments of industry and thrift. I have seen one over two hundred years old. It is not worn out. It looks indestructible. It is thick and stiff and covered with a pattern of closely interwoven stitches, which stiffen it still more.

It seems incredible that any woman could have worn such a garment, but still more incredible that she could have made it. But make it she did. It is Occidental, as much as a well-worn prayer-rug is Oriental. It is in a way foolish and absurd. It is not exactly a thing of beauty, but it is an almost imperishable product of hand-work. One can imagine the quilter sitting by some west window, in order to secure the most of the waning daylight, week after week, taking those elaborate stitches. One can imagine the dreams which she wrought in with them.

This was a wedding petticoat, a part of one of the scanty bridal outfits of the time. No doubt many of the dreams came to pass, no doubt many did not; but dreams and dreamer have passed away, and the piece of work wrought by those little woman-hands remains. Her grave even is lost, her gravestone crumbled, but here is her little womanly epitaph, the proof that she once lived and was industrious, and according to her might, did what her hands found to do.

On entering the hand-made village one can imagine seeing all the women moving about like animated bell-flowers in



A Prosperous Homestead.

ruch-bottom, and sees them as sturdy as if they had not afforded rest for generation after generation, one feels a certain respect for the maker, although his name be all unknown to fame.

His chair survives, and one can sit in it securely, and rest and reflect. To think that one can offer rest and comfort from his handiwork generations after one is laid away gives one a sense of immortality. To be sure, it may not be immortality of the highest order, but the immortality of all good work is essential in nature, whether the work be a chair or a great poem.

Probably Milton, to save his life, could not have made a chair, but another man could and did make the chair in which the reader of Milton sits.

When one sees the hand-made implements of labor, clumsy as they may be, they are not yet in need of repair, and one feels a certain respect for them, the well-wrought tools with which the work was done, as well as for the work. The hammer which pounded down those hand-made nails is still intact. The mortar and pestle with which the housewife powdered her spices may be a little lessened in bulk by years, but that is because of the nature of the material and the law of friction, not because of the careless workmanship. The maker of that mortar and pestle made it by the best light of his soul and the utmost cunning of his hands. He was not a great man, to be sure, but he made a these stiff quilted petticoats which would outlive them, being clad as it were in their own obituaries, albeit unconsciously.

It is the same with old blue-and-white coverlets of the hand-made village. They served to keep warm those whom they would outlast. They comforted the sleepers who made them, and whom they would survive. There is something fairly majestic about the long livelihood of honest handiwork. Think of those really beautiful old blue-and-white fabrics made on hand-looms from flax which was carded, and all the rest, by hand, serving us now as portieres, and couch-covers, and utterly unimpairel by age, even although they have done long service over the slumbers of those ready to wake at any minute at the sound of an Indian war-whoop.

But they have survived both trembling sleepers and their foes, and are still triumphant in their inanimate existence. They will survive us also, unless some mischance of fire befall.

There is something tragically pathetic in the thought that the little things which man makes for his comfort here on earth should so long outlast the worker, who is of so much more importance than the results of his work.

But, after all, that applies to earthly considerations alone. The worker takes with him the consciousness of his task well done, however humble the task may be, and has his reward.

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Don't think that because last year's dress has become faded and lost its freshness that you will have to have another now.

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That pretty dress, the one you liked so well, so becoming to you, too, can be worn again and again.

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Be sure aud ask for Diamond Dyes—"The Standard of the world."

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE USE OF DYES

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Every woman should know about the
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Because ninety-nine out of every hundred that try them, find them to exceed any other washing machine made, and to save 75 per cent. of the labor required to wash by hand on the board They will positively wash clothes clean without the use of the washboard; this includes neck-bands and wristbands of shirts.

The washing can be done on the GEE WHIZZ in half the time it takes to do iton the other machines. It will wash a handkerchief as well as a bed quilt or a length of carpet.

The washing is done by the force with which the hot soap suds are driven through the clothing. The machine is ingeniously constructed to do this and is so easy to operate that a child can run it.

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The clothes are not subject to grinding or rough usage, and are washed thoroughly clean too, without having to resort to the Wash Board to finish them.

And to give you double assurance, the GEE WHIZZ is GUARANTEED to fulfil these claims.

Insist on your merchant getting a Gee Whizz for you, and if he will not, write us giving his name, and we will be pleased to send you full particulars.

Cut this out and mail to us. If you are thinking about buying a washing machine write us for illustrated booklet, with full information. If your dealer can't supply you with a Gee Whizz, let us know his name. Address The Gee Whizz Manfg. Co., Dept W.H.M. Winnipeg

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Correspondence.

Fairplay for Canadian Women.

By Grace Hopewell.

If the men who make the laws of our country would make them a little less lob-sided, there would be less clamoring for womans' rights. For instance, our Dominion Government will give 160 acres of land in Western Canada, free, to the lowest foreigner who comes to the country or to divorced women from the United States, if the woman has a child who is not yet of age.

The writer knows of instances where women have come over from the United States, whose children were over sixteen years of age, and were earning good wages, yet this mother could file upon free land in Western Canada, while unmarried Canadian women who are obliged to earn their own living and support an aged parent or other relatives, are not allowed to file upon this free land in the country of their birth.

A Canadian widow who has been deprived of her children by death, or whose children are over eighteen years of age may stand aside and see an American "Grass Widow" or a Russian, Swede, German, Galacian or Norwegian, receive 160 acres of land free, while the woman whose forefathers were the pioneers of Canada and fought to save our country, are debarred from the privilege granted to the foreigner. Is this justice?

Our agricultural colleges are open to women, yet Canadian women who have taken a thorough course in dairying, poultry culture, etc., etc., in these colleges, are not allowed to make a homestead entry, while foreigners who scarcely know a spring lamb from a jack rabbit, are welcome to 160 acres of the best land they can find in Western Canada.

In the Western States, single women (whether widows or spinsters) are allowed to file upon free homesteads yet there is no complaint as to these states being over-crowded with women.

The single women of our country who are thrown upon their own resources, and desire to make a home for themselves in this way, should not be treated as step-children.

The conditions in Western Canada are much more favorable for women than they were in the United States, as we have the Protection of the Mounted Police, and law is more strictly enforced.

There are now so many miles of railway under construction that homesteads may be secured within a few miles of a railway station, and women wishing to take up land can go out in company with some married friends and file upon adjoining land, or a sister could file upon land adjoining that of a brother. There are many young men in the West who would be glad to have a sister living close by, and they would spend fewer evenings in town, where many now, because of their loneliness, spend too much time in pool rooms and saloons.

Any one who has looked into the conditions as they are in the West, knows that women can easily find employment in the winter months at $18 to $25.00 per month and her board and lodging, and thus save enough money during the winter to pay some poor homesteader of the male persuasion, the ready cash which they are glad to receive for breaking land, building fences, etc.

After a woman has her land broken, she can rent part of it on shares to a neighbor, and by raising her own vegetables, poultry, etc., she can have a comfortable living, and in the meantime her land is increasing in value.

Canadian women are now going to insist upon having their rights in this matter, and if our Dominion Members of Parliament will give the subject a few minutes' thought, we believe they will vote for an amendment to the homestead law during this session, so that Canadian women, whether spinsters or widows, who are obliged to earn their own living, may be granted the same privileges that are extended to the foreigners. We want justice.

Topaz is Modest.

Morden, Man., Feb. 11th, 1910

Sir.—In looking over the pages of that very interesting magazine, namely, the W. H. M., I saw a great many letters, and as I have a leisure hour, I am going to scribble a few lines. I am a Manitoba girl, although I am now staying in the west. How that throng of bachelors ears must burn, if there is any truth in the old saying, that when someone is talking or thinking about you, your ears will tell the tale. But at the same time, we are all sorry for the lonely men who are making homes for themselves in this new country and a splendid country it is too. I think any man or woman with congenial company would soon love their prairie home. But companionship seems to be what most are pining for, friends of the weaker sex are scarce in the west. It seems to be customary to tell our fellow correspondents what we can boast of in the way of good looks. There's where I am left, unfortunately I can't lay any claims to the commodity. I am dark enough to be a gipsy or Indian; have black hair and eyes. weigh about 124 pounds and am 5 feet four inches in height. To finish the picture I have a dreadfully dumpy little nose. Do you think any of the readers will have courage to write a few lines to me? I hope they will. First, because I didn't mean to scare anyone, and secondly because I am very fond of writing and receiving letters. I will also be pleased to exchange post cards with anyone. I will sign myself Topaz.

A Bachelor Who is Not Lonely.

Brandon, Man., Feb. 14th, 1910

Sir:—Having been a subscriber to the W.H.M. for sometime I would like to give a few of my views of the letters appearing in the correspondence column from my lonely bachelor brothers. I think some are very interesting and sensible, while others are perfectly ridiculous. I don't know how some of them can say they are lonely as there is always something to be done around a farm, indoors or out, and more for a bachelor than a married man. A bachelor as a rule never picks anything up he can step over, throws his paper on the floor, stands at the wood pile (if he has one) and throws his wood into the house, shuts the door, sits down and stews and pines. It would be far better for him to fetch in that harness that is going to rack and ruin and repair it or that binder canvass that requires mending; sweep and wash the year's dirt off the floor and make life worth living. All these are cures for loneliness, but yet some may go as far as to say life is not worth living without a wife to cheer the home. Shaw!! it is all rot, such fickle hearted fellows as "Scotland Yet" in your Oct. issue ought never to have left his mother's apron strings. "Scotland Yet" I'm ashamed of you, to think that you belong to our noble role. Why man "batching" is one of the best things a man can do; it makes him a man, to love and appreciate a wife when he does get one and do things for her, and not be like "An Unsatisfied Wife's" husband. I really feel sorry for her. A man never stops to think of his wife's work, she being the weaker vessel puts out more energy in one day's work than we put out in two. Some bachelors even complain of being lonely in the summer time. Shame! How about that breaking? but perhaps you have not enough oats to break any this year, then plant a tree Jock, 'twill be growing while you are sleeping, besides adding dollars to the value of your farm and keep your mind occupied. Now some of the girls have the audacity to say they don't want a man who smokes, chews or drinks. I tell you girls men are not made to order now-a-days. As for a man smoking he looks more at home with a pipe

and a paper. When you find Mr. Right hook him, but he may think you are Miss Wrong so then you are on the shelf still going to be an old maid. Now, some of your readers may think me a crank, but if anyone would like to know my address it will be with the editor or the waste paper basket. Description:—English, 5 ft. 8 in. tall, 25 years old, brown hair, curly, and blue eyes. "Not Lonely."

Timid Mabel up for Sale.

Omemee, Ont., Feb. 1st, 1910

Sir.—I have become interested in your correspondence column so decided to put in my appearance (if I am acceptable). I am eighteen years old, have dark brown hair and eyes, and a very smiling face, weigh 107 lbs., can play the piano and sing and would like to correspond with "Lonesome Larry" in October number if he will write first. Kindly forward enclosed letter to "Robin Hood." "Timid Mabel."

Broncho Bill is Handsome.

Tuxford, Sask., Jan., 14, 1910

Sir.—Being a subscriber to your valuable paper and taking an interest in the Correspondence column, I thought I would like to try my hand. I am 27 years old, my height is 5 ft. 10 in., weight 160 lbs., dark hair and brown eyes; I am considered rather handsome. I would like very much to correspond with some of the girls, especially California Cowboy Girl and Bright Alfretta. I am a prairie farmer and like the work first rate but I need a partner and do not expect her to be a slave in any sense of the word and if she wishes can cut out the word obey out of the marriage ceremony. Now if any of the correspondents wish to write I will answer any who are really sincere. "Bronco Bill"

Who Knows Esperanto?

Keephills, Alta., Jan. 20th, 1910

Sir.—Often have I read your correspondence columns and have derived lots of interest and sometimes amusement from them. But at last I feel I must write myself and join the ranks of the lonely bachelors. I am 21 years old, 5 feet ten inches tall, have dark hair and blue eyes, and weigh 149 lbs. Have had a good education but could not stick to business, so I quit and came out to farm in Sunny Alberta and I am doing pretty good at it to. I know a little French and German. I also know Esperanto. Are there any Esperantists in the prairie provinces? I would be pleased to correspond with any "gesamideanos" in "la kara lingoo" if they will send to me first. I would be pleased to help to form a league of the prairie Esperantists. Would you also favor me, dear editor, by forwarding the enclosed letter to "Jolly Girl," of Dora, Alta., who writes in the December number. I must finish now, for this time, but will try and write again. "Kauzano."

Wants to hear from Prairie Belle.

Milestone, Sask., Feb. 10th., 1910

Sir.—As it's very quiet to-day and I'm sitting in my room on the farm reading the correspondence of your valuable paper, I thought I would join in with the boys and girls. I am Irish by birth, 22 years of age, have dark brown hair, bluish gray eyes, weigh 155 lbs. and am 5 foot 11 inches in height. I smoke a little but do not chew. Would like greatly to hear from Prairie Belle of the January number. "Prairie Boy."

From Sunny Alberta.

Olds, Alta., Feb. 3rd, 1910

Sir.—Having seen several issues of the W.H.M. from a neighbor, have decided to write a short letter myself, beginning with the new year. As I am one of the many bachelors of this last great west I have taken an interest in the correspondence column. I think some of the letters are very good indeed, especially Dill Pickle, also Lady Slavery from Old England, would like to correspond with either. If I had my say for a co-worker I think a good Christian woman between 20 and 25

WHAT A WOMAN FOUND IN THE EATON CATALOGUE

IT was the new Spring and Summer number and she was only one of the many anxious Western women preparing for an early Easter, where there is a general feeling of longing for a new suit, a new costume or a new hat, to keep in harmony with the newness and freshness of nature itself. The find was not, of course, an actual five or ten dollar bill between the pages of the catalogue, but what each page had to offer in **Stylish Clothing** for **Spring wear** meant a good deal more to her, and a mere glance over its contents told the story of much time and thought given to making this catalogue what it is; a source for meeting with every taste and purse, wherein many notable improvements have been made in the way of providing for extra sizes and offering a special line of Outing Suits, Varsity Suits, etc.

The Ladies' Suit here shown will serve as an example from the Spring catalogue of a very pretty and becoming style in the new Spring Suits. From a tailoring stand point, it is a perfect model and there will be many to appreciate the fact that it is made of the very serviceable imported worsted cloth with just sufficient silk moire and button trimming to make it a suit that any woman of refined taste would admire on the street and would be willing to pay a higher price than $19.50, were it necessary, to procure one for herself.

If a coat or ulster is going to be more serviceable to you than a suit this Spring, this need has also been well provided for in our catalogue. One-piece summer dresses and separate waists and skirts have a prominent display, and making a good selection for the summer wardrobe will be no difficult task. Fashionable hats, for young and old, are extensively pictured in this catalogue and with so many different millinery designs before you, you will be sure to find the correct hat for all occasions. Ladies' wrappers, house dresses and underwear occupy, as usual, a large portion of the catalogue, and it may be briefly said that it covers practically everything in dress that could be desired by the most particular people.

For the latest and most up-to-date styles in Spring clothing to be had at Eaton prices, you will need our catalogue and a post card with a request for one will bring it to you.

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED

WINNIPEG CANADA

Suit No. 40-6476, $19.50.
Colors: Black, Navy, Grey or Wisteria.
Sizes: 32 to 42 bust measure, 38 to 42 skirt.
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We give you at your own home a thoroughly practical course in Bookkeeping and Business Practice. This teaches you not only how to keep an ordinary set of books (single and double entry, joint-stock companies, special journal and cash book, etc.), but also instructs you in the proper forms of business papers and in business methods.

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ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR MAKES GOOD BREAD

years of age of the Episcopalian faith, orphan preferred would be my choice. I am 26 years of age, height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 145 lbs., complexion dark, rather agreeable. As it happens I do not drink, smoke or chew. Now, girls, brace up and lets get down to business and make this country of ours one to be proud of. Being west of the Calgary and Edmonton railway, of the many good things we have I will name a few: Timber, coal, hay, running water year round, good soil, some bush, and all kinds of berries grow wild here, and many other things of which I will describe to anyone who will write to the editor for my address. I will cheerfully answer all letters. Wishing the editor and the many readers of your valuable paper a happy and prosperous new year. Thanking you in advance for space enough in your Feb. issue for this note. Will close by signing myself thus

"A Builder of the West."

Arrival of the Spring Poet.

Marion, Sask.

Sir.—Please allow me through the medium of your interesting paper to sound a warning note to the many bachelors in the west and tell them of the end in store for such as persist in living alone:

Here fer yer pity er scorn, I'm presintin' ye
Jerry McGlone,
Trustin' the life of him will be preventin' ye
Marrin' yer own.
Think of a face, wid a permanint fixture of
Looks that are always suggestin' a mixture of
Limmons and vinegar. There! ye've a picture of
Jerry McGlone.

Faix, there is nothin' but sourest gloom in this
Jerry McGlone
Christmas joy, any joy, niver finds room in this
Crayture of stone.
Cynical gloom is the boast an' the pride of him
An' if a laugh iver did pierce the hide of him
Faix, I believe 'twould immajiate. inside of him,
Change to a groan.

Now, Editor, this is a picture of myself and if anyone would like another verse or two, all they have to do is write. "Jerry."

What Girl Wants to go West?

Lavoy, Alta., Feb. 28, 1910

Sir.—Occasionally I notice in your correspondence, letters from young women who want to come west. Is there amongst any of your readers a woman, young or elderly, who would come to help in and round a farm house in Alberta. We farm fairly extensively and raise poultry in considerable numbers and milk a few cows. This is a bona fide affair. Fair wages to a good worker. There is no want column in your paper so I take it for granted I may use the correspondence page. Recommendation given to any who may wish to try. You may give my name and address should anyone ask for it. There is a great deal of interesting information in your paper and I'm sure it is eagerly looked for in many a lonely home on the prairie. I am Irish by birth. "Emerald Gem."

Willow Bunch, Sask., Jan. 31, 1910

Sir.—Being a reader of your W.H.M. but not a subscriber, perhaps you will have no objections in publishing this short epistle. My age is 22, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 175 lbs., dark hair and eyebrows, blue eyes, well built and good looking. Born on a 400 acre farm, where we raised Shire Horses, Hereford Cattle, Shropshire Sheep and race horses, all for showing purposes, Shropshire, England. I also served three years in the cavalry there. Have been out here three years. I am now putting in my first six months on my homestead in a sod shack 16x18. I smoke and take a drink occasionally. I have a team, wagon and barn and ten acres of breaking and the oats off it last year; and at present I am $200 in debt, which I would like to pay this fall, all being well. I have a great liking for stock and I would like to get a few cattle and another horse this fall and stay right on my half section. My neighbor, who is married and lives only 200 yards away, bakes my bread and says I must get a wife who will be company for her. I would like to correspond with "A Farmer's Daughter" or "A Ranch Girl," who has a little capital, with the intentions of marrying. I would give good interest to the right kind of girl who can bake and sew. I am sure I would make a good-loving husband to the right girl. Would like to hear from "Three Bronco Busters of Dec. issue. My address is with the editor. Will sign myself

"Beer."

Wants a Man with Money.

Saskatoon, Sask., Feb. 14th, 1910

Sir.—I have been a constant reader of the W.H.M. for two years and think it is a splendid paper. I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weigh 120 lbs, have golden hair and sky blue eyes. I sympathize so much with the lonely bachelors out in the far west, especially "Rabbit, who has an understanding," and would be pleased to hear from him and some of the girls if they will write first. Please forward enclosed letter to "a man with plenty of money." Wishing your paper every success. "Bashful Maye."

Another Lonesome Bachelor.

Whitewood, Sask., Jan. 23rd, 1910

Sir.—Through the correspondence columns of the W.H.M. I would like to get in line with the rest who correspond to your valuable paper. I believe it is a very good thing for young people of different provinces or countries to correspond and learn how farming and other occupations are carried on, as well as writing for fun and pastime, but I do not believe people should marry unless they are well acquainted and satisfied they are getting the right one. As for myself, I am a farmer and at present batching but always manage to have a house-keeper and a man through the busy season. I think it best to give a short description of oneself, so here goes. I am 5 ft. 8 in. tall, weigh 150 lbs., blue eyes, dark hair, not black, fair complexion, and fairly good natured and enjoy having a good time occasionally, for age I am not 25 yet. Now if anyone of either sex cares to write to me I will gladly answer all letters. Don't be shy girls, I'm not a crank.

"Happy."

Milkmaid Admires Big Men.

Rivers, Man., Jan. 25th, 1910

Sir.—I have been a subscriber to your paper for the last four months and enjoy it very much. I am a farmer's daughter and I would not live anywhere else but on a farm. I don't think the city girls know what they are missing or there would not be so many poor single fellows out around here. Although I am not on the lookout for a man I wouldn't mind corresponding with one or two, especially The Giant from Ontario in the October number. As I am a great admirer of large men I am no mean chicken myself 5 ft 9 in. high, weight 189 lbs., and very dark hair and eyes. My chief amusements are dancing, playing baseball, hockey, and reading. I can cook, milk cows or do chores of any kind around the stable. I am very fond of horses and enjoy riding and driving. I like the stand some girls take against liquor and tobacco, as far as smoking goes I don't mind a little but as for drinking and chewing I abhor them and don't think any man should use them. If any one will write to me first I will answer them or will exchange post cards with any of the young ladies that would like some views of our part of the country. My address is with the editor. I will sign myself

"Milkmaid."

Evangeline is Sympathetic.

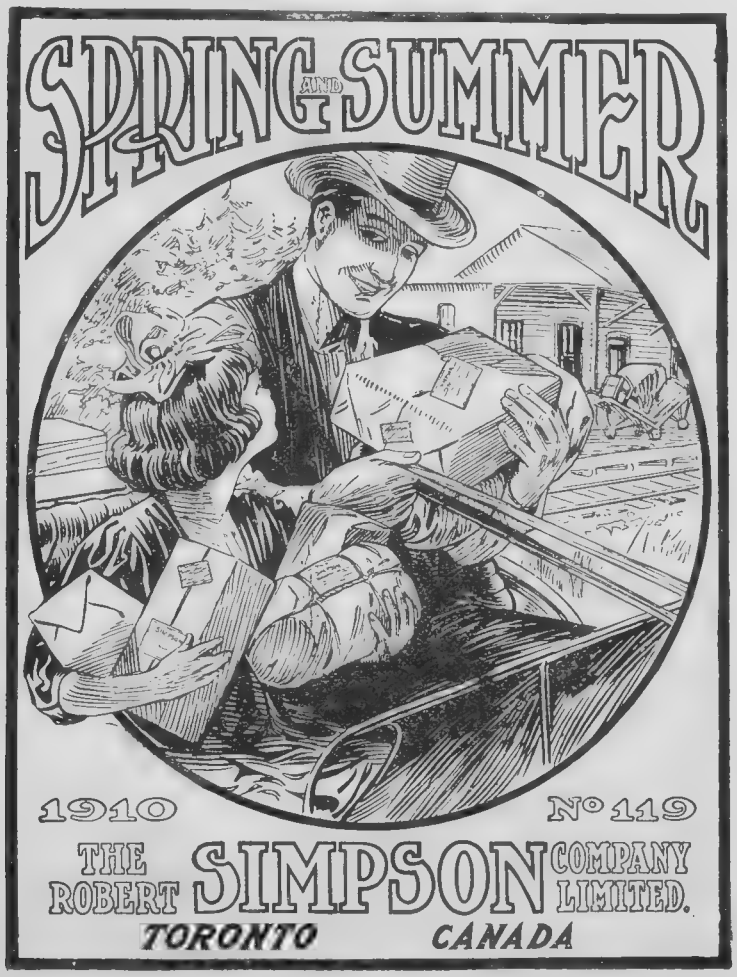
Welland, Ont., Feb. 17th, 1910

Sir.—Although not a subscriber to your valuable paper, I have been an interested reader through the kindness of a friend and especially do I enjoy the correspondence column. I am sure we all admire the bravery of the boys who have left their happy homes and have gone to seek their fortune in the West. I sometimes wonder if the financial gain is sufficient remuneration for the sacrifice but we have to pay the price for everything we get in this world and even though the boys suffer a trifle from loneliness, at times, if success attends their efforts, I am sure they will feel amply repaid. I am five feet four and one-half inches tall, weigh 130 lbs., brown hair, grey eyes, age 23. Kindly send the enclosed letter to "Southern Boy" of the October number. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, I remain "Evangeline."

Should give wife fowl money.

Indian Head, Sask., Feb. 27, 1910

Sir.—Having read your valuable paper, the W.H.M. for sometime past, being lent by a friend, I feel I cannot wait until he has read it, so by this mail am enclosing two dollars for one of your clubbing offers as advertised by you. I am interested in reading letters in the correspondence column, so would like to add one to it. I am an Englishman, age 25, weigh 160 lbs., fair, blue eyes, total abstaier, do not chew but take a smoke occasionally, as I find it comforts me a little these winter evenings, as I have only a cat and dog to keep me company. I think some of the girls are very hard on the bachelors in the west, surely they do not paint them all alike, there are some good as well as bad. I think when a



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man takes unto himself a wife, his courtship days should not end. Some men look upon a woman as a machine, always meant to be on the work. I think it is a disgrace to man for him to let her milk cows, feed pigs and such like. Give her some encouragement by giving her fowl money and doing odd jobs in the house and let her see that marriage is not a failure but one of happiness, and if true love abounds it will be so. I own a half section a few miles from town, so if any of the fair sex would like to correspond with a lonely bachelor, they will find my address with the editor. I will sign myself

"Hazel Stubbs."

Whiskers makes a suggestion.

Ospringe, Ont., Jan. 27th, 1910

Sir.—As the W.H.M. comes to our home I enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence column. Some of the letters are certainly very amusing. I also think we should have a Post Card Exchange column. I am an Ontario farmer's son and think Ontario is O.K., at least it is good enough for me. I am five feet nine inches tall, have brown hair and brown eyes. I enjoy all kinds of outdoor sports and am also very fond of reading. I would like to correspond or exchange post cards with either sex and will answer all favors promptly.

"Whiskers."

A Newsy Letter from Down East.

Eastern Ont., Jan. 29th, 1910

Sir.—If you will but let an Eastern Ontario lad join in your circle of Jolly Westerners, I would like to very much, as I wish to become acquainted with a few of the folk to the west of me before going there next fall. I am a thoroughbred Canadian, about twenty, with blue eyes, light hair, and not bad looking, so they tell me. I am a fair musician, can sing and play cards but not much of a dancer. The weather here in these parts is very moderate just now. The thermometer rests anywhere from 25 degrees to 5 degrees Fahrenheit. Quite an amount of snow has fallen during the last two weeks but it was so light that our recent winds have put it up in piles for us. To-day we had a bad blizzard but people visiting from the West say that this is only a "gentle reminder" of the real North-West blizzard. Well, if this is just a starter what must yours be like. One reading this letter would think I was some newspaper reporter ending in an account of Ontario, but I am not, I am a school teacher who wishes to congratulate the editor of the W.H.M. for being able to publish such an execellent magazine at such a low price as he is doing. It is a paper that mother has been getting for some time and is one that every home in Canada should have a place for, even the two pages left for the young people to fill up are worth the money paid for the paper. I wish the paper every success. Girls, which one of you was it that this letter was dry? Well you see I live in a local option vicinity. I am one of the biggest teasers you ever heard of, it seems to come natural to me, for my two sisters are so bothersome, but I suppose they are just like the rest of girls. Say, boys, do you have to wait on girls out there? I don't believe you do, for by the letters they are too jolly a set, but down here you do. If the girls are sisters you have to wait on them till they see if their hats are on straight, if the girl is not a sister you have to wait on her anyway by putting on her rubbers, tying her shoe laces, etc., but I don't mind it any more. I'm getting used to it now. Girls, I'm coming west this fall. Is there any nice sweet girl who would like me to wait on her? I would like to exchange cards, letters or even photo with any young ladies who wish to. Wishing the W.H.M. every success in the present year, I'll close leaving my address with the editor.

"Lonesome Easterner."

Only Smokes Cigars.

Brandon, Jan. 31st, 1910

Sir.—Although not a subscriber of your paper, I have read a few copies through a friend. If the editor will be so kind as to forward the enclosed

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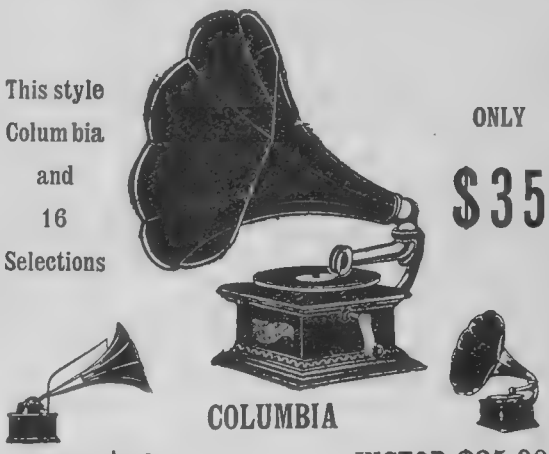

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The Genuine bears fac-simile of the RUBEROID MAN on the outside wrapper and the word RUBEROID is stamped every few feet on the underside of the Roofing. GET OUR FREE BOOK which tells you all about Roofing fairly, frankly and honestly. WRITE TO-DAY. Dealers Everywhere.

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letter to "An Eastern Friend" of Dec. number, I will be very much obliged to him. I am six feet tall, weigh 175 lbs., and have dark hair and eyes and I am only twenty years old. I am very fond of music and in fact enjoy all kinds of pastimes indoors and out. I do not drink or chew and only smoke an odd cigar. I would like to correspond or exchange post cards with any of the fair sex for pastime. I will close hoping I have not taken too much of your valuable space, I will sign myself

"Shio."

A Chance for Bachelors Under 25.

Okotoks, Alta., Jan. 22nd, 1910

Sir.—I take great pleasure in reading the W.H.M., especially the correspondence columns. I have often thought of writing to your paper, but I have never plucked up courage to do so, until now. I am an English girl, 20 years of age, brown hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion, height 5 ft. 4 in., and weigh 128 lbs. I have a good figure, and sometimes people tell me I am pretty. I have been in Canada just over a year, and have been keeping house for my brother. (He says I am a splendid cook.) My favorite pastimes are dancing, music and sleeping. I can play the piano and sing a little. Although I live on a farm, I don't think I would ever make a very good chore boy, and that seems to be what most of the western bachelors really want, when they say they want a wife. The girls mostly seem to sympathize with the bachelors, but I say beware of those who have bached for a long time, because they have just got their own way of doing things, and I feel sure they would get quite cranky if they were to get married, and their wife's housekeeping was a little different to the way they used to keep house. I wont call the bachelors down anymore, but if any of them, who are under twenty-five years of age, care to write me, I will be pleased to answer their letters.

"Sweet Genevieve."

All the way from Cape Breton.

Cape Breton, N.S., Jan. 31, 1910

Sir.—Not having seen any letters from Cape Breton I am going to write myself. I am not a Cape Bretoner by birth. I came here to teach school in August last. I love the island, stormy and windswept as it is. I like the people, descendants of the old Highland Scotch settlers, industrious and true-blue to the core. I am 22 years old, dark hair and eyes not very big and not awfully small. I like lots of fun. I am not so very good natured though, probably my scholars could tell you. I am a country girl by birth and the greater part of my life has been in the country. I am not very fond of housework but can do it alright when I like. I like to work with horses and all kinds of outside work. I even like to feed calves, and wouldn't let the pigs starve. Here in Cape Breton I am near the sea and as there are lots of fishermen, I very often get a sail out to sea on Saturdays when I am not teaching. Anyone who cares to write to me will find my address with the editor. Please forward enclosed letter to "The Long Un," December number.

"A Cape Breton Teacher."

A letter from Saskatchewan.

Stinson, Sask., Feb. 3rd, 1910

Sir.—As I am a subscriber to your valuable paper I thought I would try my luck in the correspondence columns if you can spare me enough space. I notice that most of the young men give a description of themselves first of all so here goes. I am 19 years of age, height 5 foot 7 inches, weight 135 lbs. and am considered a good looking young man. I have black hair, gray eyes and no bad habits as I am at home with my mother and father where a good many of the young men ought to be. I have a half section of land. I live somewhere about 20 miles from town but I expect we will have a town a little closer before spring comes. As I was looking through the paper the other day I came across a letter written by Golden Locks, of Wingham, Ont., in the Feb. issue. Will you kindly send me her address as I think she will suit me just fine and also the address of Water Lily, of Wingham, Ont., in your Feb. issue, also Wild Cucumber, of Ontario, in Feb. issue, also A Diamond from Ontario, also Tiger Lily from Wawanesa, Man., in the Sept. issue. I will now close, wishing the W.H.M. every success. I will leave my address with the editor. I will sign myself

"Wild Charlie."

Another Bashful Correspondent.

Kindersley, Sask., Jan. 31, 1910

Sir.—I have been a subscriber for nearly a year and an interested reader of your valuable magazine. I have often wanted to write but being a bashful youth, my pen has never found its way to the ink before. I am a lonely bachelor farming in this Great West and naturally turn to the correspondence column first. I am twenty nine and don't chew or drink but smoke a pipe occasionally. I own a goood house and 160 acres of land. I would be glad to hear from any young ladies who care to write and I will soon answer all letters. Please send enclosed letter to "Country Lass" of December. I sign myself "Bashful Kid."

A letter worth reading.

Manitoba, Jan. 26th, 1910

Sir.—There was a splendid letter in your Nov. issue from "Sky Pilot," in which I was much interested and would like to see the comment it deserves; also discussion on the subject suggested, "true happiness." Of course it is as old as the hills, but even as their principal charm is the effect of the lights and shades which they reflect and radiate, so it is with us regarding happiness. The question is appropriate just now. Happiness is surely a first cousin to a paradox. Seek it, and perverse, and elusive as a Will o' the Wisp, away it flits, but disperse all you can, back it comes, as surely as a boomerang and increased beyond recognition, like a rolled snow ball. For those correspondents who are lonely let me recall the following suggestive lines:

Seldom can the heart beat lonely
If it seek a lonlier still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only,
Emptier cups with love to fill.

Many, no doubt, are too isolated for that practical antidote. For such I should like to recommend constant learning and recalling of great thoughts, either poetry or prose. It is a wonderful specific or well tried recipe, as the cookery books say. Worry and dissatisfaction are greeted with no admittance and have to knock at mental doors elsewhere. I wonder how many of your correspondents consider it a first essential that their life's partner must be a Christian. All the best and truest ideals of a joyous life come from Christianity; the prime factor of its teaching is surely that happiness is not for recreation hours alone but part and parcel of our daily routine, whatever the work may be. That delightful and popular book, The Roadmender, by Michael Fairless, has many interesting thoughts on this question. Even stone breaking is proved a pleasant occupation. I wish more of the young men were interested in a "growing Sunday school." It is fascinating work and gives scope for much energy and thought, as I find each week. Wishing you and your readers a Happy Year, I must close. "Francesca."

Hooligan Wants to Get Loved.

Fairfax, Man., Jan. 29th, 1910

Sir.—As I was reading the letters in the W.H.M. I thought I would like to write also. I am 24 years old, black hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, about 5 ft. 9 inches tall, and considered good looking. I own one-half section of land a mile and a half from town, also 10 horses and a comfortable house. Now, girls, I am not writing for past time, I want a dear little girl who could learn to love me. I will exchange photos. and answer all letters from any ladies. "Hooligan."

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On seven days' free trial if desired. We are the only firm in the West selling on easy terms at this price. No interest. Lowest prices. No C.O.D. No objectionable rules nor references required. Easy payments, from $2.50 monthly. Return if not as represented satisfaction guaranteed

Columbia Double Disc Records 85c.

Your record money will go nearly twice as far hereafter. Columbia Disc Records are now **two records in one**—a different selection recorded on each side of the disc. They have the **New Velvet Finish. Fit any Machine. Foreign Double Records now ready, 85c.,** all languages.

The Columbia Company guarantee to every purchaser of Columbia Double Disc Records that the material used in their composition is of better quality, finer surface and more durable texture than that entering into the manufacture of disc records of any other make, regardless of their cost. They further guarantee that their reproducing qualities are superior to those of any other disc record on the market and that their life is longer than that of any other disc record, under any name, at any price.

Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records 45c.

Fit any Cylinder Machine and last for ever.

Gold Moulded Wax Records now reduced to 25c. Thousands to choose from.

The Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Record means as much to owners of **Cylinder** machines as the Columbia Double Disc Record means to owners of Disc machines.

Indestructible Columbia Records won't break, no matter how roughly they are used; they won't wear out, no matter how long they are played. They can be mailed as readily as a letter.

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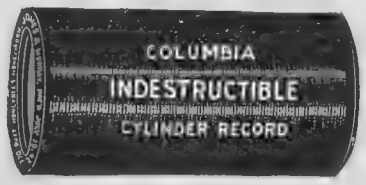

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Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to questions will be given if possible and as early as possible, only when the question is accompanied by the name and address of the questioner. The name is not for publication but as an evidence of good faith. The problem in behavior printed each month may be answered by any reader on a postcard. The best answer will bring the writer the present of a book.

Prize Problem in Behaviour.

The prize problem this month is presented by "Frances," an esteemed contributor to the columns of the Western Home Monthly:

Mr. Moore is engaged to Miss Lester. He has escorted her to an evening party. During the evening a lady cousin of Mr. Moore's is much annoyed by the attentions of a certain gentleman present. She has not the courage for a direct snub to her unwelcome admirer, therefore she appeals to Mr. Moore to see her safely to her home at the close of the festivities. Mr. Moore is expected to, and naturally wishes to, escourt his betrothed. Under the circumstances, what is the poor perplexed gentleman to do?

Answers will appear in the May issue.

January's Problem.

The problem in the January number was as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, aged 50 and 48, live on a farm of 160 acres. They owe $1,000 on a mortgage. They are in need of farm implements to the extent of $250. With hard work they manage to save $500 a year. They have two girls age 12 and 14, both fond of music. Should they spend part of their earnings in providing music lessons for their children? This would of course necessitate the purchase of an organ.—Proposed by Mrs. Clow, Erin.

The prize winner is Miss Lucinda Smith, Billings Bridge, Ont. Her answer is as follows:—

Those young girls, 12 and 14 years old, are at the most impressionable age, and should be given music at once by all means. A $1,000 mortgage on $160 acres with the ability to save $500 per annum should not be an intolerable burden. If the girls acquire a knowledge of music their parents will have provided them with a valuable asset and they also will reap great benefit by the more cultivated atmosphere which music always brings. No doubt when the home is made pleasant by the things which most make for refinement the children are less likely to seek for companionship beyond home boundaries. Those things are— 1, music; 2, good literature; 3, flowers; 4, birds; 5, games.

Other good answers are given below. It will be observed that there is a great variety of opinion:

"A great deal depends on the rate of interest on the loan, and the ability to put by $500 (dollars) per annum.

"By all means, as the children are fond of music they should have lessons.

"To my mind the problem might be worked out thus:

"Interest on loan, say 5%..$ 50.00
Machinery required 250.00
Organ or piano 150.00
Elementary music lessons for two. ..... 50.00"

—By Henry Maginnes, Maplehurst, Ont.

"I certainly think that Mr. and Mrs. Brown should provide music lessons for their daughters, although, this would involve the purchase of an organ; also to provide the means for such lessons while the farm is still in debt. Of course, such proceeding on the part of the parents would delay the payment of the mortgage to a certain extent, but if the girls learned to be proficient in the art, they could soon give music lessons themselves and thus help to wipe off the debt on the farm. If lessons are delayed until the mortgage is paid off, the parents would see their daughters growing up unaccomplished, and would also lose the great pleasure they would derive from the music the girls would be able to produce while taking lessons, and when the mortgage was paid off the girls might be too old to take much interest in lessons, if then obtained." —By Mrs. W. Tripp, Glenavon, Sask.

"If the girls have more than ordinary talent for music, it might be advisable to provide them with a musical education, but the world is full of mediocre performers, and some other branch of industry may prove more profitable. Mr. and Mrs. Brown should seek advice from some experienced person who knows what gifts their daughters possess. It is a pity for hard working people to waste their hard-earned money on uncertain ventures."—By "Frances", Sidney, Cape Breton.

1. Can you let me know the length of the course of the Assiniboine River?—Probably about 500 miles, according to the Americana Encyclopedia.

2. What are the meanings of the words Ontario and Saskatchewan?—Beautiful; swift-running river.

3. How do you remove old ink-stains from tablecloth?—Moisten the white cloth and cover with salts of lemon. The same with colored cloth, but the color may also be removed.

4. How do you take fly-specks off a piano?—Warm water will remove the marks, but there will always be a blemish in the varnish.

5. An enquirer asks where he may obtain copies of "The Gypsy's Warning," "The Woman Must Go to the Workhouse," "The College Oil Cans," and "The Tyrol Maid."

6. The source of the following pieces is give in response to a request:

"Darvis Green and his flying machines" —in Dick's Recitation Books. "Marmion and Douglas"—in Scott's poems. "The Schoolmaster's Guests"—in Will Carleton's poems. "The One Hoss Shay"—by Oliver Wendell Holmes. "I Stood on the Bridge"—Longfellow.

7. I am sixteen. Do you think that I am too young to ask young men to call upon me?

In fashionable society the invitation to a man to call upon a girl is usually given by her mother, and all agree in its propriety for a girl as young as you are, except in the case where the young man's family and her own are well acquainted.

8. Will you answer a question that has greatly perplexed me? Is it proper to kiss one's betrothed in public?

No, it is exceedingly bad form. Such expressions of affection should be kept for private delectation.

9. How soon after a first call has been made should it be returned?

A first call should be returned within a fortnight, and after having accepted an invitation or been the recipient of any hospitality from a stranger or new acquaintance, one leaves cards immediately and calls a week after the entertainment. It is very discourteous not to return a first call, unless the one making it be really an obectionable person. But the first call returned, no other need be made and the acquaintance may be allowed to drop. However, for the person who made the first call not to make a second (if the former one had been returned) would be in bad taste, though the interval may be as long as one pleases.

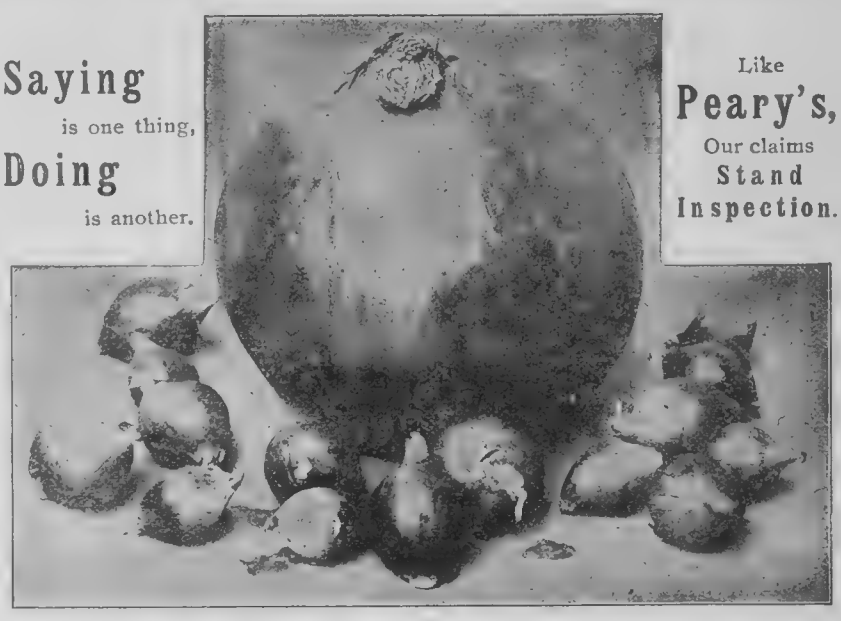
1. The lady who wrote requesting the names of persons who would act as literary critics is notified that there are two names handed in to our office. We have unfortunately mislaid the address of the questioner.

Monkey as Thief.

A four-legged pickpocket and exper thief was recently captured in a Paris jeweller's shop. While a salesman was showing some gems to a customer a detective observed the head of a tiny monkey emerge from the customer's coat-pocket. Then the monkey's paw shot out, and while the salesman's attention was diverted the animal seized several valuable rings and withdrew to its hiding place. Tests made after the arrest proved the monkey to be an accomplished pickpocket.

Saying is one thing, Doing is another.

Like Peary's, Our claims Stand Inspection.



DUTCH SET ONIONS (SMALL) AND WHAT THEY PRODUCE (LARGE) REDUCED

We bear the advance banner of Western Seed Development. The only lot of Yellow Dutch Onion Sets grown in Manitoba is our growing. The only vegetable seeds ever bred and brought out in Manitoba are our introduction.

Our Western Seed Annual—Free

Compiled by a practical Western Agriculturist, gives Seed Facts. Write for it.

Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Limited

Winnipeg Canada

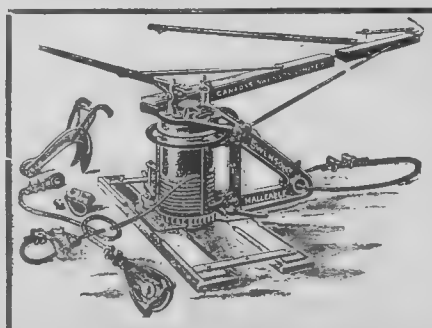
Is a Genuine Money Saver

The first cost is little because of the wonderful spreading qualities. A quarter of a pint of "China-Lac" will change a scratched, shabby chair or table into a beautiful piece of furniture at a cost of 15c. "China-Lac" is both a stain and a varnish. It covers all scars and lends a brilliant, lasting polish to everything it touches.

It's china-like finish—besides being tough and durable—is waterproof and may be washed as often as necessary without affecting its lustre. 14 rich colors, for Furniture, Floors, Doors, Porch Furniture, Oil Cloth, Linoleum, etc.

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON LIMITED

Montreal Halifax St. John Toronto Winnipeg



Stump and Brush Pullers

We are the largest manufacturers of Stump and Brush Pullers in Canada, and the only ones making malleable machines. We have these machines adapted for all kinds of work—scrub oaks, willows and poplars, burned over or standing.

Write for Catalogue H, and state the kind of work you have to do.

CANADIAN SWENSONS LTD, Lindsay, Ontario, Canada

Cheap twine is not good economy

WE want every farmer in this country who uses our twines to go through the entire harvest season without one break in the field. We have set out to make that the standard test of all twines, and we believe that I H C twine comes nearer being such a grade than any other twine.

We have taken this matter the more seriously because we have stood back of the Sisal and Standard Sisal twines and the better grades of Manila ever since twine was made.

85 to 90 per cent of all the twine used is Sisal. It comes in a larger strand than the Manila twine; and as all binders are adjusted to use this twine, the result has been that the bigger, stronger twine has proved more satisfactory in actual mechanical binding. Its only equal is the higher grade, higher priced Manila, which also bears the I H C trade-mark.

These two twines represent the highest point of excellence thus far attained in binder twine. You get the best when you ask your dealer for an

I H C Brand of Sisal—Standard Sisal—Manila or Pure Manila

You get a twine that has made its record in millions of wheat fields.

One that is guaranteed of standard length and standard strength.

One that is smooth-running; that works at a steady tension, without kinking or tangling in the twine box, and consequently without any loss.

One that has the smallest percentage of breaks and that works well in the binder knotter. Good binder twine is as important to you during harvest as good weather. You cannot regulate the weather, but you can pick your twine. If you want to be positive that you will have no twine delays, choose your twine—Sisal 500-ft.; Standard (which is made from pure Sisal) 500-ft.; Manila 600-ft., or Pure Manila 650-ft.—from any of the following I H C brands:

Deering McCormick International

These brands mean time-insurance for you during harvest.

Let your local dealer know well in advance what your needs will be. The mills are working now. And if you want more interesting facts on binder twine, write the International Harvester Company of America, at nearest branch house for particulars.

CANADIAN BRANCHES: Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, U. S. A.
(Incorporated)

THE I-H-C LINE

LOOK FOR THE I. H. C. TRADE MARK IT IS A SEAL OF EXCELLENCE AND A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

PURITY FLOUR

And Its Keeping Qualities

SOME people find it necessary to buy a considerable quantity of flour at one time—sufficient to last for a long period. Naturally they are anxious to procure a flour of the kind best adapted to lengthy storage.

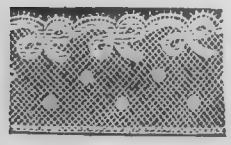
There are two important reasons why PURITY FLOUR possesses these qualities. One is that it is made entirely from Manitoba Hard Wheat. The other lies in the fact that the careful milling necessary to produce "Purity" absolutely excludes all low-grade particles of the wheat berry. It's the high grade Manitoba Hard Wheat Flour that keeps—stands longest storage. That's "Purity."

"Purity" flour may cost a little more, but is more than worth the difference. Try it. Watch results both for quality and yield.

"More Bread and better Bread"

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
Mills at St. Boniface, Goderich, Brandon,
Office, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.



SEND 35c.

Receive postpaid 12 yards Val Lace nearly an inch wide 6 yds edge and 6 yds insertion Suitable for general use. N Southcott Co., Coote Block London Ont.

Manufacturers Make Fortunes

Be a Manufacturer in your own home town or farm. We teach you free. No capital.

Manufacturers' Supply Company, Winnipeg.

Willet M. Hays: Exponent of the New Agriculture.

By M. C. JUDD.

IN 1862, while our most efficient young men were destroying one another in sanguinary war, a congress composed of Northern men paused long enough to pass a measure to establish institutions devoted to vocational education. That the workers in our industries might increase the production of farm crops and of mechanical products, and that our farmers and other productive workers might improve their conditions, the "land-grant college" act was passed, resulting later in the establishment by each State, South as well as North, of a college of agriculture and mechanic arts. The graduates of these colleges have become a body of most efficient workers and leaders in developing our basic industries.

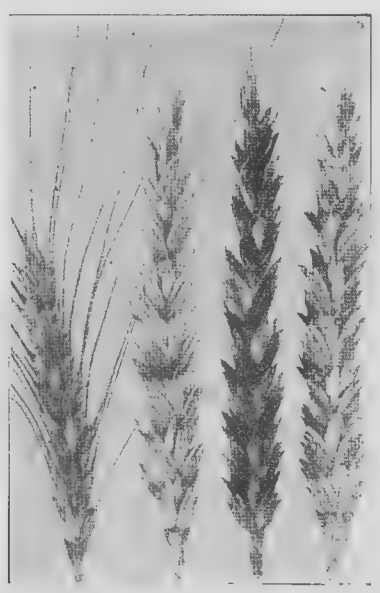
A New Type of Leadership.

One of the graduates of an agricultural college to become a leader is the present Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Willet M. Hays, of Minnesota. Iowa Agricultural College gave him his technical training. He is one of a group of leaders who is placing American country life on a new basis. The young men now developing as teachers and research workers in our colleges, experiment stations, and departments of agriculture, and the much larger numbers who are emerging from our agricultural schools are taking the lead in conquering a new earth. They add other grains to the ear of wheat, and they cause to be produced two blades of grass where one grew before. The science which these men are developing promises nearly, if not quite, to double the value of our farm products. And it has been made plain that in two generations we must produce food and raiment for two hundred million people where we now feed and clothe less than a hundred million.

THE FIRST TEN ACRES OF THE NOW FAMOUS "MINNESOTA NO. 169" WHEAT, YIELDING 31½ BUSHELS PER ACRE.

This fine variety was originated at the Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station, near St. Paul, by Prof. W. M. Hays. The average yield of common kinds of seed wheat is but 13 1/5 bushels per acre.

Mr. Hays had the good fortune to have graduated, and to have completed his graduate course,—as associate editor of an agricultural paper,—just at the time Congress arranged for the establishment of the system of State experiment stations in 1888. He was fortunate, too, that he was chosen by the University of Minnesota to work in its experiment station and college of agriculture. Here were opened for him fields of research to which he proved peculiarly well adapted. He combines the talents of the scientist, teacher, and administrator; and his investigations in the improvement of crops by breeding, into farm management and into the cost of producing farm products, and his constructive work in devising methods of teaching farm organization as other scientific engineering subjects are taught, have given him high rank as an economist.



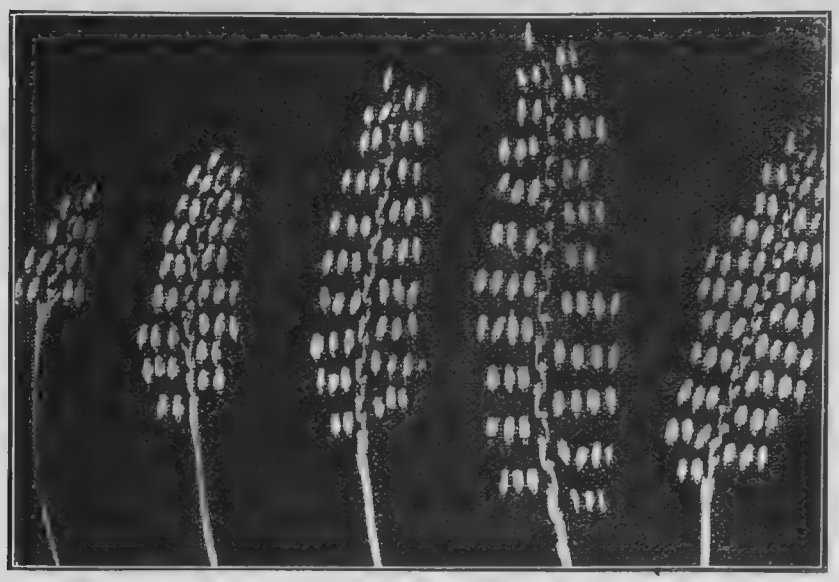
HYBRID WHEATS PRODUCED BY SCIENTIFIC BREEDING METHODS

A promising new hybrid wheat in centre, with parent varieties on either side. The result of plant breeding.

The two middle wheats are hybrids resulting from a cross fertilization of the two outside varieties.

Trained to Deal with Farm Problems.

Willet M. Hays was born in 1859 on a new Iowa homestead. When twelve years old, his father having died, he and an elder brother took up the man-



Heads of wheat that have been shelled to show actual differences between small and large heads, emphasizing the importance of uniformity in the quality of seed.

agement of the mother's farm. The farm paid some profit besides sending one of the other of the boys away from home to school every year till both were graduated. Some country schoolteacher sandwiched in, and work on the agricultural college experiment station helped to meet expenses and provided not a little of his training. One year in the Iowa Experiment Station, one year as associate editor of an agricultural newspaper, four years in the University of Minnesota, two years in North Dakota Agricultural College, eleven years in the University of Minnesota again, and now four years in the United States Department of Agriculture, have given many opportunities for a technical, sane and broad view of affairs relating to the farming population of our country.

Producing New Varieties of Grain.

In 1889, Mr. Hays began the breeding of timothy, wheat, and other field crops. In 1887 he had demonstrated that by the methods he had devised he was able to increase the yields of standard varieties of wheat 10, 20, and even 25 per cent. In a few more years similar improvements were made with several other field crops, and some of the new varieties were grown on hundreds of thousands of acres. His unique methods were rapidly developed into a system, with a most wonderful organization of detail in selecting the seeds, planting large broods of the seeds of single mother plants, recording the performance of individual plants and of fraternity groups of plants, and in tabulating and displaying the pedigree values of the thousands of newly created pure-bred varieties. Thus corn, oats, barley, flax, and the grasses and clovers came under the master hand of this breeder.

"Breeding" Grass Crops.

The resourcefulness needed to find ways to plant, make records of, select, hybridize, multiply, advertise, and distribute new varieties in working with each of a score of species of field crops is illustrated in traditions about Minnesota's experiment station. Mr. Hays' first experience in starting a field crop nursery with one plant in a hill was with timothy. The wind persisted daily in blowing, thus making it impossible to plant one tiny timothy seed by itself in hills a foot apart each way. To prevent loss of the seeds by the wind little balls of clay were, therefore, made in the laboratory and a seed placed in each. These clay balls were then planted. No one had before grown single timothy plants in hills so as to see the great stools of culms and heads from single seeds. The immense variation showed the young plant breeder that even grass crops could be bred like animals, comparing the breeding value of one fine-looking parent plant with the breeding power of another. Thus the very first experiment led to the development by Mr. Hays of the so-called centgener method of breeding now recognized as the most important method for many crops.

Under this centgener method the breeder secured many parent plants. A hundred or more seeds of each parent were planted. The word centgener combining the words centum and genera, simply means a hundred, more or less, of one birth, having a common parentage. By comparing the average of the progeny of the respective parent plants the power of each parent to project its own individual values into its progeny was measured, that the seeds of those relatively few parent plants which beget the best strains might be preserved and made into new pure-bred varieties. By this means the parent plants were compared in a far more vital way than by simply comparing their own yields.

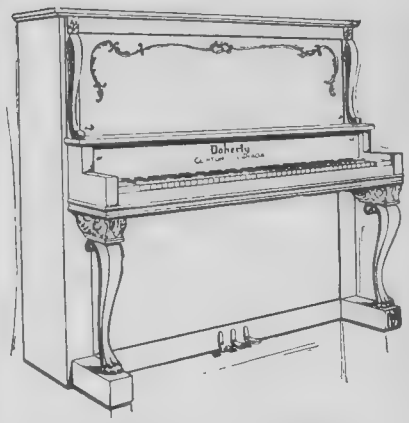
The expression "centgener power" and "projected breeding efficiency," have incarnated this new plan of breeding

THE CROP NURSERY AT THE MINNESOTA EXPERIMENT STATION
Showing how new varieties of hardy prolific cereals, such as flax, grasses, maize, wheat and clover are originated, and old ones improved. The small, erect bundles of grain in the immediate foreground are each of a distinct new quality of wheat grown on centgener plots containing 100 hills or plants. These bundles have been carefully harvested and tied up with cloth to prevent loss of grain. An exact account of number of heads, weight of yield, etc., is taken for each plant harvested. Seed from its best plants is then reserved for the following year.

Another Great Snap

IN

Second Hand Goods



Our New Louis XV. Piano

Our list published in the Western Home Monthly last month of Second-hand Goods brought replies from all over the Dominion from Montreal to Victoria. The public realized the wonderful values offered, and every instrument could have been sold half-a-dozen times. The first comers were the lucky ones, and in order to give everybody a chance, we have made up a list of values even better than those offered last month. Don't delay but get your order in at once. Forty years of honest dealing and superior goods has placed the Doherty Co. in a position where its statements can be relied upon. Remember the first comer gets the pick of these bargains. We will arrange easy payments on any new or second-hand instrument on our floor.

Offer No. 1—Doherty Piano, 1909 Model, Style A, not in 1910 catalogue. Beautiful Mahogany veneer, absolutely new and with our full guarantee. Regular $400.00
W.H.M. Sale **$290**

Offer No. 2—Bell Piano, Walnut case, Cabinet Grand, in good condition, about 4 years old. Regular $450.00.
W.H.M. Sale **$190**

Offer No. 3—Doherty Style B, returned from rent. One or two slight scratches but as good as new and fully guaranteed. In use 5 months. Regular $375.00
W.H.M. Sale **$272.50**

Offer No. 4—Brand new Piano, noted American make. Delayed in transit and case slightly checked by frost, otherwise in perfect condition. Fully guaranteed. Regular $400.00
W.H.M. Sale **$220**

Offer No. 5—Chickering, square, 7⅓ octaves, Walnut case, in good condition. Complete with new stool. Cost $1000 when new.
W.H.M. Sale **$75**

Offer No. 6—Doherty Organ, Barton Style, Walnut case; a new Organ which has been in storage 2 years, pending settlement of estate. Brand new but slightly shop worn. 6 octaves and 4 sets of reeds. Regular $150.00
W.H.M. Sale **$100**

Offer No. 7—Doherty Organ, Wagner style, Walnut case. In storage with Barton organ above. Absolutely new but slightly shop worn. Regular $135.00
W.H.M. Sale **$75**

Offer No. 8—Doherty Organ, very elaborately carved. Highest price Piano case Organ we ever built; 6 octaves 4 sets reeds. Identical with Organ sold in last month's sale for $95.00, 4 years' old. Regular $175.00
W.H.M. Sale **$85**

Offer No. 9—Bell Player Organ. Works exactly like Player Piano. Same style as one sold last month for $150.00. With six rolls music. Cost new $375.00
W.H.M. Sale **$132.50**

Offer No. 10—Karn Organ. 5 octave, 4 sets reeds, eight years' old. Walnut case. Cost new $125.00
W.H.M. Sale **$47.50**

Easy terms on any of the above offers. Fill out coupon and return at once.

W. Doherty Piano AND Organ Co. Ltd.

WESTERN BRANCH: 278 Hargrave St., Winnipeg, Man.
G. L. Stanwood, Western Manager. Long Distance Phone, Main, 9166

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W. Doherty Piano and Organ Co., Limited, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen—Please reserve for me your Special W.H.M. Offer No.... Send full particular and if terms, etc., are satisfactory, I will take the instrument.

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Anything and everything in music

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Largest assortment in Canada. Write us for whatever you require in Music.

A Beautiful Home.

Is what every one desires. Such homes I design, large or small. If you are thinking of building, write me about plans. I can design you what you want, artistically and economically. Send me your ideas and I will work you up floor plans and an exterior view of the house.

Working drawings giving full details, specifications, etc, of Houses and Bungalows already designed by me, furnished at moderate rates. Send stamp for portfolio.

L. W. Hargreaves
ARCHITECT
7 BOWNASS BLDG. VICTORIA, B.C.

Horse dealers have made thousands of dollars by buying Lame, Spavined Horses, curing them with Kendall's Spavin Cure, and then selling the sound animals at a handsome profit.

You can do the same with your own horses. Here is one man who saved his horse and his money by using **Kendall's.**

Oak Bay Mills, Que., Dec. 15th, 1909
"I wish to inform you that I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure with good success, on my horse. I found that it cures quickly and well". Yours truly, ROY HARPER.

$1. a bottle--6 for $5. A copy of our book - "A Treatise On The Horse"—free at dealers or from us. 48

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co. - - Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Melville Real Estate Values

Growing Rapidly

Since the announcement by the Government that the Hudson Bay Railway will be started this year we have had over a thousand enquiries, and actual sales run into the hundreds. During the next two weeks many more sales will be closed. One buyer is erecting a Planing Mill and Lumber Yard on our subdivision, and another a Steam Laundry. Industries and sales make values jump,

ARE YOU IN ON THIS? GET IN NOW.

Write for our booklet and maps, or call.

Melville Land Company
Limited
Union Bank Building Winnipeg

WRIST WATCH

GIVEN FOR SELLING

FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS

Dainty and Reliable Ladies' Watch, in neat Leather Bracelet, for selling $4.50 worth of the **biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy**; the ten fastest sellers. Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c a package. you **simply hand them out and take the money.** Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return our money, and we send the Watch same day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 20W , Toronto.

into the thought of the times. This basic plan has made it possible to organize large establishments for creative work in making new strains of plants and animals. These establishments are so organized that a division of the work among technical helpers is carried out as in a factory, thus making it possible to organize establishments extensive enough to handle the necessarily large numbers of individuals of numerous species. No other breeder has done as much to emphasize the necessity of using large numbers, of working on a large scale, in efforts to secure the hundreds of millions of dollars of additional values inherent in the heredity of our plants and animals.

Plant Breeding that Pays.

The men now in charge of Minnesota's famous plant-breeding establishment, organized by Mr. Hays, say that with the expenditure of less than $20,000 in 1908 the field crops of the State were made to yield an additional $2,000,000. This figure is based on the modestly estimated increase of the new varieties above the old kinds displaced by them of two dollars per acre on a million acres now planted to the seven new varieties of corn, wheat, oats, barley, and flax first distributed to Minnesota farmers by Mr. Hays. Ten years ago he interested the United States Department of Agriculture in his experiments, and with its aid led in the organization of co-operative plant breeding establishments at the experiment stations of several surrounding States. Numerous other State experiment stations are now following by organizing State plant-breeding establishments after the general plan adopted by Minnesota.

While Mr. Hays is widely known as a plant-breeder, he is also a leader in developing plans for creative breeding in animal improvement. In fact, his first work in the field for creating new values by breeding was in investigating animal breeding. But owing to the large expense and slow progress with large animals, which bear relatively few young at long intervals, he saw the necessity of using plants for a decade of preliminary study of how to make a breed or variety over, thereby securing large economic results. By first succeding in securing for the farmers of the State large added yields in producing valuable new crops he was able to give a reason for asking for public funds with which to breed animals as well as plants, and to make a broad study of the science of heredity.

When the decade of work was nearly finished the scientist proved also the broad economist. Proof that a dollar would produce a hundred dollars, or 10,000 per cent. on the investment, seemed too important in its application to four billion dollars' worth of American farm crops and three billion dollars' worth of American farm animals to be ignored as a matter of statecraft. Ten to 20 per cent. of increase on seven billion dollars' worth of farm produce means approximately a billion dollars annually in additional profits to American farmers, costing a mere trifle.

Work of the American Breeders' Association.

Mr. Hays' experience with legislative bodies and their need of being shown the importance of liberally providing for breeding led to the formation of a national movement to promote scientific breeding. This was centred in the American Breeder's Association, of which he is the executive secretary. That organization has nearly fifty committees at work on the different phases of plant and animal breeding. There are committees on breeding draft horses, driving horses, saddlers, dairy cows, beef cattle, and dual purpose or sheep breeding, the improvement of double-decked cows good for both beef and milk. Other committees deal with swine, poultry, pet stock, fur-bearing animals, and game birds; there is even a committee on eugenics which studies heredity in the genus homo, — with President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, as chairman. There are committees which formulate the best plans for the breeders of wheat, of corn, and of alfalfa; and even a committee on the improvement of beans, that we may have better pole beans, better Boston baked beans,—that we may better "know beans." There are committees on plant and animal introduction and on the encouragement of the theoretical study of heredity. Some of Mr. Hays' friends have congratulated him on the successful establishment of this vigorous organization, which has affiliated the scientists, the teachers, and the practical breeders of plants and animals in a most effective co-operative organization, and which has a most promising future of usefulness in this unique field.

The Industrial School Movement.

But bigger than a billion dollar increase in the earnings of our farms through plant and animal improvement is the movement to carry vocational school education to nearly twenty million boys and girls. Mr. Hays is a national leader in reorganizing our rural and city schools so as to supply to all country boys agricultural training and to all city boys training in the mechanic industries, arts, and trades; and to all girls in country and in city training the science and art of homemaking. Enthusiasts estimate that our total production, now approaching $30,000,000,000 annually, would be increased 10 per cent., or three billion dollars annually, by a system of schools in which the agricultural and the non-agricultural industries were efficiently taught.

When it is realized that our present system of schools but poorly draws out the full powers of our boys, and that so many of our men "fiddle around" rather than become efficient producers, it may be found that the possible increase is vastly more than 10 per cent. But be that as it may, it is easy to believe that the efficiency of our homemaking could be increased very materially if our men were trained to produce more with which to make and support homes and our women were trained to make the most out of their home-making opportunities. With better home-making a stronger social status, a higher civilization, develops all along the line. That our nation should not skimp the classes in agriculture for the farm boys, and the shop work for the town boys, nor the laboratory and practice rooms and kitchens for those who are to be the wives of our productive workers and the mothers of the next generation of our American citizens, is emphasized as never before. And college extension work, continuation schools, the classes for mothers, also the research designed to place the plain industries and the keeping of homes on a scientific basis, have no more effective champion than the subject of this sketch.

Mr. Hays sees the little rural school of such glorious and blessed memory pass away with the spinning wheel and the grain cradle. He sees in its place the consolidated rural and village school to and from which the farm youth are transported mainly in school wagons. These schools can supply far stronger work than now in the studies common to all schools and in addition studies in agriculture and home-making. Above the local schools are high schools splendidly combining the technical and the vocational school subjects, some of them veritable colleges of the people, splendidly equipped to teach agriculture, thus to supply the closing vocational courses for those who return from the secondary school to the farm or to teach the rural school. The State normal schools and the State colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts stand at the top of the system.

There is inspiration in figures. Of six million rural school pupils this educator estimates that five million live in rural communities where there is sufficient wealth to support the large consolidated rural and village school with an instructor in agriculture and another in homemaking in each school. The other million live in communities too isolated or sparsely settled to make it practicable to have the consolidated rural schools with its wagons with which to transport the pupils to and from school, but will adhere to the little district school.

Thirty thousand teachers of agriculture and thirty thousand teachers of home science and art living in daily communication through the active children with five million farms and farmhomes,—think of the speedy evolution of the countryside. What a field of work for sixty thousand teachers trained in hundreds of high schools highly

TOO BAD

Too bad any woman must wash a complicated cream separator. Too bad any one is misled into thinking complicated bowls are necessary. LOOK AT THE UPPER PICTURE. Those 52 disks were all used in one common disk machine that was discarded for a Sharples Dairy Tubular.

LOOK AT THE LOWER PICTURE. It shows the only piece used inside the wonderfully light, simple, sanitary, easy to clean, wear a life time Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separator Bowl. Any wonder Tubulars probably replace more common separators every year than any one maker of such machines sells? Tubulars skim faster and cleaner than any other separator. Tubular sales exceed most, if not all, others combined. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. The only modern separator—The World's Best.

THESE Sharples MEAN 30 Yrs

Write for our new Catalog No. 248

THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.
Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.

Sickness Banished Without Drugs

Hercules Sanche

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OXYDONOR gives the whole system such immense vitality—through an abundance of Oxygen in blood and tissues--that disease germs and diseased conditions are quickly driven out, and health returns.

OXYDONOR does its work at your home, at night, while you sleep, without taking any of your time. Perfectly safe, even for infants, and easily applied. Never loses its force.

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SEND $1.00

Receiave this beautiful white lawn waist No. 12. It is nicely made with a fancy front, trimmed with Swiss insertion and Val. lace button back. Add 10c for postage.

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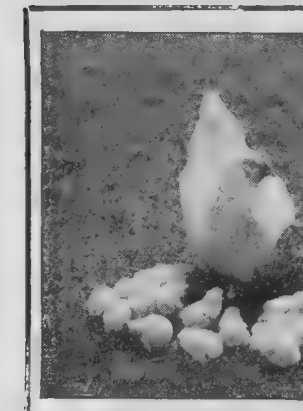
Receive this very attractive white lawn waist No. 16. Made with a handsome embroidered front collar and cuffs, lace trimmed buttoned in back. Add 10c for postage. Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.



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equipped to teach farm subjects, and two hundred State colleges of agriculture and State normal schools each with its department of agricultural education!

A noble body of trained farmers and model home-makers would be sent back to school districts by agricultural high schools, like those of Minnesota and Georgia, equipped to accommodate the high grade secondary school course 200,000 American farm boys and girls. What an inspiration 6,000,000 farm boys and girls would carry to the farm homes from fifty agricultural colleges, hundreds of agricultural high schools, and thirty thousand consolidated rural and village schools! A vast body of new knowledge, of new strains of plants, and of new familites of highly efficient pure-bred animals would spring from the 50 experiment station farms at the State colleges, 400 branch station farms, and thirty thousand ten-acre farms in connection with the consolidated rural school.

But not the least interesting are the facts developed in Mr. Hays' investigations upon which he bases his vision of the educational riches in store for the farm boys and girls. The 50 agricultural colleges of the respective States and Territories; the agricultural high school which he and others have developed in the University of Minnesota, and its brood of forty or fifty progeny in several States in the North and South; and the six hundred consolidated rural schiools in Ohio, Indiana, Florida, and other States have forecast the entire future scheme. These latter schools are so successful that it would be like having tried to stop the progress of the threshing machine or the mowing machine to try to stop their soon possessing the land. That they will cost tens of millions will not be a deterrent because they will incerase production by hundreds of millions and even billions,—with billions' worth of increased efficiency in our home life and in civilization for the great productive classes all thrown in extra. Some one has finely said that putting this vision into actual operation will turn the tide away from the false in socialism. Mr. Hays says: "You cannot peasantize a common people who have ben educated in their vocations and broadly schooled in the traditional subjects,—a people possessed of the new scientific knowledge of agriculture will not be mere workers of the land, they will also be its owners."

Mr. Hays' vision of a scheme of industrial education includes also the boys and girls of the city as well as of the country. He sees in the city schools departments for mechanic industries, arts and trades, schools of business, and courses in home economics in all schools. He has advocated numerous State and national laws, a number of which are already on the statute books. Those educators who at first feared that vocational studies would narrow our schools are slowly but surely coming to acknowledge that the science and art of the industries and home-making of the people adds breadth, interest, efficiency, and even scholarship to our schools.

Mr. Hays has a keen appreciation of those changes which are leading the industrial corporation to sell as much stock as possible to its employees, thus to bring capital and labor into effective co-operation. None sees more clearly the national value of co-operation among farmers and other producers to enable them collectively to care for such parts of their business and their needs as the individual cannot so well do for himself. He expresses the belief that the next great step is to conserve and develop the native abilities of our boys and girls that they will best care for and utilize all our national resources. Next in importance to the life resources of people he places the life resources of our domestic plants and animals. If by seeking out, segrating, multiplying, and using the best strain in each species of plant and animal, instead of the common kinds, we add nearly a billion dollars annually; and if by giving technical industrial training to our boys we could add more than two billion dollars annually to our production, all our taxes for national, state, and local public expenses would be returned to the people. But the larger service is in showing how to organize our schools so as to keep the boys and girls studying longer, how to increase their general and ethical culture, and with this training of the man because of his higher nature to train him in supplying for himself and his family the larger needs which come with education.

If the Fence Spoke.

If only the backyard fence could speak,
What wouldn't it say to us?
We'd learn the gossip of every week
That neighboring women discuss.
W'ed know what husband's a horrid brute;
How much she paid for a tailored suit;
We'd know what happened to Mr. Brown,
What made him hurriedly leave the town.

If only the backyard fence could speak,
We'd know the world's affairs;
We'd know the woman who paints her cheek,
The woman who puts on airs.
The woman who cheats at cards we'd know,
We'd get the name of each maiden's beau,
And what he does and how much he makes,
And how much candy to her he takes.

If only the backyard fence could speak,
What gossipy things 'twould tell;
We'd know the men who are mild and meek,
And the men who rant and yell.
We'd know the why and the wherefore, too,
Of everything that our neighbors do
What reputation were safe to-day,
If the fence could tell what the women say? —Detroit Free Press.

Porclain.

Porcelain has been made in Europe for just two hundred years. The first manufactory was opened in Dresden in 1708, the famous works at Meissen were started in 1710, and, according to Doctor Heintze's memoir, poor Bottger was kept a prisoner, or "living under the protection" of Elector Frederick Augustus the Second of Saxony, King of Poland, in order to solve many other problems. His successes were the result of systematic study; he died in 1719, and the first white translucent and glazed china was offered for sale in 1709.

Japanese Home Life.

Baron Kikuchi's book on "Japanese Education" contains a chapter on family customs and education, which gives most interesting glimpses of the Japanese home life.

"A marriage is usually arranged by parents. The procedure would be somewhat as follows—Parents who wish to marry their sons or daughters make their wish known among their friends; in many cases there are match-making friends, who would let parents know of eligible parties, or parents themselves may know of such. In any case inquiries would follow proposals made on either side; if the parents are satisfied, then the young couple are told about it and asked their thoughts on the matter.

"The young couple live with their parents; if there are more than one it is generally the eldest who does so. When a child is born to them the grandmother initiates the young wife in the practical duties of motherhood.

"A Japanese child is never struck in punishment. I have sometimes seen a child put into a closet for punishment, and a severe punishment is the application of moxa. In the old Japanese pharmacopoeia moxa, a small piece of a certain dried herb, is applied to some part of the body and burnt, it being supposed to be a very efficacious remedy for some diseases, and there are people who believe in it even to the present day, and so sometimes moxa is applied to a disobedient child: but the custom is now dying out, partly perhaps because the herb is not to be found in many houses. As a general rule, the reprimand and displeasure of parents seem to be a sufficient deterrent."

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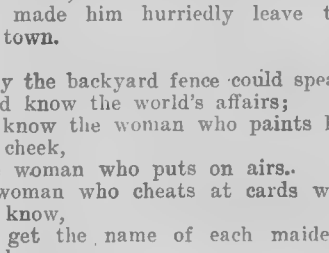

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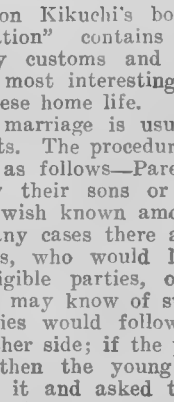

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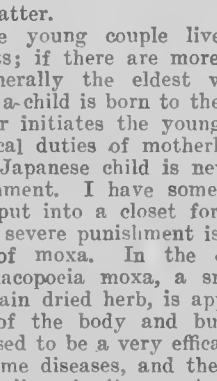

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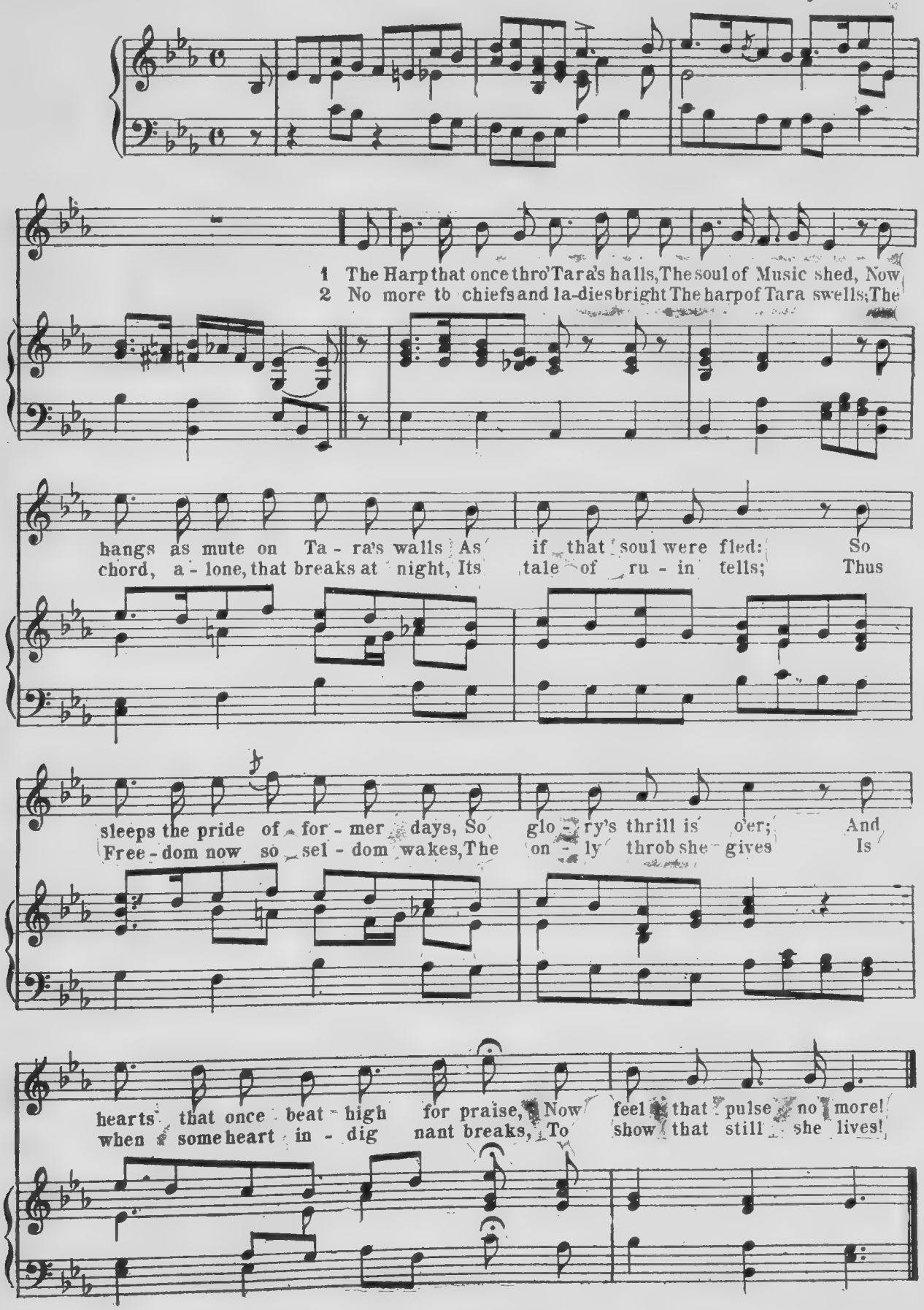
The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

Thomas Moore. Air—Molly Asthore.



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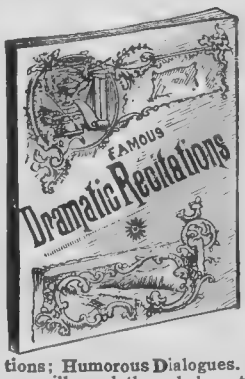

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Another Combine

has just been unmasked! It seeks its victims not only among the farming community but touches without remorse the pockets of every citizen who can be induced to listen to its alluring story. To the Western Home Monthly it will be found a large share of the credit is due for bringing to the light of day the methods of this remarkable organization, all the more amazing because they have been so long hidden from the public knowledge. Briefly, here is the story:—

To Exploit the Farmers

who were pouring Westward many years ago, all sorts of cheaply-constructed household requirements were rushed forward and sold at exhorbitant prices, far in excess of their intrinsic worth. Not only the little luxuries of the prairie home but its very necessities were held up at a rate of profit — to the middleman at least—which meant in plain language, cold-blooded robbery. On the impudent plea that "anything is good enough for the farmer," all sorts of goods found their way to the homes

Of Western Canada

which have perpetually disgraced the names of the men who made or sold them. But there were honest men at that time, too, and realizing that the "square deal" always won out in the long run, they organized a small but marvellously effective combine to fight this inrush of tinsel and gingerbread on an open market. They knew the relative value of most things but there was one thing they had long since

Discovered

and that was how to build a piano that would meet every climatic condition of the West and remain as solid and resonant at the age of half a century as it did on the day it was shipped from the factory. This combine consisted of every employee of the firm. They pooled their last talent to the achievement of one common purpose—that of producing the most perfect musical instrument that human skill can fabricate.

Operating Quietly

for 40 years, the unparalleled success of this combination has been achieved by consistently living out the cardinal idea of "Tact, Push and Principle." The amalgamation of the Karn and Morris Companies has resulted in the production of the grandest effect in musical combination that the world has even seen. Their instruments, regardless of price, are not to be compared with any other make. They have established a branch at Winnipeg for the convenient handling of their western business, and through which any farmer may secure his piano direct from the factory with an unlimited guarantee as to its character and lasting qualities that is of no less value than a Royal Charter.—The Company's affairs at this point are under the conduct of

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S. L. Barrowclough, Manager of Winnipeg Branch

337 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

Music and the Drama.

The increasing practice of regaling Canadian audiences with songs sung in languages unintelligible to a majority of those whose vernacular is English suggests inquiry into the propriety and reason for the custom.

The purpose of singing words cannot be entirely unlike that of speaking them; their intelligent comprehension by the listener in either case would seem to be the primary intention. When verses are declaimed, no amount of eloquence can overcome the disadvantage of their being in a language unknown to the hearer, and when the same verses are set to music and sung, the auditor's point of view must be equally important—else why sing them to him?

One has sometimes encountered vocal performances in this city seemingly made to exploit the singer rather than the song to feed the artist's vanity rather than entertain and gratify the intelligent listener. Thus the text is made unimportant, and the most successful among local singers are they who compel the words as well as the music to do their full share in making their effors clearly understood, and a vocalist who fails in this respect cannot be considered a good singer.

It is generally conceded that, owing to its wealth of open vowels, Italian is the best language for song. The same consensus of opinion pronounces English to hold second place even in this respect—singableness. French comes next, leaving German in the rear, and needing more apology for its toleration before an English speaking audience than any of the others, as we have reason to know on our own concert platforms since the commencement of the present season.

We are told that German audiences demand opera and song text in their vernacular that the French people are similarly exacting, and that the purest French only is acceptable in Paris. Then why should Britishers, and the people of the United States who have a better language than either, tolerate the substitution of theirs for our sturdy English? There is more reason for our being exacting of vernacular than that they should be. Indeed, we tolerate "lame" German from some of our local singers that would be ridiculed on the German stage, and why it is inflicted upon us passes comprehension, though it shows what amiable noodles the people are not to resent the offence. If an artist can sing for us only in his foreign tongue, one might reasonably tolerate his doing so for the sake of his art; but an Englishman or a Canadian imitating him is no less absurd than a "New York idiot who rolls up his trousers because it is raining in London."

We are told that English is rapidly becoming the long-desired "universal language," and it deserves to be; for, all things considered, it is the best of all languages, being terse, strong, and hospitable to helpful accessions. And let us hope that we who now possess it will have acquired the habit of preferring its use in our concert rooms while no better reasons exist for listening to a foreign text instead. As the strenuous application needful for acquiring ability to do justice to a foreign language involves, or should involve, a complete comprehension of its meaning, the subsequent work of learning to pronounce it would be better devoted to translating it into acceptable English, than wasted on accuracy of articulation inappreciable to most of those who pay to listen.

Most foreign songs have some sort of an English version. If not good enough, the intelligent singer who discovers this objection, ought to be competent to improve upon it, or make a better one. If he be unequal to this demand, he ought to feel unequal to a proper interpretation of the original text, and should avoid its silly imposition upon his fellow countrymen.

Mr. Edmund Burke, the Canadian singer, who has made such a reputation for himself in grand opera at The Hague, appeared last Saturday in a concert at Queen's Hall, London, with Emil Sauer, under the auspices of the London Philharmonic Society and scored a triumphant success. He has accepted an engagement with the grand opera forces at Covent Garden, commencing in October, and will sing the roles in which he has been so successful in Holland.

Woman's love of Chopin's music today is based on a divination of the fact that the composer was not a strong robust man mentally but a delicate creature, suffering from psychological anaemia, and obsessed by erotic dreams which turned out to be mere dreams. In short, modern women divine from his music that Chopin of the Salon was a clinging tendril.

So the heart if woman goes out to him and his music. This is indeed only natural, for lovely woman is either happy as the complement of the strong man or equally happy as the support of the weak man, in which case he becomes her complement. Just as a mother listens sympathetically and responds tenderly to the pains and sorrows of her child, so woman listens in the same way to the story which Chopin relates to her of his unhappy life. The two are, psychologically taken, completely and intimately in rapport. Here, then is the basal explanation of why modern women are the devotees par excellence of Chopin salon music. But there are other causes for this affection.

There is nothing that the refined and conventionalized nature of woman so appreciates as courtesy. If she likes strength and energy in a man, she is just as much affected by gentleness or "gentle-manliness." Now, Chopin was a gentleman in feeling, and an aristocrat in formal or conventional attitudes to women. We find in his salon music an exquisiteness of melodic phrasing and harmonic figuration. Had he not had such a sense for classic contours, for charity in the emotional curve of melodic beauty, he would have written either extravagantly Bohemian music or riotous fantasies. But his delicate nature, his profoundly feminine temperament expressed itself in the most technically refined manner, with decorative qualities in his music which inevitably appeal to the sensitive taste of woman. As he was courteous to them in life, so in his music there appears his special quality of artistic courtesy, as if he always felt in composing that he was in the presence of women and was writing to satisfy the idiosyncrasy of their sensibilities.

In the preface to a volume of collected essays by Dr. Leopold Schmidt, a musical critic of distinction in Germany, Richard Strauss makes several observations on the subject of criticism:

"I know of nothing more advantageous than the criticisms of a deadly enemy who has listened with the avowed intention of picking flaws wherever he could. The keener his intelligence, the less likely are hidden weaknesses to escape him, which the enthusiastic partisan, or even the sympathetic well-wisher, consciously or unconsciously overlooks. Since it is well known to be the most difficult thing to detect your own weaknesses, the usefulness of the deadly enemy in helping an artist's self-criticism is obvious—should he wish to practise self-criticism.

"If my works are good and have any importance whatever for a possible further development of our beloved art, they will keep their place (even though only honorably mentioned in musical histories that are not read), notwithstanding any positive hostility on the part of the critics, and the meanest aspersions of my artistic views. If they are not, then not even the most gratifying successes and the most enthusiastic support of the augurs can keep them alive."

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Westward Progress of the Auto.

The growth of automobiling in Western Canada since 1903, when the first car made its appearance on the streets of Winnipeg, has been one of the most noticeable features. Commencing with a little Stanley steamer and the late Professor Kendrick's three-wheeler, the style of car has passed up through all the various stages of development to the present day luxurious and handsome touring cars. Those who participated in the sport during the early days often look back with interest to the time when the single cylinder, four-seated car was considered the height of extravagance and a toy for the use only of the wealthier classes. With the gradual elimination of experimental work, it has been made possible to produce a practically standard car and to sell it at a figure that brings it easily within the reach of the man of only moderate means, and has at the same time transformed it from a mere pleasure vehicle to a recognized means of getting through a heavy day's list of calls with the greatest possible despatch. The automobile has also opened up the outlying districts to a very great extent, and tends to bring a certain degree of prosperity to the country towns, through the agency of the tourists who are travelling through the country in increasing numbers every year.

New Headquarters of Automobile Club at Stonewall.

The number of cars in the province of Manitoba at the end of the season 1909 amounted to nearly 800, but this figure will be doubled before the close of 1910, as every dealer in the West is confronted with a volume of orders which in many cases cannot be filled owing to the appropriation from the factory to the district limiting the number of cars to be obtained.

GENERAL REVIEW.

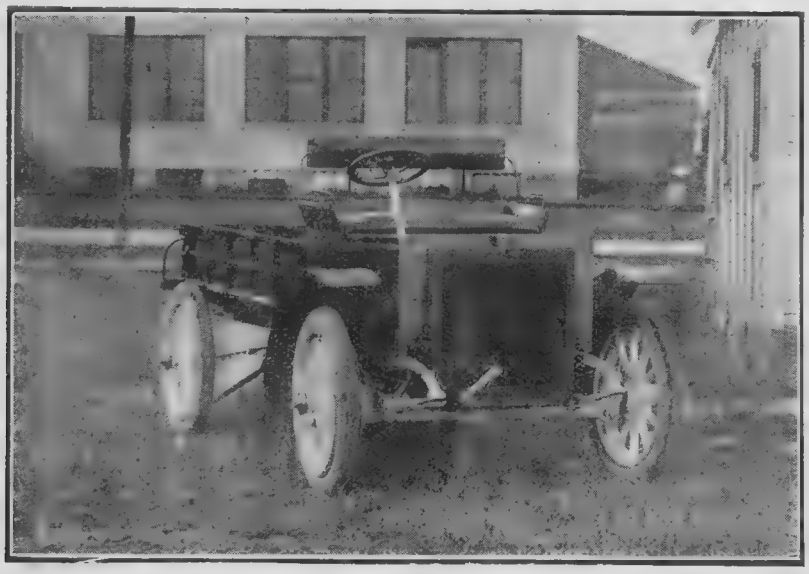
The sporting side of the car has been recognized from the very outset by Western motorists. Commencing in 1904, an annual road race was organized, the first race taking place from Winnipeg to Stonewall and return, and was won by J. K. McCulloch. 1905 saw the presentation of the Dunlop Trophy by the Dunlop Rubber Goods Co. for this event and for the first race it was captured by R. M. MacLeod, the race taking place over a circular course starting from Deer Lodge and working back by way of Headingly, the time being 2 hrs. 9 min. 30. for the 53 miles. The 1906 race was again held over the Stonewall course and was won by J. H. Anderson, time 1 hr. 36 min. 30 sec. 1907 was missed, owing to it being unable to get a suitable date.

In 1908 the race was changed from a road race to a track event, this step being taken in order to avoid friction with other users of the road. The winning car was Mrs. Nicholson's, the distance being 75 miles and the time 1 hr. 40 min. 51 sec.

1909 saw the victory of the McLaughlin-Buick car driven by W. C. Power, over a distance of 25 miles in the fast time of 29 min. 25 4-5 secs.

CLUB NOTES.

The Winnipeg Automobile Club, was first formed in the early part of 1904, the first president being Dr. Webster. Since then the club has made rapid headway and it is anticipated that before the end of the coming season the membership will total over 400. The club has been responsible for the organization of several tours, chief among them being the four days' tour through Manitoba in 1908, and the run to Minneapolis and St. Paul in 1909. During the coming season another tour through the West will be planned and efforts will be made to amalgamate the various automobile clubs throughout the West into one large body under the title of the Western Canada Automobile Association, so that the interests of motorists generally may be assured of the best possible safeguarding at every point. The club will also endeavor to help along



A Farm Auto Waggon.

GOOD ROADS.

An association for the promotion of which was recently formed in Winnipeg, with Controller R. D. Waugh as one of its most enthusiastic supporters. It is now nearly four years ago since good roads were considered an essential necessity of the country, and a deputation consisting of Messrs. F. W. Drewry, C. Alloway, S. Woodman and A. C. Emmett were appointed to wait on the municipalities with offers of support towards road improvements. The reception accorded the deputation was, however, very half-hearted, the majority of the agricultural element present at the meeting, seeming to think that it was a roundabout method on the part of the motorists to secure a monopoly of the highways for their own benefit. Owing to this condition of affairs the matter has been dropped until the present time, when the farmers are beginning to recognize the advantages that would accrue to themselves by a thoroughly organized system of road improvement. This feeling has been principally brought about by the increasing interest in the use of the motor by the farmers themselves, who now recognize its advantages as a handy and speedy method of getting through their journeys between the farm and towns.

Kirkfield Track, Winnipeg.

THE FARM MOTOR.

Not only has the motor revolutionized the mode of travel, but it has also invaded the realm of the farm horse and proved beyond a doubt its superiority over the old-fashioned method of plowing, reaping and threshing. Hundreds of different makes of farm tractors are now being placed on the market, and have been brought to such a state of perfection that the farmer himself can handle and take care of them without going to the expense of hiring an expert to do the work. With the motor tractor the farmer can also get his wheat to the elevators far quicker and at considerably less expense than by the old teaming method, as the tractor is capable of hauling eight or ten tons at a trip, thereby doing in one trip what would take single trips of six teams and wagons to do the same work. The small gasoline engine can also be put to so many and varied uses on the farm, that the farmer who is without one of these handy machines is beginning to be considered as behind the times. The chief feature, however, which is generally lost sight of in considering the purchase of a gasoline motor or tractor, is the fact that there is no lost time in their use. The only thing necessary to do, providing the engine receives proper care, is to throw the switch, give the engine a few turns over and it is ready for immediate service. When this is compared with the work necessary to feed teams of horses, harness them, and hitch up, and the afterwork of cleaning stables, feeding and cleaning the horses at night and the saving in stable quarters, etc., the economy of the gasoline motor is readily apparent. When winter comes, the motor can be safely stored away under cover and does not make a heavy bill of expense for feed, etc., when standing idle. The illustration in this column shows a light farmers' motor wagon, which can be readily converted into a pleasure vehicle when the farmer and his family seek a little relaxation from their daily toil.

"THE DOCTOR'S CAR."

Probably no class of user has found more benefit from the automobile than the country doctor, who in the course of his practise has to cover an immense area. Where speed sometimes means the difference between life and death, the handy runabout proves invaluable. The chief feature that recommends it to the doctor, is the enormous saving of time which it effects, giving him leisure hours impossible when dependant on horses for the work. The difference between reaching home early in the afternoon instead of between 10 and 12 at night is strongly appreciated. Comparing the cost against horses, the motor again comes strongly to the front, as from reliable figures gained from twelve months service of the car, it has been found possible to effect a saving of nearly fifty per cent. which means a considerable difference in the bank balance at the end of the year.

COMMERCIAL CARS.

The present year will see numbers of commercial men covering their territory during the summer and fall months with an automobile. The use of the car by one or two progressive firms has been closely followed by the majority of wholesalers and the showing made has led to their adopting the same methods of transportation for the Knight of the Grip who is not overburdened with heavy baggage. Practically the first use of the car for this purpose was made by W. G. Bale, the Western representative of the Gilbert Parker Mfg. Co., who travelled over his entire route from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and succeeded in covering the ground just as quickly as by train and also opened up many new connections in small towns that had to be missed owing to the want of time to spend between trains for the amount of business to be done. With the car, the small town could receive attention en-route without the trouble of doubling back to visit it.

Track Speeding.

LOCAL DELIVERIES.

The retail merchants in the large

(Continued on Page 54.)

This Edison

Fireside Model Phonograph

SHIPPED FREE!

Read This Great New Offer

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK ON EVERY INSTRUMENT
Thomas A. Edison

SHIPPED FREE

The Great New 1910 Offer on the Genuine Edison. The most marvelous offer—the offer which eclipses all others. This offer is for everyone who has not yet heard our Edison in their own home. This offer is for **You.** For you to hear concerts and entertainments by world famous musicians—just such entertainments as the metropolitan theatres are producing.

MY OFFER:

I will send you this Genuine Edison Fireside Outfit (the newest model) complete with one dozen Edison Gold Moulded and Amberol Records, for an absolutely free loan. I don't ask any money down or in advance. There are no C. O. D. shipments; no leases or mortgages on the outfit; no papers of any sort to sign. Absolutely nothing but a plain out-and-out offer to ship you this phonograph together with a dozen records of your own selection on a free trial so that you can hear it and play it in your own home. I can't make this offer any plainer, any clearer, any better than it is. There is no catch about it anywhere. If you will just stop and think a moment, you will realize that the high standing of this concern would absolutely prohibit anything except a straightforward offer.

All You Need Do: All I ask you to do is to invite as many as possible of your friends to hear this wonderful Fireside Edison. You will want to do that anyway, because you will be giving them genuine pleasure. I feel absolutely certain that out of the number of your friends who will hear your machine there will be at least one and probably more who will want an Edison of their own. If they don't, if not a single one of them orders a Phonograph (and this sometimes happens) I won't blame you in the slightest. I shall feel that you have done your part when you have given these free concerts. You won't be asked to act as our agent or even assist in the sale of a single instrument. In fact we appoint no such agents and at the rock-bottom price on this wonderful new outfit we could not allow any commission to anyone.

If You Want to Keep the Phonograph—that is if you wish to make the Phonograph your own, you may do so but it is **not** compulsory, This is a free trial. You may send it back at our expense if you wish. I won't be surprised, however, if you wish to keep the machine after having it in your own home. If you do wish to keep it, either remit us the price in full, or if you prefer, we will allow you to pay for it on the easiest kind of payments.

Our Easy Payment Plan So many people really want a phonograph who cannot pay all cash that I have decided on an easy payment plan that gives you absolute use of the phonograph while paying for it. $2.00 a month pays for an outfit. There is absolutely no lease or mortgage of any kind, no guarantee from a third party, no going before a notary public, in fact, no publicity of any kind, and the payments are so very small, and our terms so liberal that you never notice the payments.

OWNERS OF EDISONS, NEW FIRESIDE MODEL NOW READY! All those who already own an Edison phonograph can wonderfully improve their old machines, making them almost like the new Fireside, and can also get the SUPERB new 1910 Edison AMBEROL records, the loudest, clearest, most beautiful records ever made, playing TWICE AS LONG as any of the records heretofore made.

OWNERS OF EDISONS—write for FREE circular AA, describing all this.—F. K. BABSON, Manager.

Why I Want to Lend You This Phonograph:

I know that there are thousands and thousands of people who have never heard the Genuine **Edison** Phonograph. **Nearly everyone** is familiar with the screechy, unnatural sounds produced by the imitation machines (some of which though inferior are very expensive). After hearing the old style and imitation machines people become prejudiced against all kinds of "Talking Machines." Now, there's only one way to convince these people that the Edison is superior, and that is to let the people actually see and hear this remarkable instrument for themselves. **That is why I am making this offer.** I can't **tell** you one-twentieth of the wonders of the Edison. Nothing I can say or write will make you actually **hear** the grand, full beauty of its tones. No words can **begin** to describe the tender, delicate sweetness with which the genuine **Fireside** Edison reproduces the soft, pleading notes of the flute, or the thunderous, crashing harmony of a full brass band selection. The wonders of the **Fireside** Edison defy the power of any pen to describe. Neither will I try to tell you how when you're tired, nervous and blue, the Edison will soothe you, comfort and rest you, and give you new strength to take up the burdens of life afresh. *The only way to make you actually realize these things for yourself is to loan you a Genuine Edison Phonograph free and let you try it.*

Sign and Mail this Coupon to-day.

Just sign your name and address on this coupon now, and mail it to us. I will send you our superbly illustrated Edison Phonograph Catalogue, the very latest list of Edison Gold Mounted and Amberol Records (over 1,500 of them) and our Free trial Certificate entitling you to this grand offer. Sign this Coupon or send postal or letter now. No obligation just get the Catalogs. Write now—to-day—sure.

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AMERICAN OFFICE: EDISON BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Home Beautiful.

The Man Who Is Twelve Years Old.

By Maurice Smiley.

There's a man that I know, and he lives near you,
In a town called Everywhere;
You might not think he's a man from his hat
Or the clothes he may chance to wear;
But under the jacket with many a patch
Is a heart more precious than gold—
The heart of a man 'neath the coat of a boy,
A man who is twelve years old.

He only is waiting to wear the crown
That is already made for his brow;
And I pray that his mind will always be clean,
His body as pure as now;
His heart always fresh and sunny and warm,
And free from Life's canker and mould,
And may he be worthy his waiting estate,
This man who is twelve years old.

We never may know what the future will make
Of the boys that we carelessly meet,
For many a statesman is doing the chores,
And Presidents play in the street.
The hand that is busy with playthings now
The reins of power will hold:
So I take off my hat and gladly salute
This man who is twelve years old.

The Story of Georgie Dont.

Many columns are written for mothers to read to little boys to make them good. This is written for boys to read to their mothers to make them considerate.

There was once a little boy named George; so his mother called him Georgie, after the fashion of mothers. Georgie was always doing things that he shouldn't do. And his mother was always correcting him. You never saw a mother—unless perhaps you happen to have one like her—who could find so many things that a ltitle boy should not do. He suited her only when he slept. But when he was awake life was a series of admonitions. That is a long word and it means scoldings.

Well—as the story books for good littlke boys say—one fine day a gentleman came visiting and he took Georgie between his hot knees and asked him questions. The gentleman asked Georgie if he was a good boy, if he liked the pussy, how old he was, whose boy he was, and everything else pretty nearly, and then he said, "Now tell me, what is your name?"

"Georgie," was the prompt reply.

"Georgie—what?" asked the gentleman.

Georgie shook his head, and the gentleman repeated "Georgie—what?"

And Georgie's mother said, "Oh, Georgie, surely you know your other name."

George shook his head. The gentleman repeated his question, and Georgie looked at the gentleman. And Georgie's mother said, "Why, Georgie, what's got into you?" And the gentleman said, "I know, the cat's got his tongue, and his mother said, "Ah, ah—that isn't nice." And the gentleman said: "Poor Georgie—he hasn't got any other name! P-o-o-r Georgie!"

Then Georgie's mother got up and came over to George and said, "Georgie, tell the gentleman your other name." And she shook her finger and Georgie knew that it meant business. Then she took him by the shoulder and said: "Now, Georgie, if I've told you that once I've told you a million times. Your name is 'Georgie'—'Georgie'—now what's the next — what does mother always say?" Whereupon a light broke in on Georgie and he blabbed out lustily, "Georgie Don't!"

How many thousands of Georgie Don'ts and James Don'ts and Willie Don'ts and Harold Don'ts there are in this big world! The Don't family has more little boys than any family there is. I wonder if the lady to whom you are reading this is one of the Don'ts. You can tell this way: She may pretend her name is Smith, Jones, Brown or Jenkins, or even Greenbaum or Fortesque, but if when she is washing your ears you suddenly cry out "Mother Don't!" that's a sign that the fairy has jumped out of the big picture book and told you your mother's real name.

And now comes the moral of this story. Boys should be told more often how to be good and not so often not to be bad. The average boy would rather be a good boy than a bad boy, if he knew how. Mothers seem to think the world will teach their boys to be bad, and that they must be untaught at home. This is all wrong. The world teaches boys to be good. If they are not good, the world is a rough place for them; it starves them, and puts them in jail, and hammers their faces, and points its fingers at them, and makes them cry and have a terrible time. The world treats bad boys, big that it is surprising mothers and fathers and little, old and young, so cruelly devote any time to the Don'ts and neglect the Do's. About all a boy can learn at home is to be truthful, kind, industrious and brave. If mothers, who after all are boys' best friends, even if the mothers belong to the Don't family —if mothers can only turn their boys out with these simple virtues the world will teach them all the rest there is to know. The truth about the world is that it is only a postgraduate school of the home. It teaches the boy to advance in the lines he has begun. If he has been "don'ted" to death, and hectored and worried over trifles, he learns trifles and is a trifling boy. If he sees sham and make-believe and double-dealing at home, if he sees his father "worked" and his mother "fooled," the world will have a serious time with him putting him in jail and taking away his food and his family's food, trying to make him an honest man. If the boy seees an ill-kept house, slovenly housekeeping, and a grunty, slouchy, whiney mother, who "can't see why" so many things happen, the world is going to have a miserabe time teaching that boy to work and get ahead, and be beforehand and keep out of the poor-house. All the don'ts in the world won't help that boy. It is what he sees at home rather than what he hears there that makes a boy worthless or not.

So much advice is given to boys and so little to the mother's of boys, who are the real man-makers in this world, that these lines are written in the hope that some little boy will find them and read them to his mother and make her a better woman. It is just as well to have the tables turned once in a while.

A Girl's Ten Dollar Room.

For how little can a girl's room be furnished? For many a girl this is an important question, and for many families an interesting one. The girl may be living at home and have a room given her for her very own. She may be living away from home and be busy during the day teaching school, or working in an office or store or factory. Or it may be that a mother wishes ardently to furnish a room for her little daughter, but is checked by proposed expense.

The room must be girlish, restful, dainty and charming. These points must never be forgotten or overlooked. And a room can be thus furnished for as small a sum as ten dollars.

There must be bed, washstand, dressing table, looking-glass, and something for holding clothes.

The colors for the room should first be considered. Blue and white, green and white, yelow and white, or flowers and white, are the best; and which of these color schemes to use depends on the girl's individual preference and on whether the room is dull or sunny.

The girl must be prepared, when spending so small a sum, to do many things with her own hands or with the assistance of her mother, but it is work that is only pleasurable, especially when it is considered that it is for so charming result. It is not to be merely a matter of buying a certain number of things and setting them stiffly in. It is much more a matter of so treating the things as to secure beauty and daintiness of effect. It cannot be the matter of buying a "set" of furniture for so small a sum. It must mean home-contrived furnishings. Care and taste, with very little money, will always win results.

If there is other houseroom to spare, I should begin by emptying the room and beginning with the ceiling, the woodwork, the walls and the floor, and then put in curtains, chairs, mirror and bed.

The ceiling is best plain white. There are prepared kalsomines on the market that make good surfaces very easily.

Paint the woodwork white, do this yourself. Nothing is more important in a girl's room than the air of sweet daintiness which white paint gives. Paint the frame of the mirror white; and, if pictures are put on the walls, paint their frames white also, and, if they have colored mats, open the frames and either doctor the mats with white paper or, if the reverse side is white, as it often is, turn the mat over.

Make a complete thing of whatever you do. Don't try to make a beautiful bedroom by leaving in it dull, dark articles or unattractive wall covering not in keeping with what you are trying to do.

Let us suppose that the flowers and white is the desired plan of decoration. A posy pattern, in stripes, not too stiff or conventional, but rather like the pattern in old-fashioned striped chintz, may be bought for as low as eight cents a roll for the entire wall. Hang this without border of any sort from ceiling to baseboard. But, supposing we spend fifty cents for a double roll of finer design and color, choosing a pattern that can be cut at eighteen-inch lengths. Then kalsomine the wall with the very palest green—white, with a mere touch of green—and use the flowery paper, set in widths eighteen inches deep around the room, as a frieze of color and flowers. Do not try to cover the edge with molding or paper strip. Cut with precision; it will look well merely meeting the pale green wall. One of these ways, an all paper wall or a wall of frieze and plain color, will be found as cheap as the other. Old walls had best be entirely covered. A new house would offer smooth walls for kalsomine.

Smooth up the roughnesses in the floor and oil it with inseed oil; and have a rug for floor covering. A rag rug made in the colors of the room will be delightful in effect, for rag rugs are appreciated now for their beauty and charm, and it will also be economical. Look out your own rags and ask your friends to let you have all the white and green and pink, or whatever color is in your paper, wool or cotton or linen, and have a rug woven with white warp or pale green. Have the strip longer than two yards; three, with a five-inch tied fringe of the warp, makes a satisfactory length. Or you may buy two and a half yards of green or natural-color matting and make a fringe of string through an inch hem.

The curtains should be made of white muslin, or barred dimity or crinkled seersucker, or even cheesecloth; and, whatever you choose, use the same material for bedspread and for dressing-table cover and at the washstand. A little handwork, such as quarter-inch dots, in fast-colored cotton in pale green, along the hems, two inches apart, will give individuality and finish—and this is neither difficult to do nor hard to care for in the laundry. All this will give a better effect than ribbons in color to tie with, or ruffly curtains. The curtains should be sill length, with a little valance frill across the top.

Let us buy two simple splint bottom chairs, one a little rocker, not huge chairs such as come for porches. Scrub the varnish off them and paint them white.

For a bed, a white iron one is desirable, but for economical furnishing let us fall back on the woven wire cot, with a board frame at least sixteen inches high screwed on at the head, for the pillow to sit up against, and with a plain pleating of light green denim tacked firmly around the frame. The head-board should also be covered with a slip of denim drawn on smoothly. Use a white spread, falling only a few inches over the green denim on the bed frame. Make the spread of your curtain material, muslin or whatever you have chosen, and baste it on a lining of old white sheeting or the like, so that the bed clothes won't show through.

Don't put the bed in a corner, or with its length against a wall, if your room offers the least chance of having it sit with its head against the wall and its length projecting into the room.

I am not advising how to make a room a bedroom by night and a sitting room by day, for it is usually much better to treat the bedroom frankly as a room for sleeping, resting and dressing, first and last. We all know how to cover up a bed and make a couch of it—and we also know how tired we feel when we pull it apart at night and try to make believe it is fresh and sweet and well aired for sleeping.

A muslin-covered dressing table is easy of construction and pretty and girlish when made. Make it broad and long and low, rather than boxy and high. A wooden box twenty by forty inches on what you will use for the top, and standing twenty-six inches from the floor in height, will make a good, generous dressing table. We might as well have a proper size, for a box can be cut down without much trouble. Knock off the board on the side of the box that will be the front, so that you may use the inside and so that your knees do not hit a hard surface when seated at the dressing table. Use these boards to make a shelf on the inside of the box. The whole inside of the box should be lined with strong wrapping paper to make the inside as dust-proof as possible. The top will not only answer admiraby to hold the mirror leaning against the wall and the toilet articles, but the interior shelf and lower part will hold many of your clothes. Cover with smooth white paper of an old sheet before the muslin cover is put on.

Make up a set of bandboxes and paper boxes for your suits and shirtwaists and hats, to match your room. At least cover them in white paper and trim them with the paper of the room. Such things last for years, and require but the work of a single evening. These can be kept on the closet shelf or under the dressing table.

A triangular board securely fastened to cleats placed in the corner of the room at a height convenient for holding the washbowl when in use, makes a good stand. This should have a full curtain of the curtain material aeross the front. For this corner a bowl, pitcher and slop jar in white can be bought for $1.25. Try to find cream-white crockery rather than blue-white. do not want merely a certain number requires personal and pretty things; you

Always remember that a girl's room of indispensables set stiffly in a stiff-looking room. You want a room to feel happy and cheerful in, and to feel proud of. Such a room will do you good physically and mentally.

Now, here are the items of cost. It does not include necessary bedding:

Paint	$ .40
Paper	.50
Kalsomine	.40
Two chairs	1.70
Rug weaving	1.00
Mirror	1.75
Cot	1.25
White curtain muslin	.90
Toilet set	1.25
Light green denim	.85
	$10.00

There are many things that may be added as time goes on, and as taste and means permit. A white or black fur rug, a lamp of brass or nickel, with a shade of plain white or green. A pair of candlesticks of brass or glass. Another table, or a desk, for letter writing. A chest of drawers—perhaps some old one can be painted white.

Would You Like to Know

HOW

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Mason & Risch Piano Company Limited

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

No Cause for Alarm.

"The best way to avoid danger," said that great Irish parliamentary orator, Sir Boyle Roche, "is to meet it plump." Which would be the wisest advice to this globe on which we live with regard to Halley's Comet, if it were possible to advise our globe in regard to its course, and if there were any danger, which there is not. Predictions that the end of the world was at hand have abounded ever since the world began; they abounded when the world was believed to be flat like a table, and they have not ceased to abound since the world has been known to be round, like an orange, slightly flattened at the poles. The latest prediction of the alarmists in regard to Halley's Comet is that that celestial wanderer is a sort of huge skunk, sporting a tail of deadly poisonous gas, many millions of miles in length, which it is going to turn loose upon the earth. But even if the Comet itself, to say nothing of its tail, were to come into head-on collision with our world, it would not affect us. The Astronomer Royal, Sir Robert Ball, has set this fact forth in a public announcement, in which he refers to Sir John Herschel's declaration that any comet, head and all, could be packed into a top hat. The tails of comets have no more substance than the shaft of light from the headlight of a locomotive. The Philosopher supposes that there are a lot of people who have never heard, or have forgotten, about Mother Shipton's prophecy that the world was to come to an end in 1881. Failing fulfilment, the date was changed to 1891, and would have been changed again in 1901, if it had not been shown that the whole rhyme was a hoax written some forty years ago, instead of in Queen Elizabeth's time, as had been pretended and as many thousands of people devoutly believed, basing their belief largely on the fact that the "prophecy" predicted several events of world importance which had, every one of them, "come true," except the end of the world. Many people are credulous, and take a certain degree of peculiar satisfaction in being in a mild state of alarm. The Philosopher remembers a story of a young woman who was suddenly kissed by her best young man. She exclaimed, "George, you scare me." Then there was a silence, and after a time she said, "George, scare me again." People like to be scared in certain ways; and they like to be scared again.

The Lords of the North.

The fact that Explorer Peary brought home with him on his return from discovering the North Pole three large meteors, for which a public museum in New York has paid him $50,000, suggests in a general way the advisability of the different nations concerned in the ownership of lands in the Arctic regions uniting to mark out the dividing boundaries for all future time. Those three meteors, each of which weigh several tons, are of pure iron; no other meteors are known of which consist of one metal solely. On expedition after expedition Peary had wondered where the Eskimos got certain iron, with which they tipped their arrows. They were secretive about the source of supply, and it was not until he had completely gained their confidence that they conducted him to the three meteors. With great trouble he managed to get them aboard his ship, the Roosevelt. The Eskimos have reason to regret that they were so confiding. Nobody knows the resources of the Arctic regions. It was only sixty years ago that the exact boundary between what is now Western Canada and the United States was settled upon. Before that time, and for years after that time, no man could realize the value that future years would give to the vast acreage whose future depended upon the decision then made, the actual boundary line not being marked out until a quarter of a century later. And, in the same way, while at present it would seem that these Arctic lands will never be valuable except as sealing, fishing and hunting grounds, still no one can read the future or be assured that some future turn of science or civilization may not make those waste regions valuable and available above all present imagination or possibility of estimate. The unwisdom of leaving a boundary decision over until a time comes when the lands in question become an object of value or envy to a nation was well illustrated in the case of the Alaska boundary matter. The countries concerned in the ownership of lands in the Arctic regions are Great Britain, the United States, Russia, Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

We and our Neighbors.

For some reason or other, there has been recently a revival of discussion in both British and United States journals of the question of the general feeling of the Canadian people toward the United States. Our attitude toward the idea of annexation is made a leading topic in such discussion. Of course, every Canadian can speak best for himself; and in this connection every Canadian can speak also for all Canadians. There is no annexation sentiment in this country; and at the same time the Canadian people are friendly to their neighbors in the United States, and are becoming more friendly. There appears to be a connection between the two states of mind. At one time we Canadians were not free from a feeling of dependence upon the United States market. The desire to obtain freer access to that market was accompanied by irritability in the discussion of the relations between the two countries. Our prosperity has changed all that. As we grow stronger and more independent and self-reliant, we grow more good-natured. Sentiment in the United States has also immensely improved. You will never see now in a newspaper in the United States a slighting or an unfriendly reference to Canada. On the contrary, you will constantly see references that are friendly and admiring. The growth of good feeling between the two countries is in accord with good sense and the promotion of the common interests of humanity. Political institutions are the servants of mankind, not mankind of political institutions. It is natural that we should prefer our own, and that the people of the United States should prefer their own. But to think of our marching against each other with murderous weapons of war, and of our slaying each other in thousands and burn down each others' homes, is surely to think of what would be absurd and criminal. Absurd and criminal, too, would it be for us to hate each other. The average, decent, right-thinking Canadian, and the average, decent, right-thinking citizen of the United States want the same essential things—justice, education, the promotion of morality, the opportunity to live freer and nobler lives; and have the same enemies—dirt, disease, ignorance, crime and other evils which know no international boundary lines. Hatred of the citizen of another country, because he is a foreigner, is a blind and savage tradition, which Canada and the United States are doing much to consign to oblivion.

Long-Windedness in Public Speakers.

One striking thing which we Canadians had brought strongly to our attention during the progress of the recent general election campaign in Great Britain was that British public men can make great speeches in one hour. Canadian public men, on the contrary, as we have occasion to learn from the newspapers in these early months of the year, when the Dominion Parliament and the Legislatures are in session, use up two, three and four hours in making speeches that are not in every case deserving to be termed great. And the vice of speaking at too great length is not by any means confined to politicians. Canadian public speakers have the same vocabulary at their disposal as the public men in Great Britain, but not the same commendable regard for the lapse of time. They excavate a whole acre of language, to dig the foundation for one four-by-five henhouse of argument. They suffer from circumlocutory consumption of phraseology. They use three hours of talk to express half an hour of ideas. Long-windedness is a failing which public speakers should labor to overcome. It takes work; for a short, clear, strong address requires a great deal more preparation than a long rambling one. But what Shakespeare calls "a fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off," will do more execution every time than a protracted, scattering fire of verbosity which is not to the point.

The History of the Union Jack.

Few people have any idea of how interesting the history of the Union Jack is. One of the curious episodes in that history was the public affirmation by the Puritans of Massachusetts, at Salem in 1634, that the cross in the flag was an idolatrous emblem. For a number of years, as the result of the agitation started at Salem, the cross was left out of all the military flags in the Colony of Massachusetts, except the one over the fort in Boston harbor; finally, in 1686 the British Parliament ordered the restoration of the cross. A century later the flag used in the early stages of the American Revolution by the thirteen Colonies was one with the British Jack in the usual corner and the remainder of the space occupied by seven red and six white stripes alternating. That was Washington's military flag for a year after the Declaration of Independence, when the Revolutionary Congress ordered the adoption of a design in which the stripes should be retained and a circle of thirteen stars should take the place of the Jack. This design has remained unchanged, except that the number of stars has been increased as new States have been created by Act of Congress. There is reason to believe that the year 1776-77, when Washington's military flag bore the British Jack, was a year of potential reunion and permanent peace, if George III and his Ministry had only been able to take a magnanimous view of the situation. In this respect that flag properly symbolized the aspirations at that time of the great majority of the people of the revolting Colonies.

Undesirable Immigration.

It was to be regarded as certain that the rigid interpretation and application of the provisions of the United States immigration law by the officials in charge of its administration, in the matter of the prevention of the crossing of the international line by persons from Canada classed as "undesirables," should be followed by the enactment and enforcement of provisions equally effective for the protection of this country from any riff-raff and misfits of the United States. Neither country wants to increase its population by the admission of people whom the other country would be glad to get rid of; and in this each country is entirely right. The Canadian Immigration Act prohibits the importation of Orientals and others arriving at ocean ports who are considered unfit mentally or physically for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship; but that Act contains no preventive provisions framed to meet the conditions which might arise from the incoming of such undesirables from the south. A bill is now before Parliament to amend the Immigration Act in such a manner as to bar out undesirables seeking to cross the international line into this country, by making applicable to them the same tests as are applied in the case of undesirables arriving from overseas. No one will dispute that the general quality of the immigration from the United States is as high as could be desired. Indeed, there could be no class of settlers more desirable than those who are coming across in their thousands and taking up land, many of them of originally Canadian stock. But it has been found that here and there individuals have come into this country from the United States whom neither country has any reason to desire to number among its people. The bill now before Parliament, which will undoubtedly be passed, provides for the establishment of a board of enquiry to decide upon the merits of the cases of such misfits. Records of all cases dealt with are to be kept. Provision is also made for dealing more effectively with Asiatic immigration by the adoption of specific means for giving effect to the law as it now stands.

Teaching Men their Work.

What a fine thing it would be if, in regard to many other matters of the highest importance to the public welfare and progress, the differences of party politics could be eliminated as completely as in regard to the need of a complete system of technical education in Canada! Every one of the Provincial Governments has notified the Dominion Government that it waives its constitutional right over matters educational in order to enable the Dominion Government to appoint a commission to obtain information with a view to the establishment of such a system of training. In the House at Ottawa there was a like absence of any indication of political difference, both parties uniting in recognizing that national need. In former days the apprentice system was in force, and every manufacturing establishment had bound for three, five and seven years young fellows who learned their trades thoroughly. The apprentice system has almost disappeared, though thoroughness is more than ever necessary in this era of specialization in everything. In the course of the discussion in the Dominion House on the subject of the need of a complete system of technical education, the Minister of Agriculture aptly referred to the benefits which the farmers of Canada had derived from technical training. He showed how the men who had taken courses of instruction in agricultural schools were making more money and a greater success of their lives all through than those who were content to plod along without paying attention to the advance of knowledge, using only such information as they picked up haphazard.

A Great Women Scientist.

As all the world knows, the discovery of radium, one of the most important events in the entire history of science, was made by a woman, Madame Curie, whose husband assisted her in laboratory investigations. Since his death a couple of years ago, which was caused by his being struck by a street car in Paris, Madame Curie has continued her scientific work alone; and during the past month the announcement has been made that she has succeeded in obtaining pure polonium, the latest of the rare and wonderful metals brought to human knowledge in this era of marvels. It is a notable testimony to the advance that has been made in the intellectual status of woman that the scientific journals, in connection with the recording of her success in obtaining pure polonium and the discussion of the properties of that metal, do not make any comment at all on the sex of the eminent scientist. The ability of woman to do first-rate work in every department of science is one of the modern accepted facts. In the course of less than half a century the world has passed from the point where nearly everybody thought that most forms of strenuous intellectual endeavor are beyond the powers of normal women to the point where nobody is found recognizing that they are not.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, Mail Order Department, WINNIPEG, CANADA

Very Advantageous to Buy Goods by Mail

Some of the benefits that OUR CUSTOMERS BY MAIL are not slow to appreciate·

1. Better range in selection by far than is obtained elsewhere.
2. Newest styles, reliably correct, the latest authoritative styles.
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If you are not on our Mailing List, be sure to WRITE TO-DAY for our NEW SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOGUE.

N544 N513 N553 N516 N522

N544—Girls' and Misses' Smart Dress. Gibson waist with low collar. Full pleated skirt. Buttoned to bottom; easily laundered. Best quality English Prints in blue and white stripe, also in pink and white stripe. Prices, postpaid, 6 years..... $2.00
8 and 10 years..... $2.50
12 and 14 years..... $2.75
16 years..... $3.25

N513—Russian Dress. Made from good quality white Pique. Fastened down side with pearl buttons. Finished with belt around waist; bloomers to match. Suitable for girls or boys. Ages 1, 2 and 4 years. Price, postpaid.... $1.75

N553—Girls' Regulation Sailor Suit. Made in good quality all wool serge. Trimmed self colored braid. Skirts buttoned on to cream serge waist. Navy only. Prices, postpaid, Size 3..... $3.75

No. 553 Continued
Size 4 Postpaid $4.25
Size 6 " $4.75
Size 8 " $5.00
Size 10 " $5.50
Size 12 " $6.00
Size 14 " $6.75
Size 16 " $7.50

N516—Child's Russian or Buster Dress. Made from best quality English print. Colors: plain blue chambray, pink and white stripe, also blue and white stripe. Yoke, cuffs and belt finished in plain colors. Ages 1, 2 and 4 years. Price, postpaid $1.25

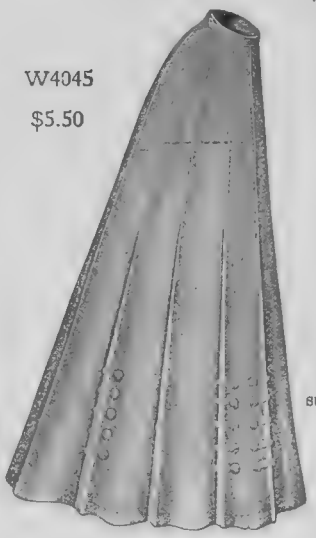
N522—Girls' Dress. Made in good quality Empire Twill. Navy with white spot. Yoke neck and sleeves trimmed with narrow white braid. A splendid school dress. Ages 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Price, postpaid..... $1.50
12 to 14 years, postpaid..... $1.85

New Smart Skirts

Leaders in Style and Special Value

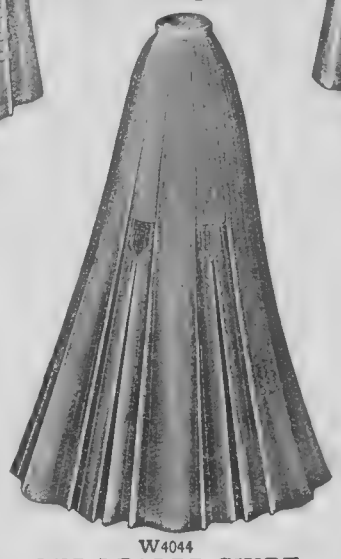
(Samples of materials used in any Skirt or Dress mailed free on request)

W4045
$5.50



W4045—Ladies' Panama Skirt, as illustration above. Made of all wool imported washable panama. Colors: cream and navy only. Skirt is 9 gore, model with plain extra deep side pleats, starting above knee and ornamented as shown in illustration with oval buttons and silk soutache braid. Pleats are steam pressed, insuring permanency. This skirt is very suitable for picnics, garden, parties, evening wear, etc. Very special price express prepaid to any address in Canada..... $5.50
Size over 28 inches waist express prepaid to any address in Canada..... $6.50
When ordering give waist measurement and length of skirt.

W4044—Ladies' All Wool Skirt. A most fashi9nable and attractive walking skirt, distinctly new, both in style and material. Made of all-wool diagonal soap shrunk serge. Not too heavy to be cumbersome, but fine enough to maintain its beautifully tailored style and shape. Four panels of deep pleat cluster, the centre front being an inverted pleat and ornamented at the top with wide silk military braid. Particularly adapted for town and country wear. Colors: black, navy and taupe. Special price, express prepaid to any address in Canada..... $5.00
Sizes over 28 inches waist, express prepaid to any address in Canada..... $5.00
In ordering give waist measurement and length of skirt.



W4044
OUR LEADER SKIRT
Price, $5.00

W4046
$5.75

W4046—Ladies' All Wool Panama Skirt. This style displays the popular improved moyennage effect and is a marked feature among this season's styles. There is something decidedly trim and attractive about this model. The skirt is made of pure wool soap shrunk panama, a cloth that will give satisfaction and excellent service. The skirt is trimmed with a one inch strap of the same material and ornamented with a cluster of three oval buttons in centre of strapping as shown in cut, the front forming the new panel front. Made in black, navy and brown Special price, express prepaid to any address in Canada..... $5.75
Size over 28 inches waist, express prepaid to any address in Canada..... $6.75
In ordering give waist measurement and length of skirt

Express Charges Prepaid—Prices Quoted on this Page—Express Charges Prepaid

W4042—$11.75

W4042—Ladies' Tailored Dress. Made of extra fine French smooth surface all wool panama. A cloth almost dust-proof, exactly as sample shown below on this page. The model of this dress is the new military effect, one of fashion's latest developments in the approved 2-piece Tailored dress. The leading feature throughout is daintiness and simplicity. Trimmed exactly as shown in cut with Vandyke front, collar in military style. Waist is finshed in three graduated Gibson tucks over shoulders and down back. Buttons and loops of braid on cuffs to correspond. Bodice fastens in front. Skirt has deep double side pleats and represents one of the smartest models for street wear this season. and is made to correspomd with trimmings on bodice. Made in black, navy and taupe. Sizes 34 to 42. Special price, express prepaid to any address in Canada.....$11.75
Sizes over 28 inches waist or 42 inches bust, express prepaid to any address in Canada $12.75

In ordering give waist and bust measurement and length of skirt.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

W4048
$10.75

W4048—Black Voile Skirt. Made of imported pure wool worsted voile with crisp finish. Nothing has been woven to equal this style of voile for correct draping. It does not collect the dust; it is not easily creased and keeps its color well. Our manufacturers guarantee perfect satisfaction to everybody. Illustration shows new style. The front and sides form panel effect with wide seams, giving idea of the new four-piece skirt. Between the panels, running diagonally from the knee up are four clusters of 6 deep side pleats and above these clusters, arranged in a very stylish manner, are four rows of taffeta silk strappings and taffeta covered buttons. A very suitable skirt for general wear as well as for dressy occasions, being one of the strongest lines in black voile skirts ever displayed Black only. Special price, express prepaid to any address in Canada..... 10.75
Over 28 inches waist, express prepaid to any address in Canada.....$11.75

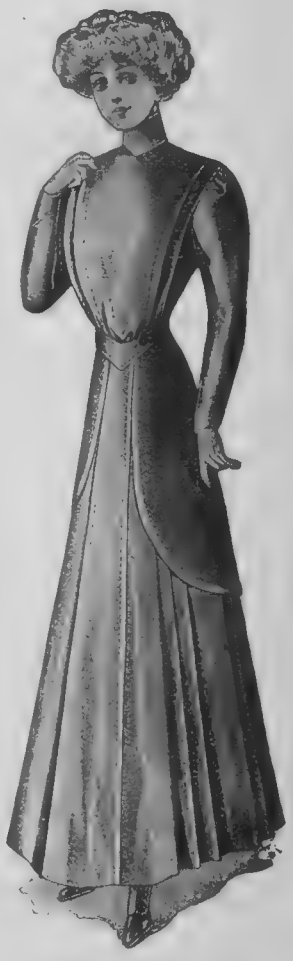
W4047
$6.75

W4047—Ladies' All Wool Botany Panama Skirt. As per illustration above. It will keep its shape well. A most durable material. A dainty and most fashionable garment suitable for any figure. The front has a wide open seam forming a very becoming panel effect. Very new and neat. Ornamented with a cluster of oval buttons. The sides have clusters of six deep pleats running from just above the knee, with one inch seam down centre front, with the button trimming and soutache braid. The side panel above the pleats is made from 3 inch tucks lending both charm and grace to the general appearance. Colors: black and navy Special price, prepaid to any address in Canada..... $6.75
Size over 28 inches waist, prepaid to any address in Canada..... $7.75
In ordering give waist measurement and length of skirt.

W4043—Ladies' Panama Dress. Ladies' all wool panama Semi-princess dress, illustrating one of the newest and most practical ideas in designs for general wear. Made of one of the best quality soft finish botany cloths that we can procure. The waist opening in the back, is very effective and well designed, giving the fashionable long waisted effect so strongly in vogue this season. Skirt is made in new Russian style and in new tunic effect, lines conveying idea of coat at hip line, covering pleats, which run in three clusters of deep pleats. Front gore finishedwith 1 inch seam gives effect of separate panel. Bodice is strictly tailored, with plain front and double broad tucks running from waist over shoulders and down back. Sleeves have cuff and button trimming, girdle of self, carrying out the new semi-princess style. Waist has detachable bust pad. Colors: black and navy. Special price, express prepaid to any address in Canada.....$12.75
Sizes over 28 inches waist or 42 inches bust, express prepaid to any address in Canada.....$13.75

In ordering give bust and waist measurement, also length of skirt.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.



W4043—$12.75

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, Mail Order Department, WINNIPEG, CANADA

What the World is Saying.

Our Somnolent Senate.

A Montreal physician went all the way to the Congo to study the sleeping sickness, when all he had to do was to visit Ottawa and observe the Senate in session.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Even Boston Didn't Know.

Can you name, off-hand, the fourth largest city on this side of the Atlantic? Thought not. Buenos Ayres, with nearly 1,200,000.—Boston Herald.

It Can't Be Done.

All dogs are to be muzzled in Ontario, and it is only a question of time until the same vigorous measures will have to be taken with our politicians.—Toronto Star.

Sure Thing.

A young lady living near Keremeos recently shot a lynx. She already has a coyote and wildcat to her credit, and is certain to get a man before very long.—Vancouver Saturday Sunset.

The Western "Get There" Spirit.

Calgary has a new motor fire truck that will travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Notice the "get there" spirit of the west in this announcement?—Toronto Evening Telegram.

True.

Dr. Andrew D. White finds that only one out of every seventy-four murderers in the United States States is convicted. In conservation of our murderers we lead the world.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

British Investments in Canada.

It is estimated that $300,000,000 was borrowed in Great Britain for permanent Canadian investments during 1909. This shows, amongst other things, the wisdom of keeping our credit good.—Toronto Globe.

A Salvation Army Undertaking.

The Salvation Army's thousand-acre farm experiment near Winnipeg will be watched with interest. It is to furnish work for unemployed men and serve as a training school for imported farm hands and domestic servants.—London Daily Mail.

Holds an Empire Record.

When Joseph Martin takes the oath as a member of the British House of Commons he will have been a member of four British Parliaments. Probably no other man in the Empire can boast of that record.—Hamilton Herald.

Keep Off the Tracks.

More people were killed while trespassing on railway tracks during 1909 than the total of all other railway fatalities—excepting those happening to employees—combined. Keep off the track is evidently a mighty good rule to observe.—Brantford Exporter.

Abundance of Raw Material.

Blairmore now has a new marcaroni factory. This industry should prove eminently successful owing to the abundance of raw material of the finest available there for filling in the holes in the centre of this tubular style of food.—Fernie Free Press.

High Cost of Dying, Too.

Undertakers have also advanced their charges one hundred per cent. in the past ten years. So even if the price of living has advanced considerably, it is cheering to reflect that it is still cheaper to live than die.—Ottawa Free Press.

At Shot at Mr. Roosevelt.

The Duke of Connaught is going on a hunting expedition to Africa, but no pretence is made that it is in the interests of science, or that the world is to be made any wiser or better by an indiscriminate slaughter of big game.—Buffalo Courier.

Mr. Mohr's Fortieth Re-Election.

Charles Mohr, of Fitzroy Township, Carleton County, Ontario, has established a unique municipal record. He has just been re-elected reeve of Fitzroy for the 41st consecutive time. There are lots of men in Western Ontario would like to know how he works it.—Kincardine Review.

As to Editors and Dukes.

Some Canadian editors give the impression of having at some time been snubbed by a duke.—London Free Press.

And other Canadian editors give the impression that they would willingly be snubbed by a duke if they could get near enough to one.—London Advertiser.

The Freight Cars of Canada.

Allowing 40 people to a car, the 177,779 freight cars belonging to the Canadian railways, according to the 1909 report, would be equal to the task of moving the entire population of Canada at the same time. The chances are that not another country in the world comes anywhere proportionately near to having a freight-moving equipment such as that.—Railway News.

The Lure of the Wheat Pit.

There are signs that the next big rush of small speculators who hope to get rich in a hurry will be into the wheat pit. The anglers are issuing statements showing the strong statistical position of of the main bread grain, and Patten's alleged doings are chronicled. The rest is easy to guess.—Montreal Gazette.

The Cost of High Living.

It costs more to purchase the plain necessities of life in America than anywhere else, but what are looked on as plain necessities here would be regarded as extravagant luxuries in some other countries. Were we to get down to cases and live the simple life for whose return we are howling, we could do it for a few cents a day and at that we could beat what the pioneers used to have to make them comfortable.—Chicago News.

The "Suddenness" of the West.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy must have startled his British audience when he told it that "two new towns are established every week in Western Canada, and a new school every day in the week." Even Eastern Canada is surprised occasionally at the suddenness of the West.—Montreal Herald.

Should Be Imprisoned for Life.

International action to suppress the white slave traffic may be a failure, according to a despatch from Washington. A white slave trader in Montreal the other day was convicted and sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. The law does not depend on an international club alone to fight evil—.Hamilton Spectator.

Or, Maybe, a Strayed Donk.

A sensational incident occurred in the Paris Law Courts last week when a man suddenly appeared in the corridors in a state of absolute nudity. He was held to be a madman, but there is a malicious rumor afloat to the effect that he was merely an unsuccessful litigant whom the lawyers had done with.—London Punch.

Filtering Immigration.

We cannot do better than apply to our immigration the same principles we ought to adopt in regulating a civic water supply: if it is impossible to secure either our water or our immigrants from the best sources, some system of filtration must be adopted which will eliminate the microbes of anarchy and lawlessness and as effectively as we hope to eliminate the microbe of typhoid.—Montreal Star.

Dangerous Sympathy.

It is a dangerous doctrine this, that criminals are merely unfortunates and ought to be treated as such. In murder charges the law should be vigorously enforced. The law is just and in itself is sufficient protection to a man who is wrongly accused. The element of sympathy should be eliminated. As a Canadia nhigh court judge observed not long ago, "If a man charged with murder is innocent, he needs no sympathy from the jury; if guilty, he deserves none."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Imperial Partnership and Alliance.

Canada has now a population of eight millions, and may reasonably look forward to a population as large as that of England. To imagine that such a country, with an area about as large as that of the United States, will remain in perpetual dependency or childhood is absurd. The relation between Great Britain and this country is changing from one of dependency to one of partnership and alliance.—Halifax Chronicle.

Talk at Ottawa is Expensive.

Some of the members of the House of Commons have an odd idea of economy. They spent two hours and a half on Wednesday afternoon discussing the appointment of an expert adviser to the eight-hour-day committee. The expert's expenses will probably not reach one thousand dollars. Now it has been estimated that the time of the House costs $38 a minute. The debate occupied 150 minutes. It therefore cost $5,700. So that these economical Commoners spent $5,700 to save $1,000, and in the end spent the $1,000 too.—Brockville Times.

Not a Strenuous Job

The Earl of Carrington is said to hold that a man over fifty years of age should not take the position of Governor-General of Canada. The Earl must have been misled as to the strenuousness of public life in this part of the Empire. Rideau Hall is not thought of as an old man's asylum; but there is nothing connected with its duties to prevent a fairly active fellow of sixty-five or under, with good digestion, discharging them with fair satisfaction.—Victoria Colonist.

Outlets Needed for Western Grain.

The Canadian Pacific is double-tracked in Western Canada. This is the road that would not get enough traffic to pay the axle grease. Two other transcontinentals are required to help it haul out the grain produced on the "barren" lands. A new route via Hudson's Bay is to be opened. We must also enlarge out waterways to keep abreast of the task set us by the development of the great West. -Montreal Witness.

The Viceroy's Charmed Life.

It is hardly to be wondered that wives of public men in England refuse to assent to their husbands' appointment as Viceroy of India, seeing Lord Minto has escaped some seven attempted assassinations, in almost every case his immunity being the result of some unexpected combination of circumstances that frustrated the murderers at the moment of act. It almost looks as if Providence had actually interposed in the case of Earl Minto.—Chicago Tribune.

Man More Important than the Horse.

The plea that public gambling is necessary to horse racing, and, therefore, to the horse-breeding industry, is one which will have weight with the great majority of the Canadian farmers. If race gambling is morally wrong there can be no valid defence of it. The man is more important than the horse, and many a man owes his downfall to the temptation which the law allows to be put in his way.—Toronto Sun.

Railroad Expenditure in the west.

Now that the double tracking of the C. P. R. between Winnipeg and Fort William is completed, the company announces it is about to spend another thirty million dollars improving its western lines. If, as stated, the territory between Winnipeg and Moose Jaw, a distance of 400 miles, pays the operating expenses of the entire system, then, great as the proposed expenditure is, the company can well afford it.—Monetary Times.

A Piteons Plea

Go ahead, gentlemen! Poke fun at the City Council! Ridicule them; call them names; blackguard them, if you will! The aldermen get such splendid pay that they can afford to take the abuse! But, seriously, how long will good men remain in the council if their every action is to be misinterpreted and if, instead of being thanked for the time and service they give freely to the city, they are abused? What is the object—to drive good men out of public service and discourage other good men from coming in?—Kingston Whig.

Charity Rewarded with Brutality.

That case in Havelock, Ontario, where two old ladies were attacked by an immigrant after they had taken him into their home and fed him is one of those inhuman cases where insanity seems to to be the only fitting explanation. Even though the old ladies recover, it would seem that a life sentence would be the only fitting punishment. The wide-spread reports of the case will mean that many a hungry and probably deserving man will be refused a meal, and think less of human charity in consequence, whereas the reason will be but the fear of meeting the treatment similar to that of the Havelock case.—Calgary Herald.

Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, Canada

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Garden Seeds that prove the very best in actual use in the far North—up at the Mackenzie River posts—are the VERY BEST seed strains for sowing in all South Canada. All our seeds are carefully selected and are especially grown for the far North. The strongest, surest and quickest germinating strains, the hardiest and most prolific varieties.

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Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, Canada

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My post office..... Province.....

SEED PRICES

Single Packets 2c. each postpaid. Special Lots—27 packets for 50c.; 44 packets for 75c.; 66 packets for $1.00.

ALL PRICES POSTPAID.

I am enclosing $..... for..... packets, to be sent post paid to me.

SEED PRICES

Single Packets 2c. each postpaid. Special Lots- 27 packets for 50c.; 44 packets for 75c., 66 packets for $1 00.

ALL PRICES POSTPAID

MARK DOWN ON THIS LIST THE SEEDS YOU WANT

Number of Packets Wanted	VEGETABLES
..... 1)	**Beans**—Golden Wax or Butter
..... 2)	**Beet**—Eclipse, Round Turnip
..... 3)	" Egyptian, Flat Round
..... 4)	" Long Smooth Blood Red
..... 5)	**Cabbage**—Early Winningstadt
..... 6)	" Fottler's Drumhead
..... 7)	" All Seasons
..... 8)	" Early Summer.
..... 9)	" Savoy Drumhead
.....10)	" Mammoth Red Rock
.....11)	**Carrots**—½ Long Scarlet Luc (Danvers)
.....12)	" Oxheart or Guerande
.....13)	" Early Scarlet Short Horn
.....14)	" ½ Long Scarlet Nantes
.....15)	**Cauliflower**—Early Paris
.....16)	" Early Snowball
.....17)	**Celery**—Golden Self-Blanching
.....18)	" Giant White Solid
.....19)	" White Plume
.....20)	**Corn**—Stowell's Evergreen
.....21)	" Early White Cory
.....22)	" Crosby's Early Sugar
.....23)	**Cucumber**—Chicago Pickling
.....24)	" Long Green
.....25)	" Improved White Spine
.....26)	" Early Cluster
.....27)	" Green Prolific
.....28)	**Leek**—English Flag
.....29)	**Lettuce**—Nonpareil (Cabbage)
.....30)	" Denver Market (Curled)
.....31)	" Hanson
.....32)	" Prizehead
.....33)	**Musk Melon**—Early Hackensack
.....34)	" Montreal Nutmeg
.....35)	**Water Melon**—Early Canada
.....36)	" Peerless
.....37)	**Citron**—For Preserving
.....38)	**Onion**—Large Red Wethersfield
.....39)	" Yellow Globe Danvers
.....40)	" Small Silverskin (for Pickling)
.....41)	**Parsnip**—Hollow Crown
.....42)	**Parsley**—Moss Curled
.....43)	**Peas**—Extra Early

Number of Packets Wanted	VEGETABLES (continued)
.....44)	**Peas**—Little Gem
.....45)	" American Wonder
.....46)	**Pepper**—Ruby King
.....47)	**Pumpkin**—Large Cheese
.....48)	**Radish**—Rosy Gem (White Tipped)
.....49)	" French Breakfast.
.....50)	" Early Long Scarlet
.....51)	" Mixed Turnip Varieties
.....52)	" Early Scarlet Turnips
.....53)	" Black Spanish (Winter)
.....54)	" Rose China (Winter)
.....55)	**Salsify**—Mam. Sandwich Island
.....56)	**Spinach**—Round Summer
.....57)	**Squash**—Vegetable Marrow (English)
.....58)	" Hubbard

Unsolicited Testimonial

For Hudson's Bay North-West Seeds

Chering, Sask., Dec. 2, 1909.

I wish to say the garden seeds which I purchased from your Company last spring were the finest lot of vegetables I ever raised. I thought, owing to them being cheaper than other seeds, they must be poorer quality, so I sowed more to make up for shortage and, as for Carrots, I will have enough to feed my stock for about 3 months, which I never figured on in time of seeding. Wishing you success, I remain

Yours most truly (Signed) N. W. McLeod.

.....59)	**Squash**—Boston Marrow
.....60)	**Tobacco**—Connecticut
.....61)	**Tomato**—New Earliana
.....62)	" Extra Early Atlantic
.....63)	**Turnip**—Rennie's Prize Swede
.....64)	" Red Top Strap-leaf
.....65)	**Herbs**—Sage
.....66)	" Savory
.....67)	" Marjoram

Number of Packets Wanted	FLOWER SEEDS
.....68)	**Alyssum**—Sweet
.....69)	**Aster**—Mixed
.....70)	" Comet Mixed
.....71)	" Branching Pure White

Number of Packets Wanted	FLOWER SEEDS (continued)
.....71)	**Aster**—Branching, Mixed
.....73)	**Bachelor's Button**—Centaurea
.....74)	**Balsam**—Mixed
.....75)	**Calliopsis** (Coreopsis)
.....76)	**Candytuft**—Mixed
.....77)	" White
.....78)	**Canterbury Bells**, Campanu
.....79)	**Carnation**—Mixed
.....80)	**Chrysanthemum**—Mixed
.....81)	**Climbers**—Mixed
.....82)	**Cockscomb** (Celosia)
.....83)	**Double Daisy**—Bellis
.....84)	**Eschscholtzia** (California Poppy)
.....85)	**Forget-Me-Not** (Myosotis)
.....86)	**Four-O'clock** (Marvel of Peru)
.....87)	**Foxglove**
.....88)	**Gaillardia**—Mixed
.....89)	**Gourds**—Mixed
.....90)	**Heliotrope**
.....91)	**Helichrysum, Everlasting**
.....92)	**Ice Plant**
.....93)	**Japanese Hop**
.....94)	**Larkspur**—Mixed
.....95)	**Marigold**—Mixed
.....96)	**Mignonette**—Sweet
.....97)	**Morning Glory**—Tall mixed
.....98)	**Nasturtium**—Tall Mixed
.....99)	" Dwarf Mixed
.....100)	**Pansy**—Mixed
.....101)	**Petunia**—Mixed
.....102)	**Phlox**—Mixed
.....103)	**Pinks** (Dianthus)
.....104)	**Poppy**—Mixed
.....105)	**Portulaca**—Mixed
.....106)	**Scarlet Runners**
.....107)	**Stocks**—Ten Weeks
.....108)	**Sunflower**—Mixed
.....109)	**Sweet Peas**—Mixed
.....110)	**Sweetwilliam**
.....111)	**Verbena**—Mixed
.....112)	**Wallflower**—Mixed
.....113)	**Wild Flower Garden**
.....114)	**Zinnia**—Mixed

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Fill Out List of Names and Post Office Addresses of Your Friends Who Now Buy Goods by Mail

NAME	P. O. ADDRESS	NAME	P. O. ADDRESS
1.		7.	
2.		8.	
3.		9.	
4.		10	
5.		11	
6.		12.	

Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, Canada

The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

Power of Personality.

Personality is concentrated thought. A man is always great when he is thinking great thoughts. When a man endulges in great thoughts to such an extent that they become to him a second nature—a very part of himself—then his soul flings off a fragrance which we call "influence," or the power of personality. A man without special gifts such as "presence," or "eloquence" or "magnetism" may thus exert wonderful influence and strangely affect the lives of others. Listen to Robert Collyer in "Some Memories:"

"I went into the debate as a duck goes into the water, but argued the best I knew for the gradual abolition of the curse—slavery—because I believed this was the good and safe way. But one evening Lucretia Mott came to the meeting and spoke as one who was moved by the holy ghost. She held no argument: she just poured out her soul on us."

Society.

Society is necessary. Society is a God-given opportunity for the exchange of gifts. Society is the point at which the world "touches elbows." Society brings us in touch with humanity. Society keeps us in touch with the world. Society is just as necessary to the mind as solitude is desirable for the soul. But when society becomes a god it becomes a curse. People who live for society live for the shell of things. They become shallow, foamy and superficial. Dr. Charles H Parkhurst, of New York, is credited with the following:

"A wealty girl in a New York church wishing to do practical Christian service offered her help in the church's mission Sunday-school. She soon found it necessary to stop—it was so embarrassing to meet her girls at work behind shop counters and not be able to recognize them. At a Sunday morning service in a Fifth Avenue church the pastor had recived several young married people into fellowship. He requested the church-members to call. 'I ask this,' said he, 'as the recognition of your relations within the church; it will not in the least, you understand, involve social recognition.'" Heaven save us from such nonsense.

Great Convictions.

Unless you are capable of a great conviction you are not really great. It is not enough to think clearly—you must feel deeply. Sincerity is the white light of the soul. Intensity is sincerity at white heat. You are never so near God as when you are thrilled by the power of a great idea. Great reformers to a man have been intense and the strange thing about it all is that usually our grandest thoughts come to us in youth. The orator's last appeal is nothing more than his first grand thought in full bloom. It has been said of John Brown, "whose soul is marching on," that "his opposition to slavery was like that of no other person. It was scarcely a compliment to him' to say that he was highly regarded by the Abolitionists; their feeling toward him had in it more of awe than admiration. At all times he would rather fight than discuss slavery. He began to dislike it when he was twelve years of age. His business, him family, his patriotism were all subordinated to the one dominant purpose of hurling himself, and everybody else who would follow him, against the system. He would judge and estimate all persons by what they thought and felt about slavery."

Inspiration.

Follow every good inspiration until inspiration becomes the law of your life. You may make a mistake but you will also make progress. Progress is the most important fact in human experience. The greatest genius is a genius for growth. Inspiration is the vital breath of the soul. No man can grow who does not expand the lungs of his soul. Inspiration is expansion. Great men follow a "lead." They lean upon an invisible guide. The best things are brought to us by an unseen hand. From my notebook I cull the following concerning Morse, the inventor of the ocean cable.

A dear friend told me many years ago how he met Morse in a company, and said to him, "Are you not proud, sir of what you have done?" And he answered, "No, I am not proud, because I always feel these things were not done by me, but through me."

Granite Walls.

When you find yourself face to face with a granite wall, stop and consider. Does God intend that you shall tunnel that wall or does he intend that you shall change your course. A good tunnel is a splendid thing but unnecessary tunnels are exceedingly expensive. I will blast rocks if God commands me to do so, but it may be that providence is seeking to guide rather than command me. Before you blast the rock of an obstacle stop and consider. Now for my usual quotation.

"There is an inscription over the main doorway of the old castle at Harewood, some miles from Ilkley, which runs, 'Vat sal be sal.' I think of it sometimes as I muse over the years—'What shall be shall,'—and also those lines of Cardinal Newman—'A strong and gentle pressure tells me I am not self-moving, but borne upward on my way."

Born—Died.

"Born—Died"—there you have the biography of many a man in two words. "He begat sons and daughters" and "died"—simply and only a link in the chain of destiny. Standing in the circle of humanity they simply held the hands of those who were next to them. Like a drop in the ocean their removal calls for no readjustment of the universe. O, for just one splendid achievement!—one deed, one verse, one song, one daring stroke,—some one act which would make life worth while.

"Renan describes a visit to a forlorn cemetery outside a little town, where the forgotten dead lay buried under ugly tombstones, some fallen, some still standing, on which their whole lives were summed up in two dates, birth and death. The sight affected him profoundly."

Useless Regrets.

Young man, are you aware that this is a young man's column? At the top of this page should be written the words, "No admittance except on business." We are not writing for fun, pleasure or amusement, although there is a little of all three in the performance of our literary task. But we would like to transcribe a thought where it will last the longest, even on the sensitive tissues of the soul. Young man, when you are seventy years of age (and that is not as far off as you are often prone to think) you will thank God for the memory of every kind act to which you treated yourself. By way of contrast I clip the following:

"Carlyle never meant to be unkind to his wife, but in his late years he thought that he had sacrificed her health and happiness in his absorption in his work; that he had been negligent, inconsiderate, and selfish. 'For many years after she had left him,' writes Mr. Froude, 'when he passed the spot where she was last seen alive, he would bare his gray head in the wind and rain—his features wrung with unavailing sorrow. 'O,' he often said to me, 'if I could but see her for five minutes to assure her that I really cared for her throughout all that! But she never knew it, she never knew it!'"

Youth.

Youth means prophecy. Youth means opportunity. Youth means the luxury of choosing and the thrilling splendor of winning. Youth means the morning, the dew drop and the song bird. Youth means the fascination of trial, experiment and investigation. Youth means hope, expectation and anticipation. Youth means the shaking of the dice box of the possible and the probable. O, Youth, thou ever art holy, beautiful, lovely. Thank God for youth. From the Christian World we quote:

"Mr. T. P. O'Connor reports an interview with Mr. Andrew Carnegie: 'As we drove to the station I was remarking how I envied him his wealth. He said, 'I am not to be envied. How can my wealth help me? I am sixty years old, and cannot digest my food. I would give all my millions if I could have youth and health.' Then I shall never forget his next remark. We had driven some yards in silence, when Mr. Carnegie suddenly turned, and in hushed voice, and with bitterness and depth of feeling quite indescribable, said: 'If I could make Faust's bargain, I would. I would gladly sell anything to have my life over again.' And I saw his hand clinch as he spoke.'"

Slow but Deep.

Slow but sure. Slow but deep. Slow but thorough. Slow but certain. Slow but accurate. Slow but reliable. A thing well done is like a square block in a granite wall. It needs little mortar. What you do thoroughly—you fix in your memory, write on your soul, paint on your imagination, and carve into the walls of your skull. All the laws of gravitation centre inward for the thorough man. He can be relied on and he can rely on himself.

"The editor of the British Weekly, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, says that Dr. Dods was the best friend and the most Christlike man he had ever known. He speaks particularly of his 'grand character,' his wonderful kindness, his magnanimity, his veracity. Of his extraordinary accuracy Dr. Nicoll says: 'He never made a mistake that I know of in matters of fact. Those who challenge his accuracy had reason to regret their temerity.'"

Plow Points.

A lie will bring you quick results but no premiums. A lie will look well for an hour but show shabby for a year. A lie will bring you cash but cut your credit. A lie will bring you velvet for a moment but hard circumstances for a decade. A lie is a commercial fake, a social fraud, an intellectual makeshift, a theological blunder and a universal failure. Don't lie! Read this:

"He had just moved into the settlement, and it was the first or second time he had been to town. He came into the store and asked the proprietor: 'Are these plow-points tempered enough?' 'No,' said he, 'I think not; I tried some of them and they are soft.' When the farmer had gone out I said to the proprietor: 'Why didn't you tell that man that the plow-points were well-tempered and hard, and would do the work he required of them? Why, you told him the naked truth and missed a sale; you're a strange man.' But as long as I stayed in that community, that man had a customer who would spend his last dollar on him."

Good Points.

Every man has his good points and ought to be credited with them. Your neighbor may have quarrelled with you concerning the location of that fence, stood in your way in a political campaign, differed with you concerning the "Budget," opposed you in the expression of your religious views, interfered with you by keen commercial competition, stood in your way when a valuable appointment was within your reach—but—but—but—he has his good points and you will rise in the estimation of all by acknowledging them. Ignore your dislikes and be generous.

"One of the loveliest things ever written about Queen Victoria is in the published diary of the Duchess of Teck, which contains this quotation from the Queen: 'God has been so good to me that now, in my old age I want to confess that I have not any dislikes.'"

Jay Gould.

When Jay Gould was worth one hundred million dollars he laid aside ten million dollars, so protected by legal forms, that by no possible chance or change of circumstance could anybody get it out of his grasp and control. He held his money but lost his health. He found that the uncertain element in his life was in his body if not in his bank. Ever remember that we are living in an uncertain world.

"'A burglar-proof safe,' Edison further stated, while on the subject of metals and their qualities, 'is as impossible to make as an unsinkable boat. You can make a safe of nickel steel which you may not be able to bore or crack, but there is no safe that is not at the mercy of a dynamite cartridge. A burglar can carry in his pocket power sufficient to break open a dozen safes. An absolutely burglar-proof safe is as difficult to make as perpetual motion is to find, for as soon as a material is invented which will resist the most powerful explosive known, chemists go to work and evolve some other substance which will destroy it. That is the whole history of armor-plating and big guns.'"

Say So!

I gave my seat to a young lady in the street car the other day and she accepted the gift without even a smile of appreciation. She might have said "Thank you!" but the beautiful creature was too preoccupied for that. The fair maiden sank down into the velvet cushion as if it belonged to her. I said to myself, "You need something more than a seat." Forget not, the world appreciates appreciation.

Mr Surgeon once told of a faithful old servant who one day gave his master notice: "What, John, are you going to leave me?" said the master. "Yes, sir," said John, "I am going to leave." "But John," replied the master, "don't I pay you enough wages?" "Yes, sir, the money you give me is all right." "Then why leave me?" "Well," answered John, "I have made up my mind to go." "But, John, you have been all around the world with me." "Yes, I have sir, and you never once said, 'Well done, John.'"

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The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By PEARL RICHMOND HAMILTON.

An Ideal for Every Young Woman.

Every young woman is placed on this earth for a work to do. God must have in His mind an ideal for every girl. The harmony and happiness of life consists in finding in her vocation the employment of her highest faculties and of as many of them as can be brought into action. Every worthy vocation requires discipline. The test which tries the reality of a seeming vocation is the readiness to submit to patient training and severe correction. Florence Nightingale, the woman to whom modern nursing owes its first impulse and the heroine of the Crimean war, stood this test.

Feeling a strong desire towards the art of nursing, she visited every hospital she could find and finally resolved to spend several months in the Pastor Fliedner Institution, at Kaiserswerth, where the sternest and strictest views of practical duty were daily required and practiced. This is her advice to young women:

"I would say to all young women who are called to any particular vocation, qualify yourselves for it, as a man does for his work. Submit yourselves to the rules of business, as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed; for He has never said that He will give success and blessing to inaccurate and unfinished work. Three-fourths of the whole mischief in women's lives arises from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered useful for men."

A Beautiful Face.

Beauty is not skin deep, but soul deep. A beautiful face indicates a right way of living. Beautiful thoughts make a beautiful mind, a beautiful mind makes a beautiful character, and a beautiful character makes a beautiful face. The face is the reflection of the life within. A useful life shows itself in a face that radiates an outflashing of a personality rare and sweet and fine. The face of Florence Nightingale was not easily forgotten—pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession and giving, when she wished, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. She had a mind disciplined to restrain every feeling that would interfere with her work.

Great Recognition.

Queen Victoria presented Florence Nightingale with a magnificient cross set with diamonds and sent her an autograph letter of thanks, and she was invited to stay as a guest at Balmoral when the Prince Consort wrote to a friend. "We are much pleased with her. She is extremely modest." The Sultan of Turkey gave her a bracelet as a mark of his estimation of her devotion. Mr. Sidney Herbert, speaking of her from his place in parliament, declared: "I have received not only from medical men, but from many others letters full of praise of her. No higher words of praise could be applied to woman for the wonderful energy, the wonderful tact, the wonderful tenderness, combined with the extraordinary self-devotion which have been displayed by Miss Nightingale."

The Discontented Farm Girl.

We so often view successful women from too great a distance and do not realize that they had the same difficulties to contend with that many of us have. Women before us have done so much for us that we should show our gratitude by doing something for those who will live after us. It is the only way a young woman can get a square deal with her obligations to the race, and let me say a word right here to the discontented girl on the farm, because I know so many think there is no opportunity for a high vocation in life on the farm.

Often the girl on the farm thinks the call of the city more important to her future life than the cry from the fields and soil. The farm's call is more important, my dear girl—the city is too crowded now with a womanhood crushed by stupendous competition and burdens. James J Hill says: "The glare of the city robs the fields of young women when they are young and the glare of the city destroys their usefulness. Is it a situation of this kind that you wish to face?

Look over your father's meadows, look at the contentment in your mother's garden. Are poverty, sickness, crime your companions there? Wherever your skirts swing they touch growing things—the grain, the grass, the flowers and vegetables; all that makes the life of man. But in the depths of the city to which you will have to descend if you enter upon the struggle for existence there, your eyes and hands will come in contact with misery. When you become tired of the farm, these facts you must consider if you intend to be honest with yourself. The misery, the unrest, the discontent of the world are not congesting themselves on the farms, but in the large cities, and in the cities the majority of men and women who apply for charity are under fifty years of age. They are whipped while the prime of life is at their door. Where the corn and wheat flourish, where the cattle are sleek, where the soil is studied and understood, the charity applicant is almost unknown. Now, I take it from the new expression on your face that you have never studied the city and the farm from this standpoint. Your angle of view has been wholly a selfish one. Aside from your lack of knowledge of what a city really is, you have forgotten the necessities of your parents, their hungry desire to be able to lean upon your young strength and enthusiasm and see those qualities make the old farm better than it ever was before. But you are a girl! There are no boys in the family. A girl cannot farm. Fie upon such assertions! Has there ever existed a law forbidding a woman to farm? Is there a single phase of farm work that a woman cannot do as well as a man if she puts her intelligence to it? Why, in the United States and Canada there are today 175,000 capable women farmers and their number is increasing every day! They are managing and operating splendid properties. Farming has become a profitable and scientific pursuit. Farm work offers to a young woman as broad a field of energy, with financial reward, as any other calling she may determine upon. In truth, from my point of view, I think the farm and its varied interests offers her a broader field than any other work she could pursue."

Useful Application of Ambition.

Few girls lack ambition, nearly every young woman loves praise and longs for success to come to her vocation. The desire to achieve, and achieveing, however, are two different things. In choosing your career, direct your work towards improving life conditions. A selfish career means ruination to your own character and a loss to humanity. Annie Louis Cary said: "My voice does not belong to me. It belongs to the world. The great waited for her while she turned to minster to the needy. She made her ambition useful to humanity and when the final night came for her last appearance in public and she sang "Annie Laurie," women sobbed, and tears streamed down the faces of strong men. She had realized her ambition and was helpful and unselfish in the accomplishment.

Now, in determining your career analyze your own capacities. Determine the consequences of any step you are about to take.

The Study of Self.

In studying self do not study yourself moodily. Try to examine your shortcomings and their needful remedies. Meet the little events that come up in life with a cheerful spirit. It is by the lessons we learn through them that we gain strength to meet the crisis of our life worthily, and are enabled to come through the "valley of decision" with our heads high. All of the events of life are tests of character. Habit is the surest, quickest way to form character, and the only way. Lay down a few habits of thought and action in your mind as a foundation for all that you may be able to develop in your character as you grow older. There must be a few roots or there can be no flowers. I will give a few characteristics that are necessary for a woman to develop personality.

Characteristics of Personality.

Inaccuracy is a fault more common to women than to men, therefore I would say cultivate accuracy. Try to be a girl who can "be depended upon." Your friends will feel very soon whether or not you have this quality of truth, "dependability." They will be quick to respond to it and do their best for you. Then we must have self-control. Fault-finding, gossip and criticism run wild without self control. If young women have self-control they are prepared to give judgment.

A young woman needs to know what is worth taking into her life and mind and what is best to throw out. Judgment comes with experience. Judge your friends, your amusements, your study, your environment with a view of learning from them. Give your love to a girl who has strength in her nature to respond. Do not waste it upon a weak or deceitful friend. In the matter of friendships, no habit is more useful than the habit of discernment. Discern your capabilities and then judge what is best to do.

A Taste for the High.

Cultivate a taste for the high, the pure, the noble in life and draw all possible forces into your existence. Demand of life a fair return for all enthusiasm and love you put into it and your time will not be wasted. Be careful of the choice of your friends, your amusements and your reading. The wise choice of these may be the means of your realization of success in your vocation.

Influence of Women in Great Events.

When the children of Israel were undivided and oppressed, and anarchy and terror stalked through the country, a woman who was a judge and military leader organized a national resistance and through her courage and personality Israel remained at peace for forty years. That woman was Deborah. The thoughts of Israel triumphant and marching into Canaan burned in her heart in the channels of strong patriotic sentiment and prepared the way for national unity.

The story of ancient Rome filled the heart of the mother of the Gracchi with patriotism and she realized her ambition in the work of her two great sons.

The great Christian convictions burned in the heart of the mother of Alfred the Great. She, too, influenced history. Then there is Joan of Arc, who obeyed "the voices" within her and led an army to victory, and Madame de Stael was influential enough to turn the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, and thus I might name many other women whose courage influenced the tides of history. The lives of famous women fill us with inspiration.

Courageous Young Women.

You may remember the story of the Englishman who, in making an after dinner toast, said: "May our boys be pure and our girls be brave!" A friend, supposing he had blundered, whispered, "You mean to say, May our boys be brave and our girls be pure." "No," he replied, "I mean what I said. Our boys are sure to be brave and our girls to be pure. I want to be sure that the girls will be brave and the boys pure." Why should not the girls be expected to show courage? The highest form of courage is moral courage. The bravest men are brave by virtue of their souls. Women have not come to their growth as women unless they are ready to face the risks of life without flinching. When Joan of Arc was told that if she did not give in they were ready to torture her, she replied: "God has ever been my master in what I have done; the devil has never had power over me. Though you should tear off my limbs and pluck my soul from my body I would say nothing else." Raised up after temptation, she seemed to have mounted a step nearer the source of grace.

Why Young Women Fail to Realize Ambitions

Where there is a resolute determination to improve the intellectual and moral faculties, all obstacles have a fair chance of being successfully overcome. It is usually the will more than opportunity or natural capacity that is deficient. Mary Somerville was an excellent example of a woman who became great by overcoming difficulties. When a child she had little opportunity for education but she said, "If young women are given a desire for knowledge it is not wrong to acquire it, and she gained her education through self-culture. Her studies occupied only spare hours, such as are usually spent by young women in idleness. She had to take part in household affairs and make her own clothes but she studied until she received European recognition as a scholar.

When left a widow with two children her friends thought her very foolish to work so hard in her study of mathematics. They expected that with her independent means she would entertain them with costly receptions. She laughed at and cared nothing for their criticisms; continued to attend to her domestic duties and her studies. These same friends who ridiculed her later were forced to praise and honor her.

Mrs. Somerville never allowed herself to be withdrawn from what was due to her family and household in her pursuit for literary and scientific knowledge. The thing that helped her was the power of laying down and taking up a subject at pleasure; she was also indebted to a singular capacity for abstracting the mind from what was going on before her eyes. She could hear a great deal of silly talk and be thinking all the time about mathematical problems. There are young women in village homes and young women on farms who think they have no opportunities to carry out their ambitions. Think of Mary Somerville, of her meagre chance for education, the chilling difficulties she had to encounter in her persevering efforts at self-culture, while never neglecting ordinary duties, and you have an example of a woman who realized her ambition through will-power.

Orkin's Millinery, Winnipeg

1590

We issue from time to time new catalogues. Send in your name and one will be mailed to you as soon as they are ready.

Two Leaders
Special
1910

We can only guarantee delivery of these two Hats if ordered during this month.

1591

The above two specials are made of French silk chiffon on wire frame, trimmed with all silk ribbon, fine black quills and jet ornament. They are most becoming Hats and can be worn early in spring and all through the summer season. Express prepaid, **$2.95.**

It's worth double the price we ask for same and will refund the money if you are not pleased with it

1603. A very large Gainsboro shape. The entire Hat is made of very fine quality silk peroxylin braid trimmed, beautiful imported flowers and foliage and all silk ribbon. Comes in black, maize, light blue, old rose, brown, navy. Express prepaid, **$6.50.**

1612

A very attractive and popular ladies' turban. Entirely hand made. Imported mohair braid laid around, all silk ribbon trimmed, handsome mount of imported violets. Comes in black only. Express prepaid, **$4.85.**

1610. A very handsome dress Hat. Made of German hair braid on wire frame. Artistically trimmed with daisies, foliage, two handsome buckles and all silk ribbon. Black, new blue, maize, old rose, brown and alice blue. Express prepaid, **$6.50.**

1618. A stunning new idea in a medium size mushroom turban. Made of silk peroxylin braid laid around imported roses, finished bow of all silk ribbon and handsome buckle. Comes in black, old rose, navy, brown, maize, olive. Express prepaid, **$6.00.**

THE Models illustrated above are marvels of style and value. Made of materials of indisputable quality. In sending order for Hat, send express or post office money order, payable to

HENRY B. ORKIN
259 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

Do Not Send Money in Plain Letters.

1620. A young ladies' new sailor, slightly drooping, made of imported fancy straw, braid trimmed, French flowers and foliage and velvet ribbon. Comes in black, burnt old rose, navy, brown and red. Express prepaid, **$4.85.**

Western Canada's G

The Best Results of Agriculture Comes From McKenzie's Seeds

McKENZIE

SPECIALLY SELECTED

They have the Real Strong Seed Life Necessary for the West

McKenzie's Selected Globe Onions

This Should Convince Beyond Doubt

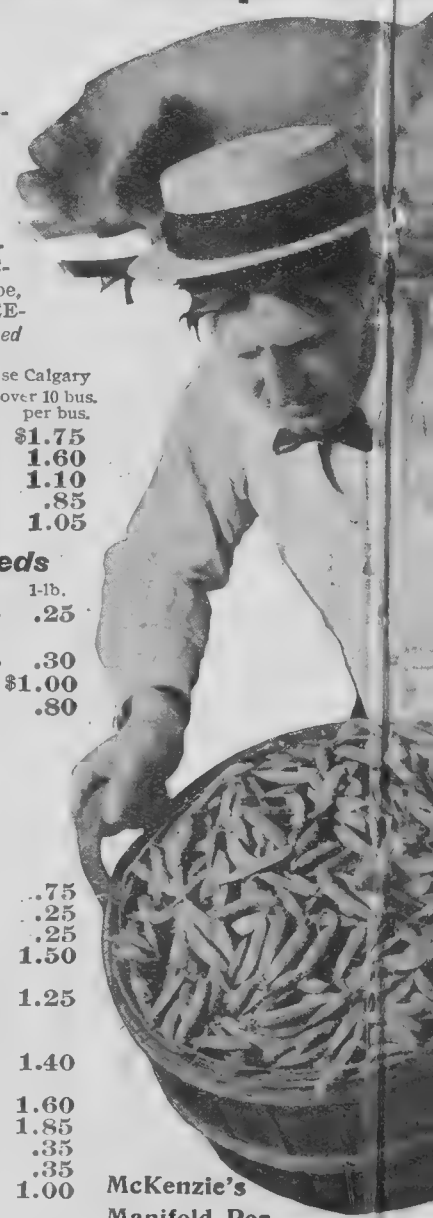
I have tested your Seeds in 1907, 1908, 1909 against other well known seeds and secured 50% more from McKenzie's Seeds, and they matured good and early.

A. J. HUNT.

Box 102, Dauphin, Man.

When Planters become as kee
as we are in selecting the seeds
the most difficult problem of agr
in Western Canada to advoca
the West. Continuous careful st
best seeds suitable to the varie
McKenzie's Seeds a reputation
Seeds that grow, and produce m

Good Crops from



McKenzie's Manifold Pea

McKenzie's Selected Globe Danvers Onion

This is one of the HIGHEST BRED STRAINS of the DANVERS TYPE GROWN. A MOST HANDSOME ONION of GOOD SIZE, VERY UNIFORM, SOLID, HEAVY and PERFECT SHAPE. In COLOR it is a RICH GOLDEN YELLOW of MOST STRIKING APPEARANCE. The NECK being SMALL, the TOPS RIPEN OFF CLOSE. The FLESH is SNOW WHITE, FIRM, MILD, JUICY and VERY FINE FLAVOR.

Postpaid prices, pkt. 5c., oz. 15c., ¼-lb. 40c., ½-lb. 75c, 1-lb. $1.40.

McKenzie's African Marigolds

This old FAVORITE of our GRANDMOTHERS is now on the HIGH WAVE of POPULARITY. In autumn when most other plants are past their prime, MARIGOLDS PRODUCE a WEALTH of COLOR that is almost INVALUABLE. BEARING FLOWERS of DAHLIA-LIKE APPEARANCE and of LARGE SIZE, they are EXCEEDINGLY STRIKING IN APPEARANCE, which, with their DIVERSITY of COLORS, make it WONDERFUL to behold. POSTPAID PRICE, CHOICE MIXTURE, PKT., 5c.

Grown for the West

Do Best in the West

McKenzie's Pedigreed Seed Grain

START RIGHT by GROWING SEED that will PRODUCE the LARGEST YIELD and BEST CROPS. OUR SEED GRAIN is so HANDLED by JUDICIOUS SELECTION, CULTIVATION and ENVIRONMENT that the CONSTITUTIONAL VIGOR and HIGHEST GERMINATION is RETAINED, thus MAKING THEM a SUPERIOR TYPE. EVERY KERNEL is a LIVE ONE. They are SELECTED from the HIGHEST DEVELOPED, FULLY MATURED KERNELS of STRONGEST VITALITY such as INHERIT the REAL STRONG ROBUST SEED LIFE NECESSARY to PRODUCE ABUNDANTLY. OUR SEED GRAINS cannot be, and are not, EXCELLED for PURITY, TRUENESS to TYPE and FREEDOM from NOXIOUS WEEDS. *Owing to the enormous demand for our seed grains we caution buyers to order early.*

Cotton Bags, 25c.	F.O.B. Brandon. per bus.	F.O.B. Brandon. over 10 bus. per bus.	Ex W'h'se Calgary per bus.	Ex W'h'se Calgary over 10 bus. per bus.
WHEAT, McKenzie's Gold Standard Red Fife	$1.65	$1.55	$1.85	$1.75
WHEAT, Gild Edge Selected Red Fife	1.50	1.45	1.65	1.60
OATS, Special Strain Banner	.90	.85	1.15	1.10
OATS, Newmarket	.90	.85	.90	.85
BARLEY, Six Rowed Mensury	1.05	.95	1.15	1.05

Catalog

Our Seed Annual is the finest in Canada. A post card will bring it.

McKenzie's Superior Vegetable Seeds

Prices Postpaid:—	Pkt.	Oz.	¼-lb.	½-lb.	1-lb.
BEAN, McK's Detroit Wax	.05			.15	.25
BEAN, McK's Matchless Greenpod	.05			.18	.30
BEET, McK's Extra Early	.05	.10	.35	.55	$1.00
BEET, McK's Flat Egyptian	.05	.10	.25	.45	.80
CABBAGE, KcK's Winningstad	.05	.20	.50		
CABBAGE, McK's Early Jersey Wakefield	.05	.20	.50		
CAULIFLOWER, McK's Early Snowcap	.25	$3.00			
CELERY, McK's White Plume	.05	.25	.75		
CELERY, McK's Giant Pacul	.05	.20	.60		
CARROT, McK's Ox Heart	.05	.10	.25	.40	.75
CORN, McK's White Cory	.05				.25
CORN, McK's Old Squaw	.05				.25
CUCUMBER, McK's Long Green	.05	.15	.45	.85	1.50
CUCUMBER, McK's Chicago Pickling	.05	.15	.35	.65	1.25
LETTUCE, McK's Prairie Queen	.05	.25	.65		
ONION, McK's Selected Globe Danvers	.05	.15	.40	.75	1.40
ONION, McK's Yellow Globe Danvers	.05	.15	.45	.85	1.60
ONION, McK's Red Wethersf'd	.05	.15	.55	1.00	1.85
PEA, McK's American Wonder	.05				.35
PEA, McK's Manifold	.05				.35
RADISH, McK's Rosy Gem	.05	.15	.35		1.00
TOMATO, McK's First-of-All	.10	.35	1.20		

McKenzie's Genuine Dwarf Essex Rape

Rape is one of the most valuable forage plants ever introduced. It is extensively and most successfully grown in every section of this Western country, and is fast being recognized as an absolutely essential crop for stock. 25 lbs. or more, 8c. per lb., f.o.b. Brandon; 25 lbs. or more, 9c. per lb., ex warehouse Calgary.

A. E. McKEN

Brandon, Man.

Seedsmen to We

a's Greatest Seed House

E'S SEEDS

BEST FOR THE WEST

s keenly alive to their own interests in buying Seeds
eeds we supply, then, and only then, will they solve
of agriculture. We were the First Seed Institution
dvocate and specialize Seeds "especially adapted to
ful study and determination to produce the very
varied soils and climate of the West have given
tation for quality recognized everywhere as the
uce most and best.

A Real Live Robust Plant from Every Seed

McKenzie's Selected Bovee Potatoes

rom McKenzie's Seed Grow

McKenzie's New Crop Grasses and Clovers

GRASSES and CLOVERS are ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY to MAINTAIN the PRODUCTIVE CAPACITY of the SOIL. SUCCESSFUL AGRICUTLURE cannot be carried on without them. NATURALLY, the FIRST CONSIDERATION is the SEED you SOW. WE KNOW our GRASS and CLOVER SEED will stand the KEENEST TEST for PURITY. They are SELECTED under MICROSCOPIC TEST and of the HIGHEST TYPE, CHOICEST and CLEANEST SEED GROWN. FULLY MATURED, HIGHEST GERMINATION, BRIGHT COLOR, PLUMP and TRUE to TYPE.

Cotton Bags, 25c. each.	F.O.B. Brandon 50 lbs.	F.O.B. Brandon 100 lbs	Ex W'h'se Calgary 50 lbs.	Ex W'h'se Calgary 100 lbs.
TIMOTHY, Extra Choice	$4.00	$7.50	$4.50	$8.50
WESTERN RYE, Extra Choice	6.00	11.50	6.50	12.50
BROME, Extra Choice	6.75	13.00	7.00	13.50
CLOVER, Common Red	11.00	21.50	12.00	23.50
CLOVER, Alsike	10.00	19.00	11.00	21.00
ALFALFA, Lucerne	12.50	24.00	13.00	25.50

McKenzie's Superb Flower Seeds

	Prices Postpaid:—Pkt.
ASTERS, Comet, Victoria or Branching, Mixed	10c.
ANTIRRHINUM, Tall or Dwarf Varieties, Mixed	5c.
AGERATUM, Dwarf, Blue or White, Mixed	5c.
ALYSSUM, White or Yellow	5c.
BALSAM, White, Pink, Crimson or Mixed	10c.
CARNATIONS, Giant, Mixed	5c.
CALIFORNIA POPPY, Yellow, White, Cardinal or Mixed	5c.
CANDYTUFT, Dark Crimson or Mixed	5c.
CAMPANULA, Blue, White or Mixed	5c.
DIANTHUS, Finest Double, Mixed	5c.
DAISY, Burbanks New Shasta	15c.
HOLLYHOCK, Finest Single, Mixed	5c.
MARIGOLDS, African Double, Mixed	5c.
MIGNONETTE, Grandiflora, Finest Mixed	5c.
MORNING GLORY, Japanese, Finest Mixed	10c.
NASTURTIUM, Tall or Dwarf, Mixed	5c.
PANSIES, McKenzie's Giant, Mixed	10c.
PETUNIAS, McKenzie's Finest, Mixed	25c.
PHLOX, Grandiflora Drummondi, Mixed	10c.
POPPIES, Rhoeus Shirley, Mixed	10c.
SWEET PEAS, McKenzie's Prize, Mixed	10c.
SWEET PEAS, Laura Bell, Mixed	5c.
SWEET PEAS, Eckford's Hybrid, Mixed	5c.
SWEET PEAS, McKenzie's Spencer, Mixed	10c.

Catalog

The electros used in this ad. give an idea of the fine catalog we publish.

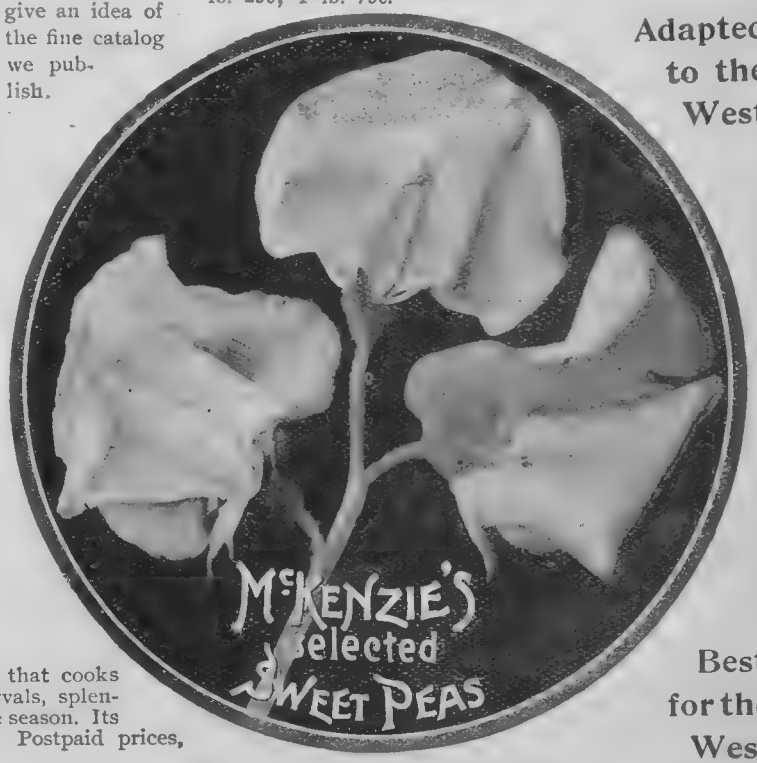
McKenzie's Selected Bovee Potatoes

In the POTATO WORLD, BOVEE HEADS the list, due to its EXTREME EARLINESS and SPLENDID YIELD. It is UNQUESTIONABLY the LARGEST YIELDING of any of the EARLY POTATOES, and in COMPETITIVE TRIALS has in a great many cases OUT-YIELDED even the late varieties. OVAL SHAPE, PINK COLOR and FINE, EVEN SIZE; SMOOTH, SHALLOW EYES. APPRECIATED for its RICHNESS, DRY FLOURINESS and HIGHLY PALATABLE FLAVOR. F.O.B. BRANDON, per bus., $1.75; EX WAREHOUSE CALGARY, per bus. $2.25. Write for prices on larger quantities.

McKenzie's Selected Sweet Peas

This STRAIN is COMPOSED of the VERY HIGHEST TYPE, MOST PERFECT and very LATEST CREATIONS. ONLY the VERY NEWEST and DESIRABLE COLORS and SHADES are INCLUDED, ESPECIALLY SELECTED for their GRACEFUL, FIRM, BEAUTIFUL COLORING and EXQUISITE FRAGRANCE. The vines are MOST VIGOROUS in GROWTH, VERY HEAVY FOLIAGE, COVERED in PROFUSION with FLOWERS. Postpaid prices, choice mixed, pkt. 5c oz. 10c, ¼ lb. 25c; 1 lb. 75c.

Adapted to the West



Best for the West

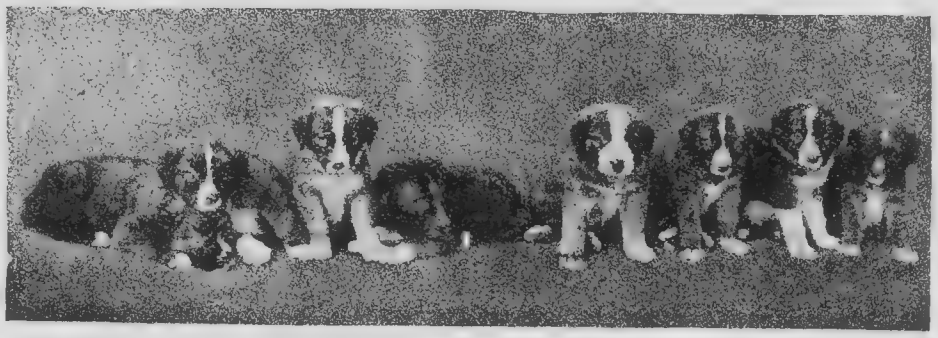
McKenzie's Manifold Pea

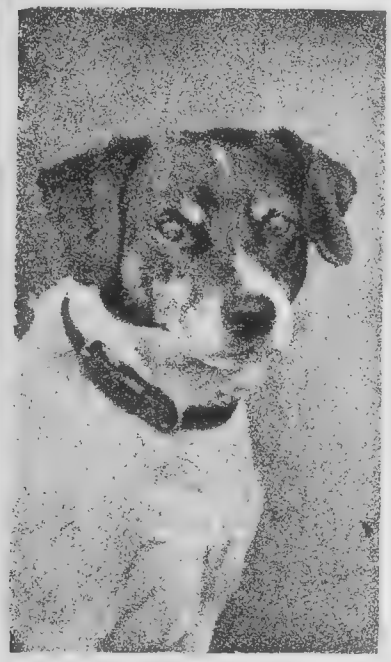
A wrinkled variety of unsurpassing sweetness, that cooks to a rich, mealy, buttered flavor. If sown at intervals, splendid delicious peas may be had throughout the entire season. Its compact growth makes it unusually productive. Postpaid prices, pkt. 5c., 1 lb. 35c., 5 lbs. $1.50.

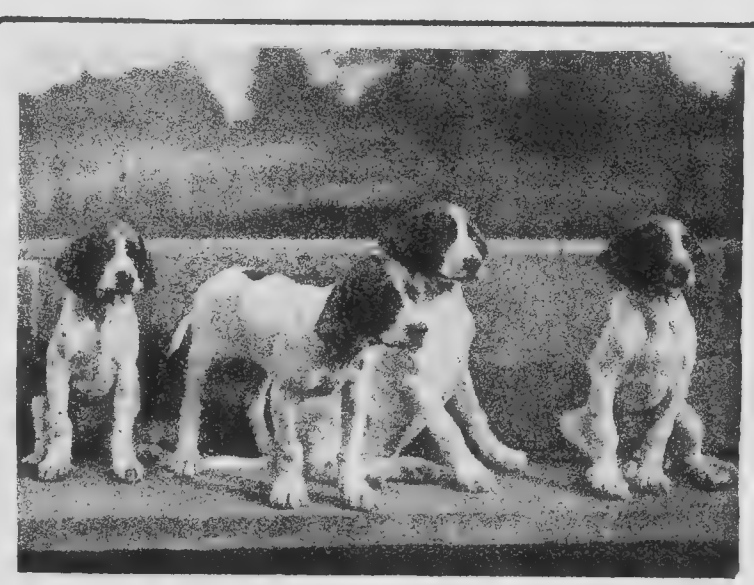
ENZIE CO., LTD.
Calgary, Alta.

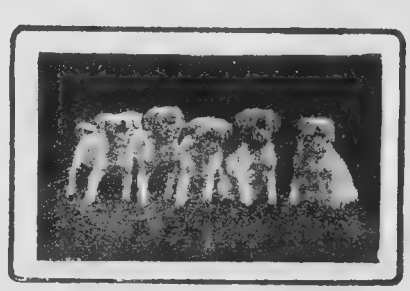
to Western Canada

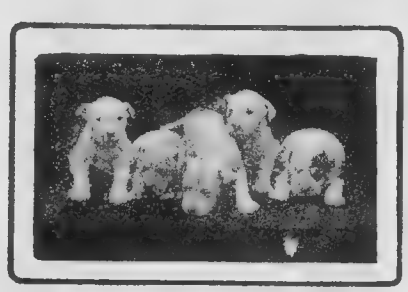
A Page of Puppies and a Dog or Two

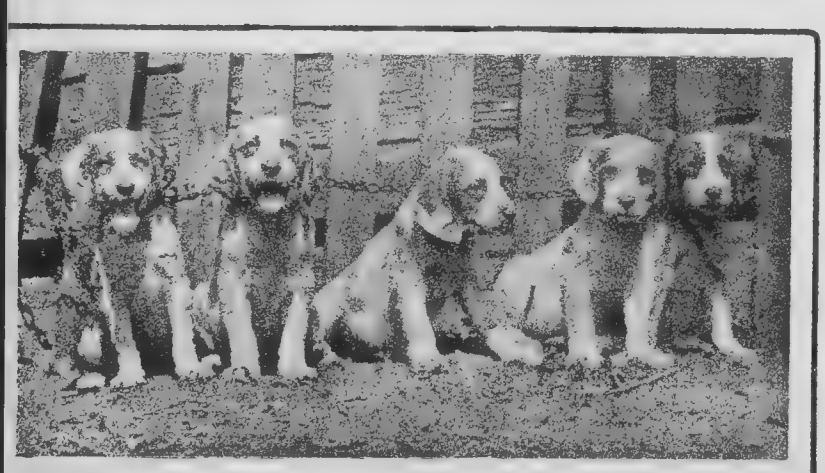












COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK

One Nursery Problem Solved

Your children need not be urged to brush their teeth with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Not only is it pleasant in flavor, but it cleanses thoroughly and antiseptically, prevents the growth of decay germs, and counteracts the effects of injurious acids in the mouth.

Also takes care of your gums—makes them firm and healthy; and your dentist will tell you how important it is to have healthy gums. Just as Colgate's efficiency acts as a bodyguard against disease; so its delicious flavor—that leaves your mouth cool and wholesome—disproves the theory that a "druggy" taste is necessary to efficiency.

Antiseptic-Delicious. Trial tube sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Colgate & Co., Dept. H.M. Coristine Bldg. Montreal, Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

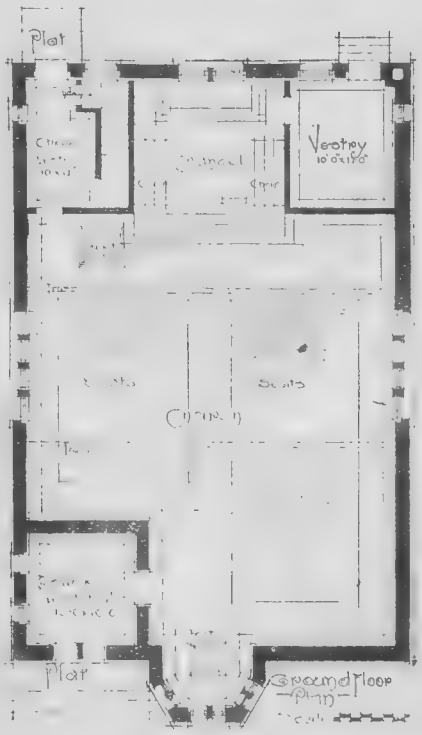
W. G. M. Shepherd, Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

Original Plans.

Prepared especially for the Western Home Monthly, by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg.

This is designed for an English church. It will seat about 300 of a congregation and with the addition of a gallery in the west end about fifty nine It is built of field stone, with shingled roof and tower stained. Interior finish is in fir, gloss edge grained fir. All windows are quarry leaded.

V. W. HORWOOD,
ARCHITCT.
TAYLOR BLOCK:
177 McDERMOT AVE., E.
WINNIPEG.



A Famous Jewel.

The Hope diamond, which has recently been sold by auction in Paris, weighs forty-four and a quarter carats, and, although valued at twenty-five thousand pounds, only realized sixteen thousand pounds. Like most famous stones it has a story in which tragedy strikes the dominent note. It once formed part of the French Crown jewels. Its possession is the story of a long series of tragedies—murder, suicide, madness, and various other misfortunes.

The first recorded Western owner was the great traveller, Jean Baptiste Tavernier, who was born in Paris in 1605. Tavernier, on his return from the East, sold twenty-five large diamonds to the "Grand Monarque" in 1668, and among them the diamond known by the name of Hope. Tavernier's son involved his father in such unfortunate speculations that he was compelled to sell his estate to pay his debts, and at the age of eighty-one to start on a fresh journey to the East; but he was attacked by fever and died. When it became part of the Crown jewels Madame de Montespan was in monopoly of the King's affections, and he yielded to her request to allow her to wear the famous blue diamond. But by a curious coincidence her influence over the king declined from about this time, and Madame de Maintenon took her place.

Nicolas Fouquet, Surintendant General des Finances, borrowed the diamond from Louis the Fourteenth for one of those costly fetes which he gave, and which appear to have aroused the jealously of the King. He kept it for some time; he then fell into disgrace, and was imprisoned.

Marie Antoinette became Queen of France, heard of its extraordinary beauty, and by the command of Louis the Sixteenth it was given to her. Marie Antoinette was beheaded, and the Princess de Lamballe, who sometimes borrowed the jewel, was killed by a Paris mob.

Its actual history during the next forty years will never be known. It is said that an Amsterdam diamond cutter, Wilhelm Fals, had been commissioned to cut it, but that it was stolen from him by his son. Fals was ruined and his son committed suicide. Young Fals gave the diamond to a Frenchman, Francis Beaulieu, and from him it passed to a London dealer, and in turn to the Late Henry Francis Hope, who purchased it for $18,000.

DUNN BROTHERS
WINNIPEG AND REGINA

"Galt Shingles"
Makes Barns Fire and Storm Proof

Crops, Implements and Cattle
all well cared for and safe from
FIRE AND STORMS
When your Buildings are covered with
GALT
Corrugated Iron, Steel Shingles, Sidings, Ceiling, etc. Cheaper than Lumber. Less Insurance and
NO WORRY.
"Galt Shingles"

Wholesale Distributing Agents
FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
Metal and Building Materials,
Steel Shingles, Sidings and Ceilings
Plain and Tarred Building Papers, Sheathing, etc.
1, 2 and 3 ply Ruberoid Roofing
Compo Board, a Substitute for Plaster
Eaves Trough and Conductor Pipe
Tarred and Plain Felts of all Weights
Galv. Iron Cornices, Skylights and Ventilators
Burlap, Paints, Nails, etc., etc., etc.,
In fact Everything for a Building.

Write NOW and get our Catalogues and Price Lists.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox: A little conceit is good for a man, but only a little.

Dorothy Dix: It is often more difficult to forget than it is to remember.

Lady Roberts: I am sure every woman hates and detests the thought of war.

His Excellency Wu-Ting-Fang: If the Chinaman in China learns a foreign language it is generally English.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson: Want of cleanliness is the most despicable of all crimes because it is so easily remedied.

Thomas Hardy: It ought not to be necessary to teach children to be kind to animals, but unfortunately it is.

Richard Harding Davis: By the time a man is fifty he ought to know whether his life account is going to show a profit or a loss.

Lloyd George: The first law of all our civilization is the co-operation of all individuals to improve the conditions of life.

James J. Hill: The people have the get-rich-quick bacillus. It's a fearful disease. It's the only menace to this country.

John Wanamaker: To achieve what the world calls success, a man must attend strictly to business and keep a little in advance of the times.

Lord Rosebery: No old institution, however ancient, however honored, however hallowed by tradition, can hope to remain unreformed.

Sir Oliver Lodge: It may surprise a great many people to learn that the first practical achievement in flying was accomplished in England a century and a half ago.

Count Mutsu: The Japanese woman will not be overshadowed by a mere man. She has always had a very honorable position in the conduct of the nation.

H. G. Wells: One of the great mistakes of the past has been to suppose that any woman with a little goodwill on her part and a great deal of good nature on the part of her partner can set up a very satisfactory home.

Lord Charles Beresford: When the English-speaking nations consolidate there will be an end to the great devastating wars, and what a simple matter it would be for all of us to unite, and what great benefit to humanity, and what great happiness it would mean to millions of people!

Andrew Carnegie: To the young man who would be a success in life I would give these hints: Always be courteous, always be friendly and do the best you can under all circumstances. When you marry, choose a good woman, a co-operative woman, one who will interest herself in whatever work it may be incumbent upon you to do.

W. D. Howells: Romance is eternal, sometimes in the study, sometimes in the drawing room, sometimes in the kitchen. Romance is what is round the next bend of the road and across the horizon. Yesterday is romantic and so is tomorrow. One's grandfather and one's grandchild are romantic; but one's brother and sister are not.

Thomas A. Edison: How ignorant we are! We don't know what gravity is, neither do we know the nature of heat, light, and electricity, though we handle them a little. We are only animals. We are just coming out of the dog stage, and getting a glimpse of our environment. We don't know; we just suspect a few things, and it will take an enormous evolution of our brains to bring us anywhere.

Merchants Distributing Company.

The Merchants' Distributing Company, whose opening announcement appears in this issue of the Western Home Monthly, is composed of ten of Winnipeg's foremost merchants, incorporated and centralized under a common name, with a view to giving those not having personal access to their incomparable stocks, the benefit of a service by mail, one in which no expense has been spared to make it the acme of perfection and satisfaction.

The Merchants' Distributing Company is the largest exclusive mail order corporation in Canada, as at the present time, the combined stocks of merchandise carried by its affiliated stores and warehouses in Winnipeg, represents in value almost two million dollars, thereby placing them in a position to meet every requirement regardless of the nature of the same.

This affiliation and organization means much to the mail order public. It means that the products of the world's greatest factories are placed at its disposal, assembled under one head, distributed by one staff and one shipping force direct to the consumer. The Merchants' Distributing Company have direct connection and maintain buying agencies in every principal manufacturing centre, London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal, eliminating all middlemen, and buying direct from makers and producers, entirely overcoming wasteful expenses so common in the present competitive condition of trade.

The company is composed of some of the oldest houses in Winnipeg. The strongest, most liberal and soundest, yet most conservative policy known, having been adopted, which is, highest quality, lowest possible prices, and prompt refund of purchase price of any article not satisfactory to the customer for any reason whatever no matter where the customer may live.

The permanent officers elected are:

T. J. Porte, of Porte & Markle—President.

J. A. Banfield, of Banfield's—Vice-president.

Lisgar J. Lang, of Russell, Lang & Co.—Secretary-treasurer.

J. C. Gordon, of Gordon, Mitchell Drug Co.—Director.

F. E. Cryder—Managing Director.

The Bovril Co.

Montreal, Jan. 22nd.—In the Superior Court His Honor Mr. Justice DeLorimier has rendered a judgment in favor of Bovril which is of great interest to all dealers in, and manufacturers of, trade-marked proprietary articles.

A certain firm of confectioners had been giving their customers various brands of beef extracts when asked for Bovril, and this being proven, His Lordship gave judgment restraining them from substituting in the future, and condemning them to pay damages to the Bovril Co., and also all costs of the action, which would be a very considerable amount.

The court thus rules that it is illegal for any dealer when asked for a certain article to mislead his customer by handing out some substitute and moreover establishes that the manufacturer who can prove such a case has recourse for substantial damages.

The judgment is apt to have far-reaching effect in preventing substitution not only in the case of Bovril, but in all goods sold on a name or trade-mark.

Empire Loan Company.

The annual balance sheet of the Empire Loan Company appears in this issue. The shareholders of this company met to consider the annual statement and elect directors on February 7. The President, Chas .M. Simpson, in moving the adoption of the report, expressed satisfaction at the substantial growth during the year, both in subscribed capital and invested funds, and stated that a personal inspection of the company's loans had shown the class of business done to be most gratifying, the average margin of security being almost 60 per cent. The company's satisfactory showing and the improved monetary conditions had made it possible to establish connections through which cheap money was being obtained, and the indications were that there would be no trouble in securing all the funds necessary for the rapid development of the company, which would result in a consequent increase of the earning power and strengthening of the reserve fund of the institution.

Alex. Simmers, A. N. McPherson and Dr. C. W. Clark also expressed their satisfaction at the state of the company's affairs, after which the election of directors took place, when the following were re-elected: R. H. Agur, H. H. Beck, Wm. Brydon, C. W. Clark, Richard McKenkie, A. N. McPherson and Charles M. Simpson. At a subsequent meeting of the board of directors, Charles M. Simpson was re-elected president and Dr. C. W. Clark, vice-president, and S. T. Jones was re-appointed secretary-treasurer.

Rennie's Seed Annual.

A handsome catalogue giving full descriptions of the best seeds that can be grown, as proved by the yearly increasing sales throughout the Dominion, neatly bound in lithographed covers with bright colors, illustrated by 250 engravings devoted to vegetables, flowers, field roots, grains, etc., showing good crops of some special varieties taken from nature. In the great Northwest the short-season varieties bring good results to every one that plants them. No seed buyer can afford to be without the Rennie Seed Annual, which tells you just what to plant in your garden for 1910. Write for it to-day.

A Story of the Dock Disaster.

A curious story is told of one of the men who escaped from the Newport dock disaster. In the confusion that occurred immediately after the accident a man was seen to emerge from the trench, brush the mud off his trousers, and climb the tank. He sat down, and some one who mistook him for a rescuer asked, "How are they getting on down below?" "I don't know," he replied, "I've been below myself, and I have just come out." He did not report himself, but went off with a comrade. As they were going away he said, "Hang it, I've left my coat and waistcoat down there and there's five shillings in the pocket!"

A VALUABLE VETERINARY BOOK ABSOLUTELY FREE.

This book which our readers have probably heard about in live-stock discussions, called "Zenoleum Veterinary Adviser," holds much that is of interest to farmers and stockmen, whether owners of few or many animals. It is valuable because it gives methods of treating all troubles, including the commonest, that all kinds of live-stock are subject to. It is carefully indexed, and shows the relation of celebrated Zenoleum Disinfectant and Animal Dip to domestic animal economy.

Zenoleum is a very popular remedy among owners of live-stock in every part of the world It is endorsed by forty-five Agricultural Colleges who unhesitatingly give it their recommendation

The Dominion Experiment Farm at Ottawa uses Zenoleum. Ask Professor Grisdale. The Ontario Agricultural College uses Zenoleum, Professor Day and Professor Graham endorse it. Most all the Dominion Government Departments use Zenoleum, where a disinfectant is necessary. The Canadian Pacific Railroad uses Zenoleum; so does the Grand Trunk Railroad.

This book has been prepared by the highest authorities at Agricultural Colleges, and they offer many suggestions of interest. The book is important, because it gives many descriptions of diseases and ailments, their cause, symptom, etc., that could hardly be had in such compact and reliable form in any other book we can now call to mind. There are sixty-four pages, splendidly printed in large readable type and well bound in a serviceable cover.

If you say you are a reader of this paper, you can have this book free by writing the Zenne, Disinfectant Company, 155 East Sandwich Street, Windsor, Ontario.

I believe those who send for it will be gratified Take my advice and send for it right away. Editor.

TYPEWRITING done privately. Five cents hundred words. Author's MSS, etc. Confidential work. MRS. WATTS, 255 Park St., Brandon, Man.

Westward Progress of the Auto.

(Continued from Page 36.)

cities are also taking up the light delivery van in increasing numbers every year, and where some forty or fifty horse rigs have been kept for this purpose, it has been found possible to do the same amount of work with less than half the number of motors. Special attention to this class of car is being given by the manufacturers in order to render them as simple as possible in operation and free from any elaborate mechanism, so that the necessity of obtaining special drivers is done away with. The motor is of course at its best where deliveries have to be made at a distance, as the car can be kept running at its full capacity throughout the trip, whereas in the case of the horse the rate of speed gradually falls as the horse becomes tired and consequently unable to keep up.

TRADE FEATURES.

In 1904, practically only three firms were doing business in Winnipeg and the total sales for the year would not realize what would now be considered a poor month's returns. This year Winnipeg has twelve automobile firms doing business in the city representing some fifty different makes of cars and the total output will probably reach the 2000 mark. The principal factor is the vast increase in the country buyers, hundreds of cars being shipped to small towns in the provinces. An illustration of this is shown by the photograph in this column of five cars sold in the small but progressive town of Carnduff, which will add considerable to this number in 1910.

Several cars are also being shipped to Dundurn, Newdale, Carberry, Rouleau, Antler, Sinclair, Pipestone, Reston, Melita and Estevan. In the larger towns and cities many cars are being sold in large quantities and many fine garages are being built to take care of the ever-increasing business. At Calgary, the McLaughlin Carriage Co. are adding to their already numerous branch automobile garages by the construction of a building capable of housing and caring for over 100 cars. At Brandon, the Reliance Machine Works have just completed a splendid steel and brick garage for the benefit of Wheat City motorists, whilst at Edmonton, Lethbridge, Moose Jaw and Regina the same state of affairs is noticeable.

COUNTRY HEADQUARTERS OF AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

The Winnipeg Automobile Club will this season have a country headquarters at the Goldsborough Farm, two miles north of Stonewall on the Balmoral trail. The building has been entirely remodelled to make it suitable for the purpose and the club has been incorporated under the Provincial laws. Amongst the alterations in the building is the provision of a large billiard room, card room and toilets on the first floor; private dining-room, public dining-room, entrance hall 24 by 26 feet, and a general room provided with a piano on the second floor. On the third floor provision has been made for two private dining rooms, ladies' lounge room and toilets and five bedrooms for the accommodation of members staying overnight. The fourth floor also has six bedrooms for members. For outside recreation purposes, tennis courts, croquet lawns, etc., have been laid out.

A large garage, giving accommodation for 20 cars is placed in a convenient and accessible position from the entrance and has accommodation for the chaffeurs, whilst waiting for the return trip.

In Kyoto there is, says Doctor Sigel Roush, a beautiful little zoological garden in which with characteristic Japanese cleverness the landscape gardener has contrived wonderful natural-looking lakes and streams for the waterfowl, arctic-appearing caves for the grizzlies, mountain ranges for the denizens of precipitous districts, and tropical jungle for the dwellers of the torrid zone. At the entrance of this park the rules are printed in English, a few of them running as follows—

"Those under the influence of liquors or of mental reasons who seems to trouble the order of the garden could be refused."

Under the item of things prohibited occur these references—

"To enter with dogs or others."

"To throw stones or other things at the animals or to hurt them with sticks."

This last warning seems to be particularly pertinent, for the Japanese middle-classes are strikingly child-like in their likes and demeanor when enjoying one of their numerous holiday outings. Grown men find amusement for hours in poking frogs, teasing animals, or indulging in other pranks not necessarily cruel but diversions the English boy outgrows in his 'teens.

"Many a dollar is lost by putting off until to-morrow. Send for catalogue to-day."
—*The Philosopher of Metal Town.*

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Steel Shingles

No building material like this—
"METALLIC"

is superior in every way. It is most economical—is easy and quick to lay or erect, saving expensive labor, and lasts a lifetime without continual repairs. Lightning, rain, wind or snow has no effect on "Metallic"—it is WEATHER, FIRE AND RUSTPROOF, the best material for all buildings.

Look over this list—all made from the finest quality sheet steel

"EASTLAKE" METALLIC SHINGLES. On buildings for 25 years, and still in perfect condition.
"METALLIC" CEILINGS AND WALLS. A handsome, sanitary decoration—lasts a lifetime.
"METALLIC" ROCK FACED SIDING. In brick or stone design for houses.
"MANITOBA" STEEL SIDING. The best for large buildings, elevators, mills, storehouses, etc.
CORRUGATED IRON—GALVANIZED OR PAINTED. For implement sheds or barns, fireproof and durable.

[You should read our interesting booklet "EASTLAKE METALLIC SHINGLES" and our new Catalogue No. 80. A post card with your name and address will bring them to you at once.

Agents Wanted in some Sections.
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TORONTO & WINNIPEG

2023

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DYER sells Fence at Factory Price

I can sell you Crown Wire or Iron Fence, any style, give you far better quality and save you money. Same on Metal Gates. I sell direct from Factory to you at small margin, saving you salesman, jobber and retailer profits. Never been done in Canada before. Over fifteen years experience in Fence and Gate business has taught me how. Let me quote you —I pay all freight. Don't buy Fence or Gates until you read my free booklet. **E. L. Dyer, Mgr., Crown Fence and Supply Co. Toronto, Can.**

Artificial Rubies.

Diamonds are composed of pure carbon, but most other precious stones consist of alumina, colored by various oxides. Hydrated silicates of alumina are known as clays and are found in vast quantities everywhere, but all varieties of crystallised alumina, or corundum, are comparatively rare. Some corundums are colorless, while others derive various tints from the presence of metallic oxides. Red, blue, green, and yellow corundums are used as gems and are known respectively as rubies, sapphires, oriental emeralds, and oriental topazes. Rubies and sapphires are by far the rarest and most valuable of these gems.

Many attempts have been made to produce rubies and sapphires synthetically by fusing alumina with coloring oxides and crystallizing the mass by cooling. The first partial success in the synthesis of colored corundum was obtained in 1837 by Gaudin.

In 1852 Ebelmen, Director of the National Porcelain Works at Sevres, produced rubies of microscopic size by heating a mixture of alumina, borax, and oxide of chromium in a porcelain kiln. St. Claire Deville and Caron succeeded in producing rubies, in the form of very thin crystalline laminae, and in 1865 Debray and Hautefeuille attacked the problem, but it was reserved for Fremy and his assistants, Feil and Verneuil, to solve it in a series of remarkable researches distributed over the period of 1877-1890.

The first "reconstructed" rubies appeared on the market in the early eighties. They were made by fusing ruby chips together, and their artificial character was easily detected by experts. Yet they had a brilliant appearance and sold for four or five pounds per carat, although they crumbled when they were cut.

The "scientific" rubies first appeared in commerce in 1901. They were made and are still made, by Paquier, Disclyn, and others, by the improved Verneuil process. Paquier's "scientific rubies" are physically, chemically, and optically identical with natural rubies. Both frequently contain microscopic air bubbles, which are called "frogs" by jewellers and "inclusions" by mineralogists, and which are spherical in the artificial rubies, but of various shapes in the natural gems. Moreover the planes of crystallisation characteristic of the natural ruby are not always discernable in the "scientific" ruby. But these slight differences are sometimes lacking. The eminent geologist Lacroix has expressed the opinion that it is impossible to decide with absolute certainty whether a ruby of fine color and free from inclusions is of natural or of artificial origin. On the other hand, Pinier, one of the leading gem experts of Paris, asserts that an artificial ruby can always be distinguised from a natural ruby.

A New Deal.

When the cards are shuffled and dealt again
On the other side of the day,
And the hand you held goes over the board
To the fellow that couldn't play.

We'll know whether you could take his hand
And play it as well as he
And whether the man with the thirteen trumps
Was the man he seemed to be.

Health and wealth and birth and worth
And wit are the cards you hold:
But the cards that were dealt to him
Were hunger and rags and cold.

Oh, it's easy to win with the winning hand
And to carry away the prize,
But hard to lose with a winning grace
In the selfish victor's eyes.

But the dealer that dealt us the good and ill
Will shuffle the pack anew;
Then the trumps will go to the man that lost,
And the losing cards to you;

And many a prize shall fall at last
To the fellow that couldn't play,
And the winner know how it feels to lose—
On the other side of the day.

—Franklin K. Gifford.

DON'T GAMBLE
$43.50

on quality when you buy a Cream Separator. Pay a fair price and demand a first class machine in return. **The Wingold is everything to be desired in a Cream Separator.** It is made of the best material, turns easily, skims closely, is easily washed, has low down supply tank, wing disc bowl, Phosphor bronze gear and bearings, positively the highest grade Cream Separator made.

Sold on Easy Payments, at prices that save 50% in cost. If you keep two or more cows you should own a Wingold Cream Separator.

Thousands now in use, and everyone giving satisfaction.

THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Don't pay two prices for an ordinary machine, but learn all about the

WINGOLD

and try in your own home, side by side with other makes, and if you are not convinced it is everything we claim, return it to us and we will refund your money and transportation charges. Only $43.50 for 350 lb. capacity. Other sizes at equally low prices.

Write to-day for Catalogue. Dept. H.

The Wingold Stove Co. Ltd.
181 BANNATYNE AVE., WINNIPEG.

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Poetry.

A Christmas Minuet.

When silver flutes and violins
In Christmas-land are sighing
A dreamy waltz that sets the feet
Of youths and maidens flying;
I see among the plain black coats
And girlish rosebud faces,
Strange figures of the long ago
Come out and take their places.

In stomachers and gay brocades
That Time has stained and faded,
In buckled shoes and velvet suits
With gold belaced and braided,
They tread a stately minuet,
The courtliest of dances,
And underneath the mistletoe
Renew their old romances.

When chimes are rung and carols sung
And snow the landscape covers,
The spirit of the olden time
Around the holly hovers.
Then every shadow to my gaze
A powdered head discloses,
And all the air is faintly sweet
With lavender and roses.

With lifted skirts of pink and blue
They courtesy down the middle
I hear, above the stops and strings,
The spinnet and the fiddle.
The creaking of a coach and four
Between the pines and laurels,
And footsteps in the frozen snow
That vanish with the carols.

Minna Irving.

The Isle of Quiet.

The Isles of Quiet lie beyond the years,
Hoar prophets say it; yet for all the tears
I doubt the saying of the seers.

I think that whoso seeks them here shall find:
That all with open, patient heart and mind
Shall drink their peace from sun and wind.

I think who will may share their psalm, begun
The hour when summer day is done,
And sky and field are growing one.

I know the foolish fancies fondest cling;
But I believe the still air's murmuring,
The sweet, far thing the thrushes sing.

John Vance Cheney.

A Tonching Verso.

At first she touches up her hair
To see if it's in place,
And then with manner debonair
She touches up her face.
A touch to curls behind her ear,
A touch to silken collar,
And then she's off to hubby dear—
To touch him for a dollar.

—Chicago News.

Compensation.

'Twas in the wilds of Africa,
One bright warm autumn day;
The birds and beasts were chattering,
The people were away.
At length upon a grassy knoll
Two men were seen to stand,
And one displayed his gleaming teeth
And waved his strong right hand.

Said he: "It may seem lonely here
Among the beasts and birds;
But one can bear the loneliness
When paid so much for words.
And then it is far pleasanter
These elephants to shoot,
Than 'tis to pat the G. O. P.
Including Mr. Smoot."

The strangers paused a little while
And then prepared to part.
Then said the one who had not looked:
"My friend you're very smart."
The other showed his wondrous teeth
And as he softly laughed,
Said: "When you reach your home again,
Give my regards to Taft."

W. F. Graham.

Dreamland.

Afar in the realms of Dreamland,
As light as the zephyr's wing,
With a world of beauty around me,
Where no shadows float or cling.

The roses' hue in the sunset,
The blue of the sea in the sky;
The windows a blaze of glory,
Where the sunbeams roam to die.

Naught but the breath of beauty—
Not a shade to dim the way,
Rosy and golden and starlike,
Like the dawn that heralds day.

Air as pure as the fountain,
On the cleft near Heaven's own blue.
Where the mantle of sun and shadow
Rests the whole day through.

Oh, afar in the realms of Dreamland,
The hours have passed away;
Oh heart, glad heart, there's a heaven
On earth if we find the way!

—Harriet C. Francis.

My Creed.

I would be true for there are those who trust me:
I would be pure, for there are those who care:
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare:

I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless
I would be giving and forget the gift:
I would be humble, for I know my weakness:
I would look up—and laugh—and love and lift.

Howard Arnold Walter.

De Shepfol.'

De massa of de sheepfol'
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,
Look out on de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he calls to de hirelin' shepa'd—
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

Oh den says de hirelin' shepa'd:
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' widda's,
But de res', dey's all brung in.
But de res', dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he let down de ba's ob de sheepfol'
Callin' sof'—"Come in, come in."

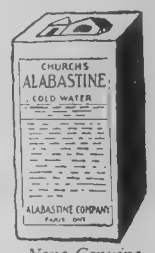
Den up t'ro de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro de col' night rain and win'—
And up t'ro de gloomerin' night-paf'
Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep of de sheepfol'
Dey all come gadderin' in—
De po' los' sheep of de sheepfol'
Dey all come gadderin' in.

—Sarah Platt McLean.

James J. Hill: The desire seems to be for the young to get to the city. The desire must be circumvented, dissipated by some art of method. We must make the country life as attractive to the young as the city is. We must teach them that where the city affords a dollar, the rural communities will contribute two dollars. And that is true unless one is a genius.

A pail, with water—a brush—and a pkg. of Alabastine

are all you need to transform an ordinary-looking wall into a beautiful and artistic wall which will appeal to the most refined taste. Any one can apply Alabastine. Alabastine colors are permanent—they do not rub off. They give that artistic soft, velvety effect which can be produced only by Alabastine. It hardens with age, becoming a part of the wall. Alabastine can be re-coated without removing the old coats.



None Genuine without little Church on Label

CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine

Alabastined walls are now the most popular. There is nothing so charming, so sanitary, so cheap. In the modern home, Wall Paper, held on by flour paste, is now tabooed. The sales of Alabastine in Canada have *doubled* in the last two years.

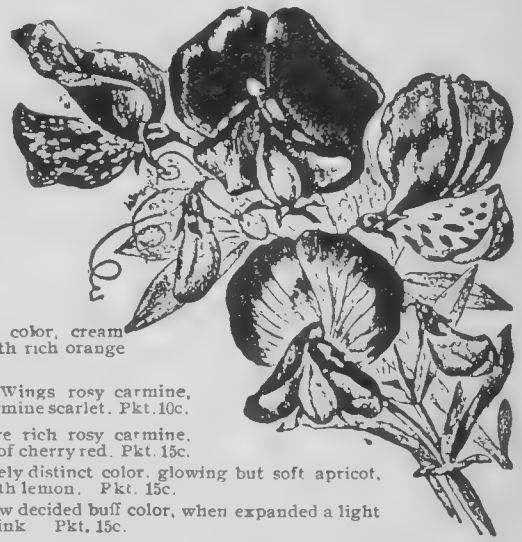
FREE STENCILS

To still furthur popularize Alabastine and *again double* its sales, we have organized a Decorative Department, and are prepared to offer FREE COLOR SCHEMES and FREE STENCILS to all users of Alabastine. Write today for particulars—our advice is FREE. Let us help you to beautify your home at moderate cost.

The Alabastine Co., Ltd., Paris, Ont.
45 Willow St. 8

BRUCE'S NEW

Sweet Peas



These new varieties are the most advanced type of the New Giant Flowered section. The colors are exquisite, and the blossoms, which are fluted and waved, measure 2 inches across, and are borne generally 4 to a stem.

Flora Norton Spencer—Beautiful bright blue, with a tint of purple Pkt. 10c.

Aurora Spencer—Ground color, cream white, flaked and mottled with rich orange salmon. Pkt. 15c.

King Edward Spencer—Wings rosy carmine, standard a deep rich glossy carmine scarlet. Pkt. 10c.

Marie Corelli—Wings pure rich rosy carmine, white standard shows a touch of cherry red. Pkt. 15c.

Miriam Beaver—An entirely distinct color, glowing but soft apricot, tinted, shaded and suffused with lemon. Pkt. 15c.

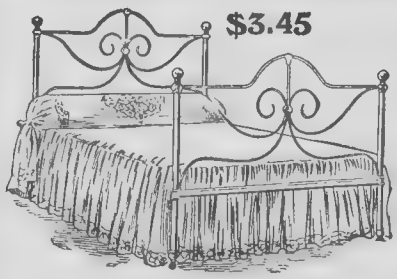
W. T. Hutchins—Buds show decided buff color, when expanded a light apricot overlaid with blush pink Pkt. 15c.

FREE—Our handsomely illustrated 104 page catalogue of Vegetable, Flower and Farm Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc. Write for it.

John A. Bruce & Co. Ltd., SEED MERCHANTS ESTALISHED 1850. **Hamilton**

Brass Trimmed Iron Beds

Are The Best Beds

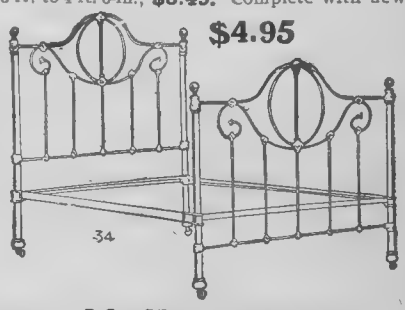


$3.45

Neatest in Appearance, Strongest in Construction, Contrast of Colors, Best Enamelling, Vermin Proof and Lowest in Price.

Two examples of the many wonderful Bed values we offer. Select either or both beds, send us our price and we will on receipt of your order make immediate shipment; and on arrival, if you are not convinced you have saved $3 to $5 in cost and have a better bed, return the same at our expense and receive your money back with the freight charges.

No. 1-93 Iron Bed, head end 35-in. high, posts 1-1/16-in. diameter, filling best soft steel 5/16-in., heavy angle steel head, foot and side rails; color nile green or white enamelled; brass knobs, strong casters, all sizes, 3-ft. to 4-ft. 6-in., **$3.45.** Complete with new Dominion spring, **$6.50.**



$4.95

No. 1-44 Brass Trimmed Iron Bed, head end 60-in. high, 1-1/16-in posts, heavy chills and fillings, ½-in. brass centre spindle, brass knobs, steel foot, end and side rails, extended foot ends; color white or nile green enamel, complete with casters, 4-ft. or 4-ft. 6-in., **$4.95.** Best Dominion springs, extra, **$3.05.**

Don't buy Furniture of any kind until you send for our Catalog. Wingold Prices are Lowest—Quality the Best. Intelligent comparison soon convinces the truth of our statements.

Your name and address on a post card brings you further information

Wingold Stove Company, Limited, Winnipeg

The Lap of Luxury.

By RENE BACHE.

LUXURY grows by what it feeds upon. Its appetite is insatiable, and in these modern days when fortunes are become so enormous that the owners find it difficult to spend their incomes, many people make a handsome living by inventing new methods of spending money. Whether it be in the way of dress, of equipage, of household decoration, of supplies for the table, or what not, the urgent requirement is for something novel and expensive. Cost is not considered, except as an enhancement of whatever may seem desirable. Indeed, the more costly a thing is, the better, if only for the reason that an extravagant price puts it out of the reach of the ordinary, whose possession of it would render it commonplace, if not vulgar.

The demand is necessarily progressive, for the luxury of to-day is the bare necessity of a short time hence, when something fresh and yet more expensive will have to be devised. In New York, the greatest centre of wealth in the world, one has a better opportunity than anywhere else to observe this social phenomenon. It has many phases, all of which are interesting, but in none of them, perhaps, are its manifestations more striking than in the developments of hotel and apartment-house life.

The stranger in New York gazes with much interest and not a little awe upon one or more huge hostelries which are on a scale that seems to touch the topmost point of imaginable gorgeousness. Ordinary adjectives are not adequate to describe them, and to call them palatial would be to use a grossly insufficient term. In respect of luxury, nothing conceivable appears to be omitted, and at all hours their lobbies, reception-rooms and banqueting-halls are thronged by well-dressed and well-bred people, who must have plenty of money to be able to pay the prices charged.

To the stranger's eye these places are obviously the metropolitan centres of wealth and fashion, and it is not surprising that he should so suppose. Yet he is altogether mistaken. The fact is that the rich and fashionable folk, who formerly did frequent the caravansaries described, have been driven away by the bustle of the multitude. They are to be found, when they go to hotels and restaurants, at quieter and even more expensive inns, farther uptown, where the commercial atmosphere is absent, where dignified exclusiveness reigns, and where the patronage of persons who lack the proper social recognition is distinctly discouraged.

When Rent Day Comes Around.

In point of luxuriousness these new hotels are as far ahead of the great caravansaries (which, half-a-dozen years ago represented the "top-notch") as the latter were beyond anything that preceded them. On a comparatively small scale, with accommodations for only two or three hundred guests, their prices are such as might well appal anybody of moderate purse. In fact, they seek the patronage only of the very rich—of people, that is to say, who have a great deal of money to spend and are willing to spend it.

Now at the point of completion, at an uptown corner, is a hostelry which, for the moment, touches the high-water mark, so to speak, of elegance and expensiveness. It is not an apartment house, mind you, but an inn, with three hundred rooms. It contains furniture that cost a million and a half dollars, and its capacity is reckoned by its proprietors at only two hundred guests—exclusively adults. Under no circumstances will a child be admitted to its spacious and expensively-decorated precincts.

The principal reason for the rule excluding children is that they are a menace to the expensive furnishings. A small and thoughtless boy might do thousands of dollars' worth of damage in a few minutes—a possibility easy to realize when the walls are covered with satin damask, in lieu of paper, at $17.50 a yard, and when the sofas, chairs and tables in a single room represent an expenditure of $4,000 to $10,000.

This, by the way, affords a rather striking illustration of the manner in which the growth of luxury tends to discourage the multiplication of the human species. Apparently, when a certain point of gorgeousness is reached, the child becomes not only an inconvenience, but an impossibility. There is nothing to do, under such circumstances, but to eliminate him from the domestic equation. In many of the "swellest" metropolitan apartment houses the same rule of exclusion governs.

Naturally, the passing of child life from the communal dwellings of the very rich removes one of the principal incitements to matrimony among people of that class. Hotels and apartment houses let some of their very handsomest "suites" to bachelors, guaranteeing "all the comforts of home," and only the other day the real-estate columns of the newspapers made record of the renting of a group of "fifteen rooms and four baths," immediately opposite a fashionable club, to the young daughter of a recently deceased Wall Street broker. This "bachelor maid" pays $15,000 for her apartments, unfurnished.

The price quoted was far from excessive, relatively to market rates. A man and his wife, at a near-by apartment house on Fifth Avenue, pay $15,000 a year for nine rooms, and (having a long lease) recently spent $60,000 in decorating the walls and ceilings. This, be it understood, is without a stick of furniture, and with no provision for meals. You can rent one of the best three-room suites in the same establishment, unfurnished, for $4,000 per annum.

Fifteen thousand dollars per year is to-day about the maximum rental for an unfurnished apartment in New York, but furnished rooms run much higher. At the new child-excluding hotel, already spoken of, $12,500 is the price for a sitting-room, two bedrooms and two baths. For a suite of five rooms, with two baths, you must pay from $100 to $150 a day, but by the year you may get in for $20,000 to $25,000. Seven hundred dollars a week is a pretty reasonable transient rate for such an apartment—not, of course, to include meals.

It seems like a good deal of money, but it really isn't much when one comes to reckon the equivalent obtained. To begin with, not a little satisfaction is to be derived from knowing that one is living in a palace more luxurious and in most respects more beautiful, than any inhabited by monarchs today. It is something, also, to realize that one's daily fare is unsurpassed by that of princes, and that one is literally surrounded by objects—pieces of furniture, bronzes, marbles, etc.—which are accurately reproduced from originals in royal homes. The dwellings of royalty abroad have been literally ransacked for treasures to adorn the newest New York hotels, and many articles of "bigotry and virtue" that could not be purchased outright have been copied for the gratification and education of the American art-appetite.

Now, if there be wonder how such sums as those a while ago mentioned could be spent on the furnishing of an apartment, let it be realized that the wall-covering for a moderate-sized room, of silk or brocaded satin at $17.50 a yard, may easily cost $400 or $500. Add to this $300 a window for curtains, with $300 a door for portiers, and you have only a beginning. A furniture set of only Circassian walnut will come to $2000, uncovered, and will touch $4000 when finished with fabric to correspond with the walls. It is absolutely necessary that the sofas and chairs shall match the wall-covers, and, if the latter happen to be handloom silk tapestry, at $40 a yard, the outfit is liable to run up to $10,000.

This is for one room, mark you. Occasionally the walls are covered with hand-embroidered silk or satin, made in Paris, which may cost $60 or more a yard, and the same material must adorn the furniture, which, for a reception-room may comprise a "canape," two "marquise" chairs, a couple of "duchess"

Peerless Jr. Poultry Fence Saves Expense

Close enough to keep chickens in.
Strong enough to keep the cattle out.

PEERLESS JUNIOR Poultry Fence will do all you wish of a poultry fence and will do much more. It is built close enough to keep the chickens in, but it is also built strong, rigid and springy. Those heavy, hard steel top and bottom wires, together with intermediate laterals, will take care of a carelessly backed wagon, or an unruly animal and spring back into perfect shape again. It is the most handsome and most effective poultry fence on the market. At every intersection the wires are firmly held together by the never-slip PEERLESS Lock.

The Fence That Saves Expense

because it never needs repairs. It is the cheapest to put up, too. It is stretched up like a field fence. More than half the price can be saved in posts and lumber alone, as required by some other poultry fences. Write to-day for our printed matter. It tells you how to get your full money's worth in fences. We build fences for every purpose.

BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Limited
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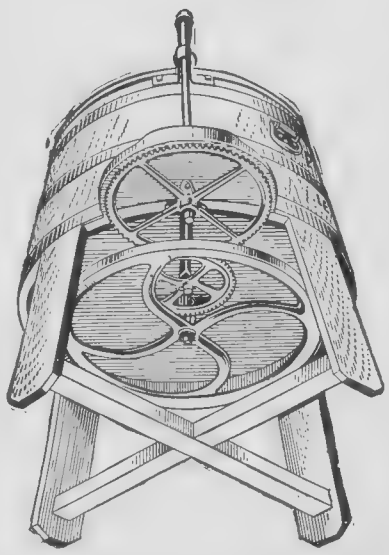
WINNIPEG, MAN. HAMILTON, ONT.

THE PASTIME
Washing Machine

Simplicity! Durability!
Clean Washing!



Runs as Easy Full of Clothes as Others do that are Empty

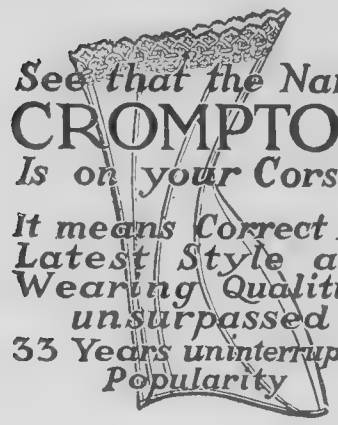
There is a reason why this Washer runs so easy, and it is no secret, no ghost stories about it. The reason is shown in the illustration. Notice the heavy fly-wheel under the tub. *It is mounted on ball bearings,* scientifically adjusted, highly geared. When it is started it practically runs itself. With the tub full of clothes it will make from 20 to 30 complete revolutions after you let loose of the handle—time enough to go across the room, tend to the baby and come back. Will wash equally as well the finest fabrics, bed clothes, carpets, in fact, anything that was ever washed in the old fashioned, back-breaking wash tub.

This Washing Machine is Manufactured by The PARSONS HAWKEYE MANFG. CO., and the Warranty is put on every washer sold, It says:
"We Guarantee the Pastime Washing Machine to wash the clothing quicker cleaner, and to operate easier than any other hand power washer made"

If the store you trade at does not keep the PASTIME WASHING MACHINE for sale, ask him to write for full particulars. If he will not do it, write us yourself.

Parsons Hawkeye Manufacturing Company
773 Henry Avenue, Winnipeg. Phone Main 6774.

DEALERS: Write for trial machine. It's the biggest seller in the field of Washers. Not only that, it stays sold, because it satisfies.



Was Troubled With Dyspepsia.

For Years Could Get No Relief Until She Tried

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Can Eat Anything Now.

Mrs. Herman Dickenson, Benton, N.B., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. I took three bottles and became cured and I can now eat anything without it hurting me. I will highly recommend it to all who are troubled with stomach trouble."

Burdock Blood Bitters has an established reputation, extending over 34 years, as a specific for Dyspepsia in all its forms, and all diseases arising from this cause.

For sale by all dealers.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto. Ont.

Send $3.75

Receive this very attractive straw braid Turban, made just as illustrated with folds of straw braid two ornaments on side and large rose as pictured. Comes in black and all colors say color of rose desired. Order this hat today ask for No. 12. Add 25c for postage. Standard Garment Co. London, Ont

Beautiful Doll Free

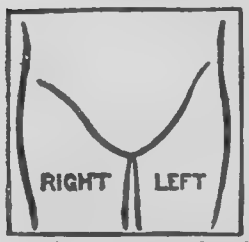
This beautiful doll, almost 1½ feet tall, costume of striped organdie and lace and fancy sateen. Eyes open and close. We give it **free** for selling only 16 of our large pictures at 2 for 25c. These pictures include beautiful landscapes, floral designs, etc., and are 20 inches by 16 inches, each printed in many colors. Write for pictures to-day and when sold send us the the $2.00 and we will send you **Doll**.

The Western Specialty Co.

Dept. F. **Winnipeg, Canada**

FREE to the RUPTURED

A Quick New Cure



I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this **remarkable Home Cure, FREE.**

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to

DR. W. S. RICE, 743 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

Age..... *Time Ruptured*.....

Name.....

Address.....

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Does rupture pain?..... *Do you wear a Truss?*.....

chairs, a pair of light gilt chairs, a table, an overstuffed sofa, and three or four other articles. The canape is something like a sofa, and yet not quite the same. Relatively to the purpose for which it is intended, the distinction between a sofa and a canape is the difference between the thing that isn't the thing and the thing that is. Does the writer make himself perfectly clear? As for the "duchess" and "marquise" chairs, they are simply armchairs of fashionable patterns, nearly broad enough for two.

Mahogany Not Expensive Enough.

If Mr. and Mrs. Midas occupy the same bedroom they have "twin beds" —the old-style "double bed" is altogether out of date, fashionably speaking—and between them is a sort of table called a "somnoe," on which is an electric light that can readily be put in any desired position. The light is half covered by an opaque green shade, so that it may be used for reading, in case of wakefulness, without shedding a glare around, to the disturbance of a near-by sleeper. At the foot of the beds, placed crossways is a "slumber-couch," for daytime naps, with a moveable head which can be adjusted at any height for comfort. An overstuffed armchair, two "lady's chairs," with backs designed to fit the feminine shape, a couple of every-day chairs, a chiffonier, a dressing-table, a cheval glass, and an arrangement of mirrors known as a "costumer," complete the furniture of the room.

The woods employed in the manufacture of such luxurious furniture are enormously expensive. Ordinary mahogany, though of the finest quality, is hardly good enough, because too cheap. White mahogany (of which most people have never heard) is considerably used, and so likewise is satin-wood, but the choicest and most highly esteemed material at present is Circassian walnut. It costs more than anything else, and has the additional advantage of a structure that shows to beautiful advantage when the cut surface has been polished by hand to a velvety gloss.

One rather striking fact relating to the subject here discussed is that whereas, a dozen years ago, an allowance of one servant to every three persons entertained at a first-class hotel was considered adequate, to-day the ratio is inverted, and three servants for each patron are deemed requisite. The new inn uptown, already spoken of, which expects to accommodate only two hundred people, will have seventy-five cooks and assistants in its kitchen, not counting waiters. Each male guest will command the services of a valet, who will press his clothes, help him to dress, and assist him at the bath. For the women similar duties will be performed by neat and competent maids.

An Army of Servants.

It is when the minor details of everyday life are considered that one realizes most vividly the advantages of wealth. Take, for example, the item of bathing. Mr. Midas' porcelain tub may be duplicated by any citizen of moderate means, but not so the room, walled and floored with slabs of marble, in which it stands. Your tub, perhaps, is provided with a rubber sheet, to confine the water-spray when you indulge in a shower, and you think it a luxury; but the millionaire would turn up his nose at so primitive a contrivance, one objection to which is that it has a smell offensive to his highly-educated nostrils. The hotel servants supply him, for his shower bath, with curtains of linen duck, which are changed every day.

In the management of an up-to-date hotel it is required as a matter of course that every sleeping-room shall have its bath. One of the great caravansaries above mentioned boasts of eight hundred bathrooms, which, however, though beautiful, are not comparable in point of luxuriousness with accommodations of like kind in the newer and smaller hostelries, where snowy tiles give place to marble, with such minor improvements as an "exhaust" to carry away the steam, knobs on the wall for turning the water on and off, a horizontal rod of glass to afford a safe hand-hold when one gets into or out of the tub, and (as a final attraction) a door composed of a huge mirror of imported plate glass.

In the up-to-date hotel or apartment house the problems incidental to ordinary home life disappear. There is no servant question. The table supplies itself, and meals are served in the rooms if desired. Food costs from $10 to $20 a day for each person, excluding wines, but, with the admirable service, it is worth the money, if one is able to pay. Mr. Midas may, if he wishes, employ his own butler and maids, using his own private crockery and silverware. Every imaginable comfort, indeed, is at his command, with none of the inconveniences and annoyances to which common mortals are exposed.

There is a commodious pantry on every floor, to which the family butler (if Mr. Midas keeps one) has free access. It has a plate-warmer, cold-storage boxes for perishable articles, a coffee-urn, and a dumbwaiter—with which equipment the French breakfast, consisting of coffee, rolls and fruit, can be served at a moment's notice. In the absence of a butler the floor-waiter will fetch the repast. For other meals Mrs. Midas has simply to decide upon the menu, and, in response to an order sent to the kitchen by telephone, the viands are shot upstairs. The dumbwaiter-shaft has concrete walls and copper doors, while the shelved carriage is of steel, so that chafing dishes can be transmitted with lamps lighted, avoiding a chill fatal to the best possibilities of their contents.

The Kitchen a Domestic Laboratory.

The kitchen, in the basement, is in its way a scientific laboratory, all of its apparatus being constructed and arranged on the most improved principles. The cooks at the ranges stand in a current of fresh air, which, as it rises, carries out and away the fumes of frying and broiling, as well as the heat. The vegetable steamers and soup-boilers are likewise ingeniously ventilated, to get rid of their odors, and in each of a dozen huge ice-boxes a powerful electric fan revolves, keeping the air dry. This last, by the way, is a new invention.

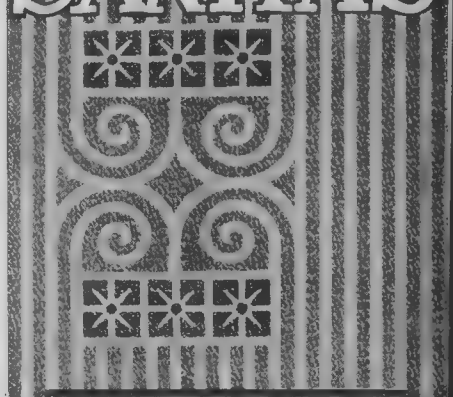
In the "garde-manger," which is a separate apartment devoted to the storage of meats and other edibles all ready to be cooked, the chops are placed in wire trays, side by side, no individual chop being allowed to lie on top of another. It is a small illustration of the careful methods that govern the scientific kitchen. The whole place is ablaze with electric lights, and everything is spotlessly clean. Every drop of water used is both filtered and boiled, and the great tables employed for bread-making and other purposes, though they look like marble, are in reality of opal glass, which, unlike the stone, does not absorb dirt, grease and microbes. The dough for the bread is kneeded by electricity, and the ice cream is made by an electrically-operated freezer. Even the eggs are cooked by a machine, which lifts them out of the boiling water at the end of the precise number of minutes for which it is set. The most captious guest, one may suppose, could hardy cavil at the mathematically-cooked egg, the freshness of which has been previously ascertained by examination with the aid of an electric lamp.

Mrs. Midas, when she goes to a closet in her hotel apartment to look for an article of apparel, is not obliged to grope. The opening of the door releases a button in the jamb, thereby completing a circuit, and instantly there is a flood of light from an electric lamp above the top shelf. When she closes the door the lamp is extinguished. It is a small matter, of course, but a luxury, none the less, of a kind that appeals to any housewife. Very likely it will be found in many private houses a few years from now, but as yet it is a novelty.

Avoidance of glare is the principle on which the lighting of the rooms is managed. The pressure of a finger on a single button near the door ignites the electric candles that are arranged in sconces around the walls, and a touch upon another button causes groups of bulbs at the middle and in the corners of the ceiling to blaze. But the lights are veiled by ground glass, and the whole effect is of a diffused illumination, soothing to the eyes. There is no dazzle.

On the mantelpiece of the reception-room belonging to each suite there will be, perhaps, a Louis Quinze candelabrum —no two of them alike, but all of them accurately copied from originals of the highest artistic merit. Accompanying the candelabrum will be a clock of the same period, which may be relied upon

Have You Seen SANITAS



Reproduction of a Sanitas design

Before you select a wall covering—for any room —this Spring—see

SANITAS

Sanitas exactly reproduces the finishes, designs and effects of the finest wall papers and fabrics, but in a far more serviceable material of moderate cost.

Sanitas is fade-proof, stain-proof, dust-and-dirt-proof, never cracks, never tears, is instantly cleaned with a damp cloth.

All the handsomest glazed tile effects are also made in Sanitas, for bathrooms, kitchens and pantries.

Sanitas is sold by all reliable dry goods and wall paper jobbers in Canada.

Write us your needs fully, and we will send you samples and sketches and tell you how to be quickly, satisfactorily supplied.

STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO.
320 Broadway, New York City

Stamped on Every Yard

USE MERITAS — the guaranteed table oil cloth. For the name of any dealer not handling Meritas we will send you ¼ dozen handsome Meritas doilies.

SANITAS
THE WASHABLE WALL COVERING

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Kidneys, Free

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a **quick recovery,** you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, B4 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this receipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you us it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Scotch Woolen Socks for Warm Spring Wear

Scotch wool is the best in the world, and is famous for comfort and good wear. Only the best at the price is used in the lines we sell—Knit from famous Patons, Alloa Yarns.

No. 1 Quality, Hand-Knitted Scotch Socks 3 pairs for $1, half dozen lots $1.95.

No. 2 Quality, Machine Knit Scotch Socks 3 pair for 75c., half dozen lots $1.25.

Hand knit socks have double heels and toes Cosy and comfortable, and splendid value. S nd to us for a few pairs at once, and you will be delighted. Give size of boots worn. Small orders if to be posted 10c. for 3.

Order **to-day** with cash—We Send them by return

Scottish Wholesale Specialty Coy.

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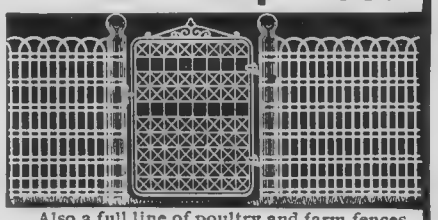
Send for our money saving catalogue of Boots, etc.

As handsome as the best iron fence at less than the cost of cheap wood

Here's a neat, strong, durable fence that will add to the appearance of the handsomest city lawn and is cheap enough, close enough and strong enough for the farm. The

Peerless Lawn Fence

is made of heavy No. 9 steel spring wire, so it can never sag. It is carefully galvanized and coated with white enamel paint. No investment you can make will add so much to the appearance of your property.



Also a full line of poultry and farm fences and gates. Write for particulars.

THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., LTD., BOX P HAMILTON, ONT., WINNIPEG, MAN.

FARM LOANS ARRANGED

AT LOWEST RATES

Better than Insurance

I have a limited number of shares in the Winnipeg Mercantile Trust Company, for sale at $55 per share. This is a strong Western concern controlled by strong Western business men for Western people.

Send for prospectus (free on application).

J. W. SHERWIN,
Estate Agent and Notary Public,
317 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG.

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today

Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 239 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

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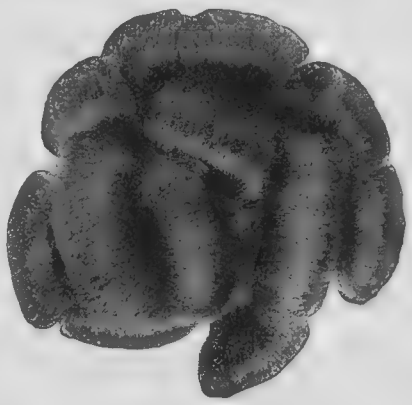
THE LABEL

On your paper will tell when your subscription expires.

Send in your renewal NOW.

Ladies! Why not give yourself an Easter Gift?



This Beautiful Cluster of Curls for $2

We guarantee to be able to match any color.

Send for our book on the "Care of the Hair." It's Free.

SEAMAN & PETERSEN

New York Hair Store

276 Portage Ave. - - Winnipeg

Special Notice—After April 1st, we are moving to larger and mo e convenient premises at 285 Smith Street, Winnipeg.

as a timekeeper, inasmuch as it is electrically controlled by a master clock in the hotel office. There is a long-distance telephone in every apartment, supplemented by the internal telephone system connecting all parts of the hostelry, and in every room is a little instrument which has only to be touched in order to make the air warmer or cooler, as may be desired. If it is not warm enough a pressure of the finger will open a duct and cause more hot air to flow in with the current supplied by the automatic ventilator.

Economy Spells Vulgarity.

All the corridors of the hotel are walled with white marble, beautiful to the eye. The doors of the rooms are of the costly Circassian walnut, and the floors are of granite chips and concrete —fireproof, bugproof and ratproof. Every window-frame is of bronze, and each window is double, to keep out cold in winter and dust at all times, the sashes opening inward like doors. The pictures on the walls (if the apartment is furnished) are not paintings, which are deemed more appropriate to private houses, but signed proofs of fine engravings and costly antique prints, French and English.

Nature expends her decorative effects upon the visible side of things—as witness the two aspects of a leaf—but Mr. Midas can afford to make both sides of his belongings, whether he owns them or hires them, equally beautiful. Thus, in a hotel of the class here described, the satin-damask or silk-tapestry curtains at $17.50 to $40 a yard, must have linings of the same material. There must be no cheaper side to anything, because, if it were to be discovered, it would suggest an attempt to economize. How fatal to propriety, from the viewpoint of a gentleman of wealth, would such a notion be!

As a small matter of detail, one notices, from a glance at the bill-of-fare at any of the most modern hotels, that champagne has become a cheap drink. A few years ago it was the typical costly beverage, but to-day it is inexpensive, relatively speaking. The highest-priced brands are quoted on the wine-card at not more than $6 a quart, while Rhine wine runs up to $25 a bottle, and claret (of choice vintage, guaranteed by a brand on the cork) touches $30.

A famous metropolitan hotel stands on the site formely occupied by the mansion of one of New York's oldest and proudest families. In the erection of it the builders have carefully preserved one part of the earlier dwelling— namely, the dining-room, with the original walls, floor and ceiling. The room has been taken up bodily into the modern structure of steel, and even the furniture and drapery are the same as used to adorn it. Thus translated, so to speak, from a relatively ancient period, it is to-day a favorite place for the giving of dinner parties, and on almost every evening in the year it is the scene of festivities which doubtless are made more enjoyable to the guests by their knowledge of the fact that they are being entertained in precincts of historic and aristocratic exclusiveness.

If you are a multi-millionaire there is no good reason why you should be content with cheap and commonplace surroundings. The "state apartments" of the modern hotel, which are copied exactly after rooms in royal palaces abroad, will furnish you with an appropriate and satisfactory environment. Possibly the furniture may seem a little stiff, and the prie-dieu in the Francis I sleeping chamber may appear to lack practical usefulness; but the repose to be enjoyed in a monarch's bedstead with a carved wooden roof ought to be exceptionally peaceful, and the real Gobelin tapestries which take the place of wall-paper in the adjoining Henry IV reception-room should contribute not a little to the pleasure of living.

A trifling detail of luxury, but still worth mentioning, is the box for boots in your closet. You drop your shoes into it at night, and in the morning you find them there, freshly blacked. The interior of the box is accessible to the floor porter from the hallway by a little door to which he has the key, and thus the necessity of putting your footgear out in the entry (a most inelegant practice) is obviated.

The Simple Life Too Simple.

When you arrive in town (if the hotel be notified in advance) a dignified and capable man in uniform will meet you at the railroad station, or at the wharf, and will relieve you of all anxieties in regard to baggage. On your departure you will be an object of the same thoughtful solicitude, and even your packing will be done, if desired, by professional experts in the employ of the establishment.

Great sums are spent nowadays in dinner giving at the fashionable hotels. It is not the food that costs, relatively speaking, nor yet the wines, but the decorations, which frequently are on a scale of extravagance quite amazing. The proprietor of one of the most expensive metropolitan hostelries recently said that the best possible dinner could be served, without wines, at $15 a plate, including every delicacy in or out of season. With wines the meal would come to $25 a cover. But, he added, there was no limit to the money that might be squandered on flowers and other incidentals.

If it were only flowers the expenditure need not be so very great, even when walls are banked with orchids and the table spread beneath a bower of roses at $1 a piece. But the really "swell" dinner, which touches the top notch of extravagance requires scenery. The meal is merely incidental.

Take, for example, a dinner of the Equestrian Club, given not long ago at a Fifth Avenue hotel. Thirty-two gentlemen partook of it, seated on horseback, the food being served on little tables attached to the pommel of each saddle. It may not have been comfortable, but it was undeniably original. Waiters attired as grooms served the courses, with the help of mounting-blocks, and the menus were printed on little saddles, just like real ones, made at a harness factory.

At another dinner, given by the same club, the dining-room was arranged to represent a rural landscape with trees, shrubs, and beds of growing tulips and hyacinths. The doors and walls were hidden by verdure, and large mirrors, with bits of fence artfully disposed here and there, gave the effect of long, shady lanes. The floor was covered with stage grass, and live ducks swam about in real water. It was like a scene in fairyland. The table was in the shape of a horse's head, the eyes, nostrils, mouth and bridle being done in flowers, and during the banquet a small boy drove around the festive board a pony hitched to a barrel on wheels, festooned with grapes, which was filled with magnums of champagne.

To meet the demand for new ideas in dinner-giving, ingenuity is well-nigh exhausted. At a recent entertainment of the kind, enjoyed by the Kettle Club of Philadelphia, which is a hunting and fishing organization, the room was disguised to imitate a forest glade, with real trees (in concealed tubs), to one of which a horse was hitched, caparisoned for the chase. The ceiling was covered with blue cloth, to represent the sky, and there was a moon, with twinkling electric stars. In the centre rose a mound, on which stood a huge kettle twenty-eight feet in diameter and twenty-five feet high. The kettle was provided with a door, and inside of it was a circular table, about which the guests sat.

Dinner at Two Hundred Dollars a Plate.

Two hundred dollars a plate is not overmuch to pay for dinners of this highly picturesque description. But the cost of them may run up almost indefinitely higher by including in the bill expensive souvenir gifts, such as jewelled scarf-pins, or brooches if women are among the guests.

The appetite for luxury in these modern days finds expression in a great variety of ways, but in none of them does it make itself so publicly obvious and conspicuous as in the hotel life of great cities. It is for this reason more than any other, perhaps, that these communal habitations of the "little brothers and sisters of the rich" afford an interesting subject of inquiry to the student of sociology—a branch of scientific investigation which, fortunately, the modest seeker after knowledge is able to pursue without having so much as a single penny in his pocket.

What to Wear and When to Wear it.

The more the advance notes of spring fashions come to hand the less comfort is there for the woman who hoped to make part of her last year's wardrobe tide her over the coming spring and summer months.

Changes are many and very radical and as last year's styles were of the skimpy order there is not much material at hand to assist in the remodelling process. The changes extend in every direction, gloves, boots, belts, parasols, hats, coats, sleeves, skirts. The modistes seem to have lain awake nights to devise schemes whereby women must have new clothes or look extremely dowdy.

Suits

The most radical departure in the suits is the short coat. After repeated assurances that there would be little change in the length of coats, especially for the early spring season, all the newest models of suits have the short coat. These are not coats coming to the hip points as was the rage some years ago, but short compared to last year, the majority coming half way between the knee and hip. Fortunately there is not so much change in the cut, many of them are semi fitting so that as it is possible to shorten a coat with less danger of spoiling the lines than there would be with an attempt to lengthen it. Nearly all the collars and revers show the shawl effect and open nearly down to the waist, not even excepting coats cut on the Russian blouse lines, of which mention was made sometime ago. These Russian effects are taking well and are much in evidence in the new models. There is not much looseness in the front it being mainly held in stitched pleats. Though I have said coats were semi-fitting they are not all of that stamp, a number of the shorter coats are seven eights fitted and there are a few that fit the figure closely. The two piece suit is going to reign supreme and once more the day of the shirt waist is assured.

The sleeves show more variety than last year and the Bishop sleeve is to be found, not only in the Russian Blouse coats but even in some of the tight coats. However the plain coat sleeve is worn and any woman that has it need not fear being conspicuous for the spring season at least.

Skirts

Nearly all skirts are pleated and have the tunic effect in some form, though among even New York and Parisian models there are a few of the long plain gored skirts. The kilt in some form, however, appears in the great majority of skirts and there is a tendency to elaborate even tailored suits with buttons, brands, ball fringe and moire and velvet cuffs and collars.

Buttons are larger than last year and few are covered with cloth or silk, the era of the fancy button seems assured and some of them are very beautiful. Wrought metal buttons are leaders.

Belts.

The return of the Russian blouse has assured the return to favor of the fancy leather belt and the variety is large and some of the belts very beautiful. Leather belts are seen even on the suits, though this is not general. But leather belts are good with the two piece suits that have semi or tight fitting coats.

Leather belts are shown also with the linen and wash suits of all kinds. Many of these leather belts are decorated with gold or silver galon, but for strictly tailored suits the plain or embossed leather belt all of one color is the proper thing.

Shirt Waists.

The shirt waist will be a very prominent feature in the dress of women this season. Silk waists to match the two-pieced suit will be popular, in fact it will be the correct thing to have one. There are many pleasing lines on which these waists are made and I note the great majority of them open in front, and very many have the side pleated ruffle of silk somewhat on the lines of the jabot, down the front to within say four inches of the waist. The waist line must, however, be clearly defined. Even in the Russian blouses there is no fulness concealing the waist line in front. Behind the frill of silk referred to three or four fancy buttons are set on the wide pleat. In many of these waists the modified bishop sleeve is shown with a four-inch cuff finished with a tiny ruffle to match the larger one in the front of the waist. In not a few instances the fulness of the bishop sleeve is laid in stitched pleats just above the cuff. Another sleeve shown in silk waists is that with a straight sleeve down to the elbow and from there a scanty puff gathered into a four-inch cuff. The cuff in some form seems to be general on all waists. Many of the lingerie waists are smartly tailored and show the laundried cuff. These are mainly decorated with wide or narrow tucks, many of them stitched again on the edge. Pleats ortucks over the shoulder do not extend over the sleeve but merely conceal the shoulder seam. In the thinner waists there is a return to the yoke and many fancy combinations of lace are shown. To combine two and even three varieties of lace in one yoke is popular. The lace appears again in the inevitable cuff and frequently also as inserts in the upper portion of the sleeve. On some of the lingerie tailored waists the ruffle of fine lawn is shown where the ruffle of silk appears on silk waists and if it is properly laundried it has a very smart effect. For thin women without much pretentions to bust this frill is a good thing as it takes off the straight up and down of the figure which is more noticeable now that the waist line is so defined.

For ordinary street wear the 30-inch covert coat built on strictly tailored lines will be the leader.

Separate Coats and Wraps

In the more fancy coats the semi-fitting 48 and 54 inch coats will be popular. These coats come from Trussore silks, satin, white and navy serge and black silk. They all show the long shawl collar, not a few have the Russian effect. Many of them have jabots of lace or silk and there is a lavish amount of galoon, soutache and other fancy braids and moire and Ottoman facings often overlaid with heavy lace. On these coats the large handsome buttons are extensively used.

After its long eclipse the cape is to be a popular wrap this season. The capes are made in all the pretty novelty shades of broadcloth, diagonals and some of the heavy soft weaves of silk. Nearly all have the military collar trimmed with soutache and a touch of gold. Gold and jet buttons are good and many of the capes are buttoned right down the front in true military style.

Parasols.

It is a wee bit early to be talking of sunshades with the snow on the ground, but a novelty that is being shown is the parasol braided and trimmed with fringe. The new shades are dome shaped and the fringe is long, sometimes with a knotted heading and sometimes set plain in round the hem. A good deal might be said of neckwear but it is a little early and it always seems to me to come more appropriately with the spring hats. Easter is so early this year that unless we have an exceptionally warm spring it is not likely the women of the Canadian west will have much chance to disport themselves in Easter bonnets.

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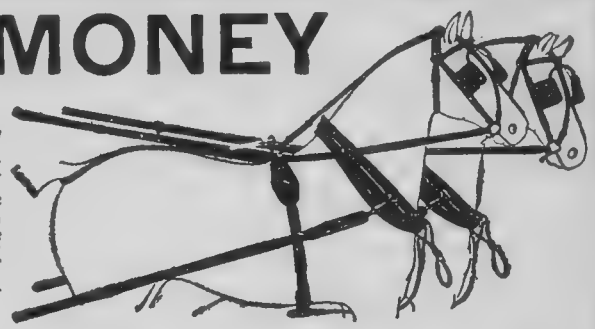

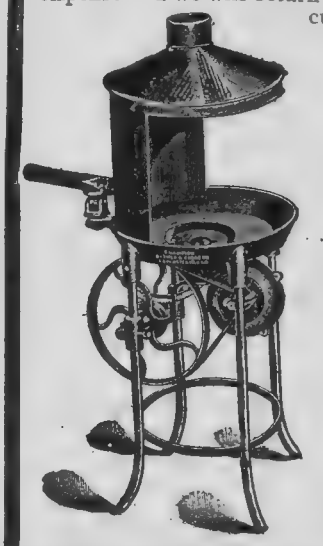

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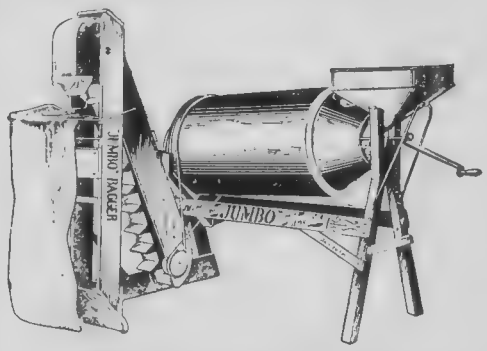

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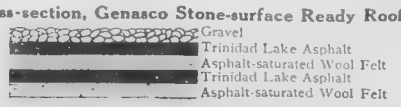

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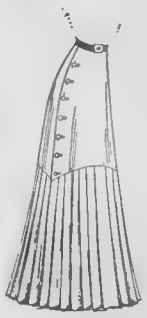

Send to-day for this skirt. It is a $6 wool panama skirt. It comes in black, navy, brown, green, cream and dark red. Give waist and hip measure also length desired. It is one of the new spring styles. Pleated all around and side button trimmed, opened in back with inverted pleat and made generally just as pictured. Beautifully tailored. Guaranteed to fit as perfectly as a skirt can fit; will give satisfaction in every way. Same style may be had in fine lustre, all shades, $3; also in all wool Venetian, all shades, $3.98. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains to- day. Add 35c for postage. Order skirt No. 33. Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

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Women's Quiet Hour.

Farm Clubs

Since last writing it has been my privilege to attend the meeting of the agricultural societies in Regina and nothing that I have heard of, or seen, for a long time, has interested me as much as the "Farmers' Clubs" I saw demonstrated from Grenfell and Moose Jaw, and the plans offered by Hedley Auld, Superintendent of Institutes and Fairs, for the establishment of similar clubs at every school house throughout Saskatchewan. It seems to me that these small social gatherings will be the very best possible means of relieving the monotony of the prairie farm life which is so much complained about and which to very many women is more of a bug-a-boo than all the hard work.

For the benefit of those who may not have read the accounts of these clubs in the daily papers it might be well to speak a little more at length. The Grenfell Farmers' Club is, I believe, the very first of these clubs to be organized in the West. It is an offshoot of the agricultural society, and it is intended that all clubs formed in the future shall be in affiliation with some such society. The club is composed of both men and women and takes up subjects of interest to those engaged in farming as a means of livelihood and in addition devotes a portion of each meeting night to songs, readings, recitations and social intercourse. In addition the club at Grenfell has recently established a permanent club room in that town which is to be utilized by members coming in from the country as a rest room.

It is only necessary to have been about any of our small towns on, say, a Saturday, and watched the women, often with little children, having to wait about stores until it is time to start for home, to appreciate how great a boon such a club room will be.

Affiliated with the Moose Jaw Agricultural Society are twelve similar clubs, each one situated at some school house or small village sufficiently near to Moose Jaw to make an affiliation with the Society easy and practical.

The idea of the Department of Agriculture is to establish not only these mixed clubs but also clubs for women only in connection with the agricultural societies. Possibly it would be more correct to say the Department will encourage the establishing of these clubs. It was suggested by Mr. Auld that possibly the women's clubs could meet better in the summer time and that they might, for part of the time at least, meet from house to house and discuss questions that are of especial interest to women. This is no doubt a good idea but I trust it will not do away with the mixed clubs of men and women for I think it is mixed society that the women on the farms need even more than for a number of them to get together and discuss only questions that interest women. This would not give them the change of environment and the breadth of outlook that the mixed clubs will do. It would be an excellent thing for men and women to discuss together, for example the best methods of doing housework. I imagine I can see some of my women readers smile over that suggestion, but the idea is not so far-fetched after all. Women have their opinions of how many branches of work usually done by men should be performed and why should not the men have their views on how women's work should be done. And why should they not exchange ideas. I believe that if this were done it would lead to many a man coming to understand just how wearing housework so often is and further that it would also lead many a man to think of how much he might lighten the work of his wife and daughters by seeing that there is always an abundant supply of wood and water placed as conveniently as possible. In many instances it would be money well invested for him to turn the washing machine half a day and then accept his wife's help in some of the lighter outside tasks that would take her into the air and sunshine and give her a change of work and thought. Just for example let a man turn the washing machine and let his wife make the hand selection of heads for him from his experimental plot of seed wheat, or drive the soil packer or the binder for half a day.

There would be another benefit arise from this exchange of ideas and that would be that many men would come to realize the need of spending money for improved household appliances as much as for improved plows, drills, packers and the like.

I presume the demonstration club meetings given at Regina were rather more formal than those regularly held by the clubs, but there was this criticism to offer on the style of meeting given, and that was the subject of discussion was too much confined to the men and the ornamental part, music, etc., to the women. For example, the subject of discussion at one meeting was the growing of clovers. Now women are just as capable of discussing that subject as men and to concentrate on clovers for a while would be a blessed relief to many a woman from the ceaseless round of baking, dish washing and the like. If the discussion of clover and its feed value had been followed by a brief discussion on the relative value of certain foods for human bodies, viewed in the light of cost and time and strength required in preparation, it would have been both interesting and helpful.

Somebody will say it is very easy for that woman in Winnipeg to sit up and tell us how to do things but what does she know about farm life anyway. Just this, that she spent the first fourteen years of her life on a farm in old Ontario and that out here in the West she has travelled over every district of the three prairie provinces and has talked with many scores of women and men on the problems of both the farm and the home; that she loves the West dearly and longs to be of service to both the men and the women who are doing the hard outpost duty now that means in later years a great strong nation in the Canadian West. There is an old saw that "the lookers on see most of the game" and for that reason, perhaps, these somewhat crude thoughts on clubs will be tolerated by the women and men on the farms and, perhaps also that they may be of some use in shaping the clubs that I am sure are bound to come and bound to do good.

Nothing for Women.

After the good beginning last year, it is a keen disappointment that the governing powers of the agricultural college did not see fit to provide any meetings especially for women in connection with the convention of agricultural societies held Feb. 14 to 19 at Winnipeg.

In view of the fact that it seems to be the fixed intention to start the domestic science course this spring it is strange that this excellent opportunity of bringing the domestic science teacher —Miss Juniper—and the mothers of her prospective pupils together. It would surely have been the best possible opportunity of stirring enthusiasm in the coming course. The meetings last year were so good, so well attended and so much enjoyed, that there seems no possible excuse for their not being continued this year.

The one and only offering especially provided for the entertainment of women and their instruction and profit, is the address by Miss Juniper on the food value of fruits and vegetables and for this we have to thank Professor Broderick who, as secretary of the Western Horticultural Society, has arranged for it on the night of their public meeting.

Saskatchewan and Alberta seem to be alive to the needs of the women on the farms and are making earnest efforts to meet them, but Manitoba, the oldest province, and the one that should be setting the example is falling further behind in this matter every year.

Alberta is introducing a dower law this session and the women of Saskatche-

wan are still keeping up the agitation, though when they approached the Attorney-General last year he handed them out about the neatest bluff I have heard in a long time. The Women's Council of Winnipeg are moving in the direction of a dower law for this province also and I hope with some prospects of success. The crying need of such protection for women becomes more apparent every year. It is a sin and a shame that the English Common Law on this subject, which prevailed here in the early days, should have been allowed to be repealed, but it only goes to show how men will make laws to suit themselves without the slightest regard for the rights of women. Some men found the dower law rather a hamper when they wanted to deal extensively in real estate and turn it over rapidly and they immediately proceeded to rid themselves of the hampering dower law. As there were no women in parliament and no men keenly interested in women's rights these selfish mortals got their way. They had no thought for the thousands of women who had come into this country, or who would come in the future and who would put their lives and their strength into making homes out of the wilderness only to find that they had no more claim on the land than the veriest passing stranger.

The Dower.

Is it any wonder that the women from the older provinces and from the United States, who signed away their dower in order that the old home might be sold to make a start in the new country are outraged when they find that they have no right in the new home which has been purchased, partly at least, with their money.

While I am more than anxious to see women secure the dower law and any other law that will protect and help them I cannot help feeling that they have begun at the wrong end. The basic reform which would make all others easy, is for women to possess the franchise and it is passing strange to me that so many women cannot see this.

The Franchise.

If all the women of the three provinces were to concentrate on this one thing, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that they would get the franchise without much trouble, and once having secured it, the dower law, the right to homestead, the right of guardianship of their children, and a score of other reforms which are so sorely needed would come very readily. Just so long as women do not count politically just so long will men continue to ignore them in the making of laws. Here are one or two facts that it would be well for women to ponder: In the states of Wyoming and Colorado, in New Zealand, Sweden and Australia, where women have the franchise, women are paid the same wages for the same work as men are paid and these are the only places on God's green earth where they are; Colorado has the best laws for the protection of women and young girls, and the suppression of child labor of any state in the Union.

I am not wanting to thrust my opinions on equal suffrage down the throats of my readers, I know that some women at least, are conscientiously opposed to women exercising the franchise though I must confess I have yet to hear them offer even the semblance of a reasonable argument for their belief. It is not the women who really object that are holding this reform back it is the women who, comfortable themselves, are wholly indifferent to the discomforts and disadvantages of others who are blocking the wheels of progress. Dear women readers of this page, think on these things, make up your minds and then go to work.

In response to my suggestion that readers of the page send along favorite verses for reproduction, I have received the following, together with the letter of sympathy and appreciation for which I am exceedingly grateful to "A Sister from Devon."

Favorite Poems.

"Wauchope, Sask.

"Dear Editor of the Woman's Quiet Hour,—

"In response to your invitation to send in our favorite poems, I have enclosed one which has often comforted and cheered me. A copy of it was sent to me by a dear friend of mine in England. I much appreciate the 'Woman's Quiet Hour', and wish there was more of it, but I am afraid that is a selfish wish. I was very much interested in your article on Mrs. Binnie-Clarke, because my experience is that it is not the Canadians who take advantage of 'British greenness' so much as those who circulate such misleading statements in England, in regard to this country.

"I have been here nearly five years, and must say I admire Canadian women, especially as housekeepers. I have learned much from them.

"Thanking you for the many helpful and comforting thoughts which the 'Women's Quiet Hour' has brought me, I am 'A Sister from Devon'."

"If We Had Known."

If we had known that the pathway rough
Whose end we tried to see
Had a hidden turning close at hand
From toil and peril free,
With joys as sweet as this earth may own;
Would we have murmured,
If we had known?

If we had known that the sunshine bright
Would burst through clouds of grey;
And the rainbow arch of our falling tears
Would crown joy's perfect day,
Till our hearts o'erflowed with bliss alone;
Should we have sorrowed,
If we had known?

If we had known that the lesson hard
We conned with aching brow,
Unlocked the gate to fields of thought
Whose key we carry now,
And the gain is worth all the toil, we own;
Would we have worried
If we had known?

If we had known that the barren soil
We tried so hard to break,
Would soften beneath the showers of love,
And ground prepared would make;
That we should reap from the seed then sown;
Would we have fainted
If we had known?

If we had known the loud north wind,
That whistled about our door,
But hastened the good ship home again,
With our dear ones to shore;
Should we have trembled to hear its moan
Or prayed for its ceasing,
If we had known?

If we had known that the cross we bore
Was studded with points of light,
We had but to carry it 'neath the rays
Of God's own sunshine bright,
But we hid it away in the dark alone;
Should we have done so,
If we had known?

Ah, we may not know, e'en though the passing hour
A Father's love doth hide;
That we may trust Him in shine and shade
And safe in His care abide.
Live looking up for each day alone,
Then we never need sigh—
"If we had known".
For He knoweth our way to the very end
With all its toil and cares;
He knoweth the sequels to all our plans
And blesses us unawares.
One day we shall fully His wisdom own
Where we shall know
E'en as we are known.

— E. A. Lempriere Knight.

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Dept. W.H., Station B. Montreal, P.Q.

A Model Russian Dairy.

Russia is making great strides in developing a dairy industry and the exports of butter from that country have attained considerable proportions. The United States Consul at Warsaw describes a modern dairy that has been established in that city by Mr. J. Jonasz. The entire place is said to be full of light and glistens with cleanliness. Everything within is on modern lines, and the offices serve principally as a place for receiving orders for milk. Besides this milk, cream, butter, cream cheeses, as well as fresh eggs stamped with the date when laid, are sold. On the wall pictures show the manipulation which milk undergoes in being made into butter.

In dairy farming Mr. Janasz is a pioneer in Poland. The first steam dairy started in the country was on his estate at Plochocin. It was here that a decided endeavor was made to avoid the intermediary dealer and to conduct the dairy business on wide, healthy, economical lines. The first centrifugal, invented by Zefeld, was soon introduced into Plochocin. It was also the first place to start dairy farming by selling direct to the city consumer. The business at Plochocin increased so rapidly that it became necessary to move the plant to Warsaw. At first the milk from Mr. Janasz's estate and that of his nearest neighbors was used. The business increased to such an extent that it became necessary to contract for the milk of the district within a continually increasing radius. Milk now arrives from thirty odd different estates, many of the owners of which have cut out the intermediary dealer and are now able to conduct dairy farming on modern and progressive lines. The regularity of the sales induces also improving cattle breeding. In addition to other advantages, farmers have gained quite 50 per cent. in the price, without cost to the consumer, as the price of milk has not gone up for many years.

The consumer has also secured good milk, so necessary for the public health. When the milk arrives at this Warsaw dairy it is poured into a basin and treated mechanically, no human hands coming into contact with it at any time, the bottles being filled automatically. The three principal processes are cleaning by the centrifugal, pasteurizing, and cooling the milk to two degrees above freezing point.

The pasteurizing is important to deprive the milk of the various injurious bacilli while preserving the useful ferments. This operation requires keeping the milk for 30 minutes at 149 deg. Fahrenheit. If the temperature goes above this normal, the useful bacilli are destroyed; if it is not maintained for the whole 30 minutes, many injurious bacilli remain alive. For this it is necessary to have most accurate apparatus, and it is only in a large industrial establishment that the work can be satisfactorily accomplished.

The cooling of the milk after pasteurization to two degrees above freezing point is for the retention of all the organic substances and keeping it fresh a certain time. This can only be done for a short time, and milk kept over is turned into butter and cheese. The daily turnover in milk at the Warsaw dairy is about 6,500 quarts. In one weeks analyses at this dairy it was shown that the outgoing milk had in a cubic centimeter 401,000 bacilli; after being pasteurized in the usual pasteurizer this number fell to 11,150; after cleaning in the centrifugal and after pasteurizing in the special apparatus arranged in the dairy, and cooling, there remained only 25 bacilli.

All the equipment is operated by a steam engine. The steam heats the milk during the pasteurization, moves the pumps which drive the milk from one basin to another, turns the centrifugal, butter machinery, etc. These machines aid in maintaining absolute cleanliness throughout the place. Not a sign of dust is found, nor is there the slightest odor.

The establishment has a manager, seven clerks, one master butter maker, one engineer, 23 work people, 11 boys and two women. The entire personnel consists of Poles who have become specialists. Steps have been taken to double the capacity of the plant.

Answers to Musical queries.

A correspondent is kind enough to furnish us with the words of "The Blind Child" asked for by a reader in a recent issue:

The Blind Child.

They tell me Papa, that to-night,
You'll wed another bride,
That you will clasp her in your arms
Where my dear Mama died.

That she will lean her graceful head
Upon your loving breast,
Like she, who now lies low in death,
In her last hour of rest.

They say her name is Mary, too,
The name my Mama bore—
But, Father, is she good and true?
Like the one you loved before?

And are her steps so soft and low,
The voice so meek and mild?
And Father, will she love me too?
Your blind and helpless child?

Please Father, do not bid me come
To greet your new-made bride;
I could not greet her in the room
Where my dear Mama died.

Her pictures hanging on the wall,
Her books are lying near,
And there's the harp her fingers touched,
And there's her vacant chair.

The chair whereby I used to kneel,
To say my evening prayer,
Dear Father it would break my heart,
I could not greet her there.

And as I cry myself to sleep,
As now I often do,
Then softly to my chamber creep,
My new Mama and you.

Then bid her gently press a kiss
Upon my throbbing brow,
Just as my dear Mama did.
Papa, your weeping now.

I love you, Papa dear,
But how I long to go
Where God is light and I am sure,
There'll be no blind ones there.

Now let me kneel down by your side
And to our Savior pray,
That God's right hand may lead you both
Upon life's weary way.

The prayer was offered, and a song.
I'm weary now, she said;
Her Father raised her in his arms
And laid her on the bed.

And as he turned to leave the room,
One joyful cry was given!
He turned and caught the last sweet smile;
His blind child was in heaven.

They buried her on Mother's side
And raised a marble fair,
On it described the simple words,
"There'll be no blind ones there."

"Dirge"

"If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang one tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'll meet her.
In eastern sky.

Bred in the Bone.

Some men are so crooked that they couldn't lie straight in a six foot four bed. They seem to be born that way. They would sooner sell crooked goods and make less money than sell straight at a fair profit. Cheating is as natural with them as eating, and some people seem to relish a crooked deal more than their meals. It is a strange thing but true that cheats rarely prosper. If they make money their gains seem to run through their fingers like sand. We have in mind to-day a wholesale man who was in business in Montreal some years ago, and who did a large business, in which he cheated everybody from the customs to the retailer who bought from him. He and the staff he gathered about him used to tamper with every article they sold, so that nothing scarcely left their place unadulterated. He would rather adulterate a puncheon of molasses and make less profit out of it than sell it pure and have over a fair margin. He prospered for a while, then escaped the penitentiary by the skin of his teeth, and to-day is eking out a living in a small manufacturing business that affords opportunity for the exercise of his ingenuity at cheating. He has never been a success and never will. Do a straight business, if you have to take a bucksaw and axe to do it.

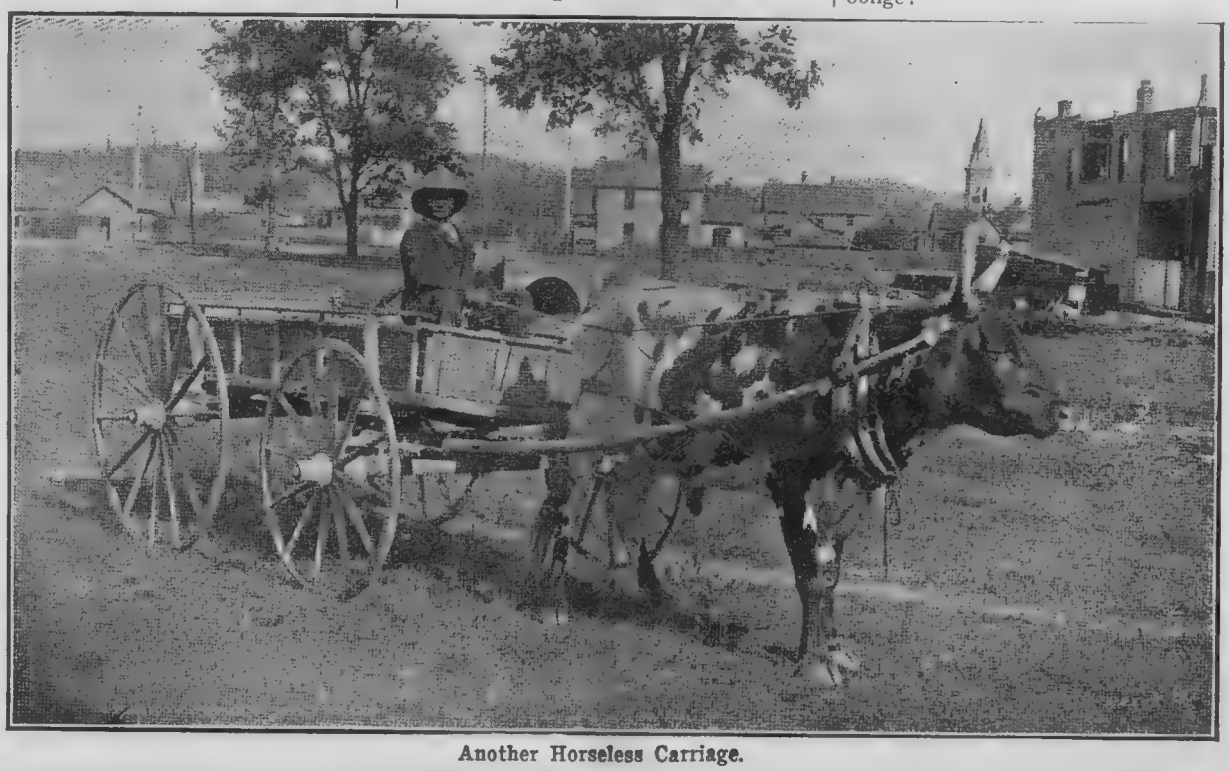
Laziness and Slavery.

There is no man who thinks he enjoys more liberty than the lazy man, and yet there is no more abject slave than the loafer. The hardest and meanest master to serve is Self, for he can never be satisfied and never relents. The free man is he who can say to his own mind and body, "I am master." The man who controls himself is the greatest power on earth, and the matter of controlling others is but child's play after holding the reins over his own thoughts, ambitions and acts. "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule." In the light of self-control—for the very esence of diligence is self-control, the diligent man has an open door before him that no man can close. The sluggard stands no chance of getting to the place of big potatoes at the hop. Diligence is the outward evidence of an inward condition. We do not take any stock in the diligence of the man with a ball and chain on his leg, and a man with a Winchester over him, nor the alacrity of the boy who knows there is a "hot time" ahead of him if he does not get through his errand in a specific time. Diligence that is the result of force of circumstances is not much better. The kind of diligence that will inevitably bear rule is the kind that is born and bred of love of the task. It is the man who is in love with his job, whether it be stone breaking for a macadam road of for the delectation of a class in geology, who will bear rule in his calling.

The Store of the Slothful.

"I went to the store of the slothful and the shop of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was covered over with dust, and litter had covered the face thereof and the fixtures thereof were out of repair. Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man." Prov. xxiv., 30-34. The above is the revised translation according to the Business Man's Bible, and our mercantile friends will do well to take down the old book and mark the changes in the text., One would think the writer had visited some of the retail stores of this generation instead of it being nearly 4,000 years ago. The picture is as perfect of the premises of the laggard as though it were painted but yesterday. What many merchants to-day are suffering from as well as those of Solomon's times, are good beds. A laggard drawled out the other day. "This getting out on the cold floor in the morning and working between meals is what kills a fellow." We heard of a genius who recently invented a piece of mechanism which attached to a clock and which at a certain hour in the morning pulled the covers off his bed and rolled him out on the floor. It worked first rate for a morning or two, but he soon learned to crawl into bed and pull the clothes over him after the machine had done its work. Laziness is a dreadful thing. I'd rather have the smallpox than have chronic laziness.

A correspondent is anxious to get the words of the song beginning "Last night when I was sleeping I had a happy dream." Will some reader kindly oblige?



Another Horseless Carriage.

Who is to Blame for the Change?

Now, who is to blame for this extraordinary change in American women.

A man learns his politics and opinions from his father and other men, but his religion from his mother. No vicious manhood can quite kill the faith which sprang up in his soul when he knelt, a little chiild, at her knee every night, or was hushed to sleep on her breast while she sang "that sweet story of old, when Jesus was here among men."

In earlier times in this country a mother had little work outside of her house and children. She watched her boy day and night to keep him near to God and out of the devil's clutches. It was she who told him of the Babe and the Cross out of the old Book which lay on the table beside her bed. He saw her turn to it when she was happy, when she was wretched, when she was old and dying. So it came that there was nothing so near to God in that man's eyes as his mother, her Bible and her Saviour.

But that woman is long ago dead and buried. The modern mother talks of her as of some coarse animal whose ignoble life was starved out in a cage. Her own feet are set in a large room. Her horizon takes in the world. She manages political caucuses, civic affairs, countless domestic and foreign missions. Art, literature, society and helpless humanity claim her. She rises every morning knowing that a botched old world is waiting for her to set it right.

The famous Coolgardie gold mines in Western Australia were discovered by a dream. In April, 1892, two miners of Victoria, Bayley and Ford by name, struck out for the north-east of Australia. After traversing two hundred and fifty miles of the Australian bush country their horses died, and they had to turn back. On the return journey Bayley dreamed every night that gold in quantities beyond their wildest hopes lay exectly one hundred miles beyond their farthest camping place.

Arriving in Victoria, Ford hesitated again to undergo the hardships and perils of the overland trip through waterless, treeless, and uninhabitated wastes, and favored the abandonment of the project. However, so strong was the impression of Bayley's dream that he declared that if his partner forsook him he would go alone. The two therefore secured new horses, bought fresh supplies, and again started forth. When far from human habitation their water ran low, and they were again forced to turn back.

It was Ford who had the dreams of golden sands and of rocky ledges in which gold nuggets gleamed plentifully as plums in a plum pudding—this time on the return journey. They suffered incredible privations, but both had received supernatural assurance of final success, so that now neither entertained the idea of abandoning their difficult and hazardous enterprise.

On their third trip their supply of water again ran short; but they were lucky enough to discover a natural well in the desert, known to the scattered bushmen by the name of Coolgardie. Pitching their camp by the side of the water, they turned their horses loose and decided to rest for a day or two at least. That night both prospectors dreamed of untold wealth all around them, and in the moring, with high hopes, they set out to find it.

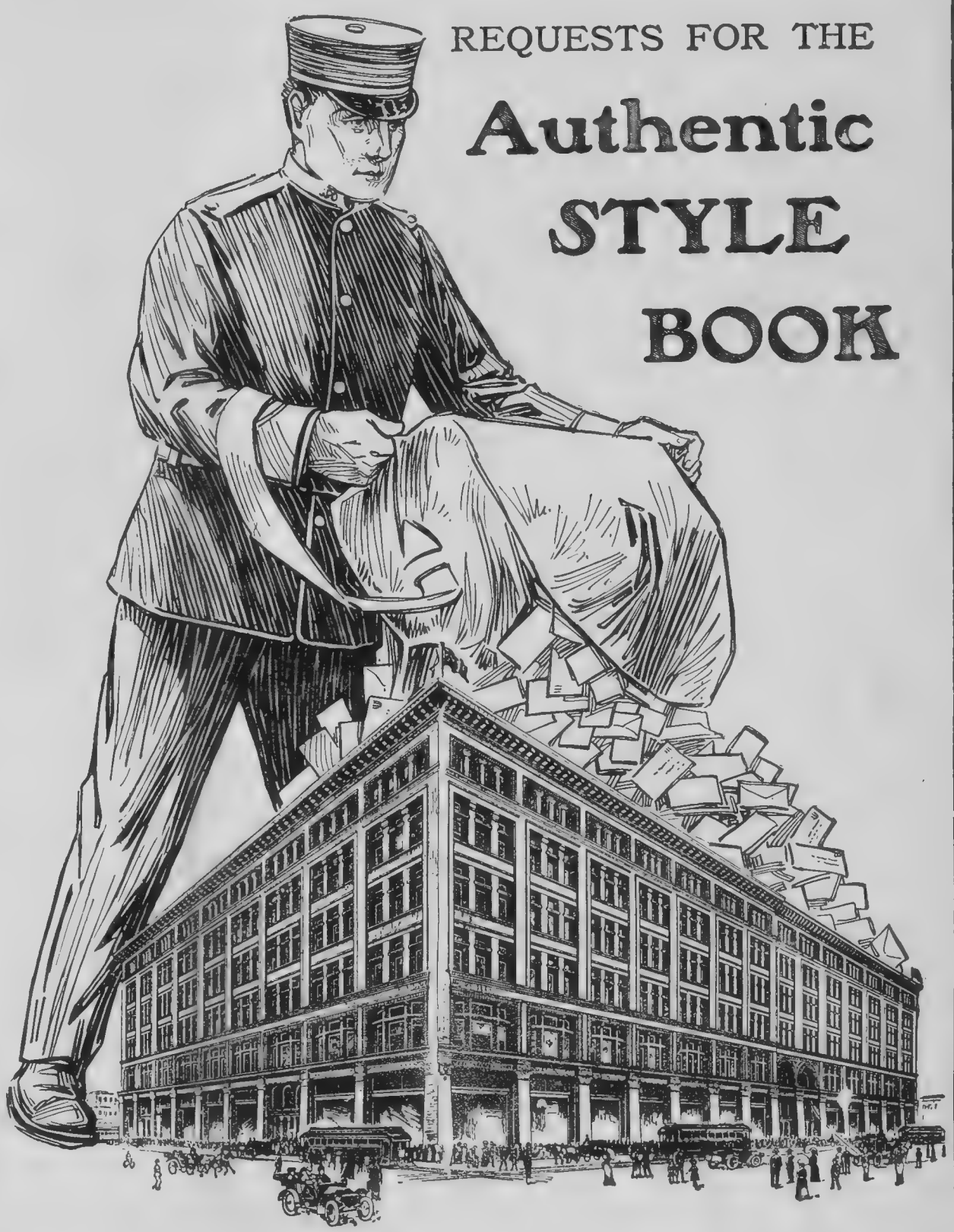
In an hour Ford picked up a nugget that weighed half an ounce. More eagerly than ever they continued their search, and by nightfall had gathered up over twenty ounces of gold in small nuggets. Three weeks of surface prospecting brought a reward of more than two hundred ounces of the precious metal.

By that time their food supplies were nearly exhausted so they made a hasty return to civilization, laid in a fresh supply of provisions, and hurried back to their Golconda, keeping the fact of their discovery a profound secret.

A few days after they had reached their old camping place they stumbled upon the out crop of the Coolgardie reef which made the fame of the greatest of Australian mining districts. Beginning with a slug that weighed fifty ounces—worth nearly two hundred pounds—in a few hours they picked from the cap of that reef upwards of five hundred ounces of gold.

The next day Bayley started for the nearest mining town, carrying five hundred and fifty-four ounces of gold with him. This he exhibited to the mining warden, putting in a claim for a lease of the land on which the amazing discovery had been made. Receiving his papers, he went back to his partner, who had been left on guard.

Within twelve hours after the facts had been made public more than a hundred and fifty men, with wagons, coaches, horses, and all the paraphernalia of mining were on Bayley's trail, hastening to the most sensational of all mining discoveries. In a few weeks the new camp contained a population of thousands; and in the few years that have since elapsed the Coolgardie mines have added hundreds of millions of pounds to the world's wealth. In nine years Bayley and Ford extracted from their mine one hundred and thirty-four thousand ounces of gold, valued at well over half a million pounds.



The first appearance of our beautiful new **Spring and Summer Catalogue** is bringing an avalanche of requests upon us. Had it appeared earlier it would not have been authoritative with regard to styles. It will show you the approved wearing apparel for 1910, as well as all the new novelties just brought back from Europe by our army of buyers. Your address on a post-card will bring it to you free of charge.

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Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

A FASHIONABLE FROCK OF CASHMERE.

Cashmere is one of the best liked materials for schoolgirls' wear. It is handsome and it is durable and of just comfortable weight. This gown shows it trimmed with soutache banding edged with flat silk braid and with yoke of lace, and the color is the Sevres blue that is always handsome for the younger contingent, the braid being black. The dress gives the suggestion of the favorite jersey or cuirass idea yet is all in one, in princess style, and it can be treated in a number of different ways. Rose colored cashmere with the trimming bands of silk, embroidered in some simple design with self color, and sleeve puffs of chiffon would make an infinitely more dressy frock. Dark blue serge with the yoke of tucked taffeta and sleeve puffs of plain silk would make an essentially useful one. Plaid and checked materials trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon would be youthful and charming and fill an intermediate place. In fact, the dress will be found adapted to every childish material, for the trimming can be varied indefinitely and the yoke can be made from any contrasting material. Either the three-quarter or long sleeves can be used as preferred.

For the twelve year size will be required 7⅜ yards of material 24, 5⅜ yards 32 or 4 yards 44 inches wide with 7¼ yards of banding ,15 yards of flat braid, ½ yard 18 inches wide for yoke. A May Manton pattern, No. 6442, sizes 8 to 14 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

Design By May Manton.
6442 Girl's Princesse Dress.

WITH THE FASHIONABLE RUSSIAN COAT.

Russian coats are among the smartest of all things for late winter wear. This costume shows a simple, attractive one combined with a skirt that is plaited below a smoothly fitted yoke. The material is broadcloth and is trimmed with soutache applied over a simple design combined with a wide flat braid There is a yoke of lace and the sleeves are cut off to three-quarter length. The coat is a practical one, however, and can be treated in a number of ways. The sleeves can be extended to the wrists, the yoke can be omitted and the coat made perfectly plain, as shown in the small view, or the neck can be cut out to reveal the gown worn beneath, or the yoke can be braided or treated in any similar manner. The blouse portion and the skirt are separate, joined beneath the belt, so that making and fitting become simple matters. If narrow material is used, both blouse and skirt portion can be seamed at the back.

The skirt is made with a plain five-gored upper portion that extends well over the hips and the plaited flounce, which is gored and attached to it.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 6 yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 3½ yards 52 inches wide with ⅝ yard 18 for the yoke and the collar; for the skirt 7¾ yards 27, 4¼ yards either 44 or 52 inches wide.

The coat pattern 6542 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6479 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Two Patterns.
Coat—6542—Sizes 32-40. Skirt 6479 Sizes 22-30.

THE FASHIONABLE VELVET.

Velvet is being extensively worn this season and it makes really ideal princesse gowns. This one is Mediterranean blue in color and is trimmed with black and combined with chemisette of cream colored net dotted with gold beads. The velvet is of the chiffon sort and takes really ideal lines and folds and the gown is altogether one of extreme grace and charm. The model is simple, however, and it will be found appropriate for such materials as cashmere and henrietta cloth quite as well as for the more costly ones. It can be made either with or without the train and with or without the fancy oversleeves. For a simple afternoon gown the plain long sleeves only made of the material will be found satisfactory. For a slightly more dressy one the long sleeves could be made of

One Pattern
6536. Sizes 34-42.

MADE IN CANADA PURE GOLD MFG. CO., Limited Toronto

chiffon in color to match the gown while the chemisette only is of white, so that there are many possibilities to be found in the design.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 18 yards 24 or 27, 8¾ 44 for velvet or other material with up and down, but if there is neither figure nor nap 13 yards 24, 12 yards 27 or 6½ yards 44 inches wide will be sufficient. For the chemisette and long sleeves 1¾ yards 18 inches wide will be needed.

The pattern 6536 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

GRACEFUL EVENING GOWNS.

The evening gowns of the late winter are exceedingly charming. Here are two that are typical. The one to the left is made of embroidered chiffon trimmed with pearl and crystal banding.

The second gown illustrates one of the prettiest of the tunic skirts and an exceedingly attractive draped waist. The material is soft finished satin and the trimming is narrow bands of fur. For the centre portions of the waist and the short sleeves beaded net is used and they are finished with beaded applique. Altogther the gown is a singularly graceful one. The skirt is made with a plaited flounce that is joined to a foundation and over this foundation the tunic, including the box plait at the back is arranged. If liked the skirt can be made with a high waist line and in walking length. Also the waist can be made high at the neck and with long sleeves if preferred.

For the medium size will be required for the waist 2½ yards of material 27, 1½ yards 44 inches wide, 1⅛ yards 18 for the centre, front and back portions and the short sleeves, 1⅞ 18 for the yoke and long sleeves when they

Four Patterns.

Blouse—6545—Sizes 32-42. Skirt—6539 Waist—6540—Sizes 34-42. Sk —Sizes 22-30. —Sizes 22-30.

The blouse is made with the square neck and short sleeves that are so well liked this season and the simple seven-gored skirt is tucked over the hips. If liked, the yoke and long sleeves can be added, making the gown available for daytime use. It will be found suited to every material that is thin enough to be tucked successfully and the blouse can be made of one throughout or of one material for the lower portion and another for the tucked upper portion and sleeves. For the yoke and long sleeves any pretty all-over material will be found appropriate.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 2¾ yards of material 21, 2¼ yards 27 or 1⅜ yards 44 inches wide with 2⅜ yards of applique, 1⅞ yards of all-over lace for yoke and long sleeves when these are used; for the skirt 8½ yards 24, 7 yards 32 or 5½ yards 44 inches wide for material without figure or nap but if there is figure or nap 9½ yards 24 or 32, 5½ yards 44 inches wide will be needed. The blouse pattern 6545 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6539 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

are used; for the skirt 9½ yards 27 7¼ yards 44 inches wide; to trim the entire gown 5½ yards of banding. The waist pattern 6540 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6455 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

A SIMPLE FROCK OF LINEN.

Dark colored linens make serviceable frocks at all seasons of the year. This one is made of the material in a medium shade of blue and is trimmed with soutache applied over a simple design. It is smart and chic yet perfectly simple. Blouse and skirt are joined and closed at the left of the front and consequently the dress is easy to adjust. The wide tucks extend over the shoulders, giving becoming breadth to childish figures, and the sleeves are laid in box plaits at the lower edges to give a distinctly novel effect. All materials that are used for girls' dresses are appropriate. Just now washable fabrics are of special interest, for they are exploited on all sides, and ginghams and chambrays as well as linen and poplin would be charming so

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Write for book "The Sole of Steel," or order a pair of Steel Shoes on blank.

Off With the Old, Rough, Wrinkled Leather! On With the Comfortable STEEL SHOES!

There's more good wear in one pair of Steel Shoes than in three to six pairs of the best All-Leather Shoes. And **comfort!** The very first time you slip your feet into Steel Shoes they feel fine. They need no "breaking-in." And the longer you wear **Steel Shoes** the better you like them, for they keep your feet warm dry and comfortable—though you work in mud or slush up to your shoe tops. Steel Shoes are shaped to fit the foot, and the rigid steel bottoms and soles force them to keep their shape. No warping, no twisting, no leaking possible. **And they are as light as any ordinary work shoes.**

How Our 1910 Model Steel Shoes Are Made

The Wonderful Steel Bottoms

Steel Shoes solve the problem of the Perfect Work Shoe for all times to come.

The **soles** of Steel Shoes and an inch above the soles are stamped out of a special light, tin, **rust-resisting steel.** One piece of seamless steel from toe to heel. As a further protection from wear, and a means of giving a firm foothold, the bottoms are studded with adjustable steel rivets.

The adjustable steel rivets of the 1910 model Steel Shoes add the finishing touch of perfection. Practically all the wear comes on these steel rivets. When steel rivets wear down you can instantly replace them with new rivets. And the rivets at the tip of toe and ball of foot are the only ones that **wear.** Steel Shoes never go to the Repair Shop, for there's nothing to wear but the rivets. And the Steel Shoes **shed mud** almost as easily as they **shed water.** The cost is only 30 cents for 50 extra steel rivets. No other repairs are ever needed.

The uppers are made of the very best quality of plyable waterproof leather, and firmly **riveted to soles.** There is greater strength and longer service and more foot comfort in Steel Shoes than in any other working shoes in existance. It's in the **steel** and the plyable **leather** and the way they are **put together.**

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Rubber or felt boots heat the feet and make them sweaty and tender. Nothing more uncomfortable or more harmful to the feet. One pair of Steel Shoes will outlast at least three pairs of felt or rubber boots.

A man who wears Steel Shoes doesn't have to own three different styles of working shoes. No arctics or felt boots necessary.

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Steel Shoes have thick, springy Hair Cushion Insoles, which are easily removable for cleansing and airing. They absorb perspiration and foot odors—absorb the jar and shock when you walk on hard or stony ground. They keep your feet free from callouses, blisters and soreness.

Steel Shoes Save Doctor Bills

Wear Steel Shoes and you need not suffer from Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Stiffness of the Joints and other troubles and discomforts caused by cold, wet feet. Keep your feet always warm, dry and comfortable in Steel Shoes. They protect your health and save doctor bills, while adding to your comfort.

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Sizes 5 to 12, 6 inches, 9 inches, 12 inches and 16 inches high.

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Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, $4 a pair; extra grade of leather, black or tan color, $5 a pair.

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Size.....

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made; but a great many winter dresses will be needed before the season is past and this frock is admirably well adapted to cashmere, to light weight serge, to chiffon broadcloth, to plaided and checked wool materials, indeed, to everything that schoolgirls wear. The skirt is straight and laid in backward-turning plaits and is joined to the blouse by means of a belt. The closing is made with buttons and buttonholes. These

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
6553 Girl's Dress.

are visible at the upper part of the blouse and the lower part of the skirt but are concealed by the trimming between.

For the ten year size will be required 6¼ yards of material 24 or 27, 4⅜ yards 32 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide with 2½ yards of banding. A May Manton pattern, No. 6553, sizes 6 to 12 years, will be mailed by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

A SIMPLE SHIRT WAIST GOWN.

Shirt waist dresses are always needed. This one will be found adapted to washable materials and also to simple wool fabrics. In the illustration it is made from one of the new inexpensive printed wash fabrics but linens are charming and varied this season, poplins are to be much used for the early season and thinner materials include a long list of beautiful lawns, batistes, dimities and the like. If an entire gown is not wanted the skirt can be used for heavier material and the waist for thinner. The skirt is a plain seven gored one that can be made either in round or walking length and with inverted plaits or habit back and the waist is of the tailored sort, laid in wide tucks at the front with a plain back.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 3½ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 32 or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7½ yards 24, or 32, 3½ yards 44 when there is no up and down, but if there is figure or nap 10 yards 24 or 32, 5⅛ yards 44 inches wide will be required.

The waist pattern 6450 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6514 is cut in sizes for a 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inch waist measure.

A Few Dont's.

Don't pour boiling water and soap on grease spots. Moisten the spots first with a cold saturated solution of sal soda, then scrub them with the grain of the wood, using cold soapsuds.

Don't use good knives for scraping the table. A Teller knife costs ten cents and will answer the purpose.

Don't put egg dishes into hot water; it makes the egg adhere. Soak the dishes first in cold water.

Don't allow the soap to remain in a bucket or pan of hot water; it wastes. Have soap-cups to fasten to the sides.

Don't scour the inside of coffee-pots. Wash them with hot soapsuds, using a mop to dry thoroughly.

Don't put tin pans on the stove to dry. They become heated, the solder loosens, and they soon leak.

Don't crack ice in a tin pan; the pan wears out quickly or leaks at once. Use a wooden tub.

Don't put tin dishes in greasy water. It deadens the brightness.

Don't wash glasses in clear water, Use a little soap.

Don't add lard, molasses or sugar to bread if you wish it to keep well and be wholesome.

Don't spoil good, fresh fruit by making it into pies or puddings.

Don't moisten your food with the idea of saving your teeth. It spoils the teeth and you will soon loose them.

Don't throw away pieces of bread. Save, dry, roll and put them aside for breading.

Two Patterns.
Waist—6450—Sizes 34-44. Skirt—6514—Sizes 24-36.

The Empire Loan Company

HEAD OFFICE - - WINNIPEG, MAN.

Balance Sheet, Dec. 31st, 1909

ASSETS.

Loans on First Mortgages	$252,172 51
Real Estate	2,592 53
Cash on hand and in Bank	2,151 03
Deferred Expense	1,327 55
Office Furniture	425 00
Accounts Receivable	336 53
	$259,005 15

LIABILITIES.

Permanent Stock (Subscribed, $314,100)	$142,076 77
Instalment Stock (with interest apportioned)	44,467 42
Due Union Bank	38,000 00
Debentures	12,479 64
Reserve Fund	12,000 00
Insurance Suspense	1,206 15
Balance of Profit and Loss	8,775 17
	$259,005 15

Profit and Loss Account

Cr.		
Balance brought forward from 1908	$ 84 76	
Net profits for year, after deducting salaries, commissions, rent, taxes, general office costs, etc.	15,942 96	
		$16,027 72
Dr.		
Appropriated as follows:		
In payment of half-yearly dividend, 6 per cent. July 1, 1909	3,252 55	
Now apportioned:		
Half-yearly dividend, 6 per cent., to Dec.31, 1909	3,789 86	
Bonus dividend per year, 2 per cent.	2,347 50	
Dividend apportioned Instalment Stock, for the year	2,345 47	
Placed to Reserve	4,000 00	
Balance carried forward	292 34	
		$16,027 72

Reserve Fund

As at December 31, 1908	$ 8,000 00	
Transferred thereto from Profit and Loss, December 31, 1909	4,000 00	
		$12,000 00

Capital Account

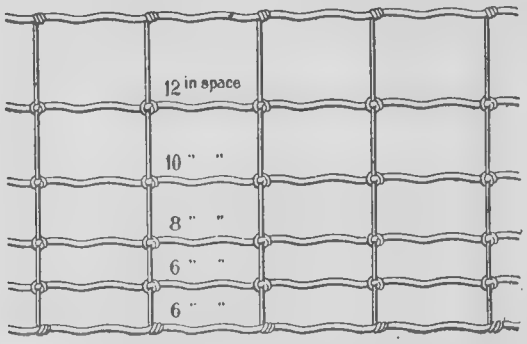
Authorized Capital	$5,000,000 00
Capital Subscribed	314,100 00
Capital Paid Up	142,076 77

I have examined the cash operations in the books of the Empire Loan Company for the year ending December 31, 1909, with the vouchers produced, and certify that the foregoing accounts and balance sheet are, in my opinion, properly drawn up so as to show the position of the Company as shown by the books and records of the Company.

JOHN SCOTT.
Chartered Accountant.

An Attractive Investment

There is now on offer the balance of an issue of this Co.'s Stock at $110.00 per Share. Pays 8%. Write the Company for particulars.



"Great West" Woven Fencing

Is made of the best quality of No. 9 Hard Drawn Galvanized Wire with a "Tie or Lock" that holds the wires absolutely secure at each intersection. Every rod is guaranteed to be of highest quality.

Our new catalogue is free for the asking, send for it to-day.

The Great West Wire Fence Co. Ltd., Winnipeg

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

STEM WIND **EARN** Watch, Ring AND CHAIN FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch, Stem Wind, handsomely designed case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years, also a nice Ring set with a Congo Gem, sparkling and firey, for selling 20 packages beautiful high grade Art Post Cards at 10c per package. Order 20 packages, when sold send $2 and we will positively send you the watch, ring & chain.

Satisfaction guaranteed. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 406 CHICAGO

ENTERTAIN AND AMUSE YOUR GUESTS

Book containing 250 jokes and riddles; 73 toasts; 12 tricks with cards; 40 amusing experiments in magic, 16 parlor magics; 11 parlor pastimes; 8 fortune telling secrets; 10 funny readings; 52 money-making secrets. Catalog of tricks and entertaining books, all for 10c postpaid.

Send Silver. HELFRICH & CO., 2559 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Belding's Sewing Silk

Means seams that will not draw nor pucker, that match the cloth and stay matched as long as the garment is worn, because they never fade; seams that never rip nor tear, that do not pull out the needle holes, that give and take under stress which would ruin a cotton sewed garment, returning to their original stylish shape after every pull; seams that are the secret of shapely, satisfying clothes.

Secure the same perfection by using Belding's Spool Silk for all Home Sewing and Dressmaking. Demand it of your customer or dressmaker. Throw all cotton out of your work-basket for economy's sake.

Will Stand a Bull Dog Strain

Belding's 1910 Spring Catalogue OF STAMPED .. LINENS ..

Contains all the latest ideas for costumes, dress wear, novelties for children's wear, as well as the newest designs for centre pieces, cushions, and all the newest suggestions for Art Embroidery.

Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

Ribbons And Their Uses.

An illustrated booklet containing many useful and novel ideas for making up ribbons into fancy articles. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

Belding's Leaflet for Embroidered Waistcoats

Containing illustrations for waistcoats worked on Perforated Broadcloth, Huckaback, etc. Sent to any address on receipt of 2 cents.

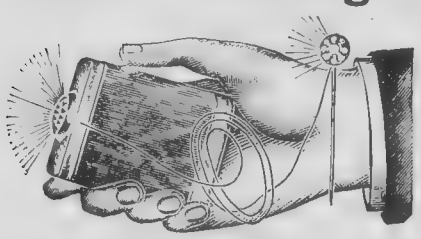
Belding's Necktie Leaflet

Contains directions for making Motor Scarfs, Neckties, etc.

Sent to any address on receipt of 2 cents.

Belding, Paul & Co., Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Electric Flashlight



GIVEN FOR SELLING

FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS

Pocket Electric Light. Just the thing for dark nights. Press the spring, and there you are—bright as day. Complete with battery and **electric tie pin, for selling** $3.00 worth of the **biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy**; the ten fastest sellers. Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c a package, you **simply hand them out and take the money.** Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send Flashlight. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 29W, Toronto.

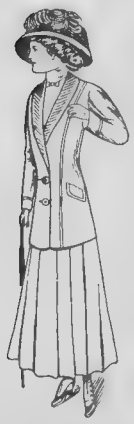
Send 85c. Receive by mail postpaid this new style Tailored waist No. 15 made of white percale containing a black stripe, 4 nickes on each side in front and 4 tucks in back box pleat in center front a very neat tailored style, white collar and tie not furnished. Add 10c. for postage.

Send $2.75

Receive by mail postpaid this new style beautiful cream net waist, No. 9 lined in mull. Waist is made with extra deep pointed front panel formed by two wide lace bands, lace edging, crocheted button trimmed, lace trimmed, hand and pointed, tucked collar. Standard Garment Co., Coote Block.

Add 15c for postage. London, Canada, 10

SEND $6.95



Received this beautiful new style, tailored suit. The skirt is made in the new pleated style. The coat is made with a semi-fitted back, lined in excellent quality mercerized sateen, tailor padded and stitched, with new roll collar and made generally just as pictured. The cloth is all wool French panama in cream, navy, black, brown, green and red. For $7.95 we can supply this suit in all wool venetian in black, navy, brown, green, grey and red. The regular price of these suits is from $12 to $15. We are overstocked in cloth and have cut them to sell them quickly. Give number of inches around largest part of bust and hips, around smallest part of waist also length of skirt in front. Send your order to-day. Order suit No. 50.

STANDARD GARMENT CO.,
10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

SWEET VIOLIN

GIVEN FOR SELLING

FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS

Full sized, beautifully finished, sweet toned Violin, with good bow, tuning pipe, rosin, and Self-instructor, for selling $5.00 worth of the **biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy**; the ten fastest sellers Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c a package, you **simply hand them out and take the money.** Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return our money, and we send Violin same day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 28W, Toronto.

Embroidered Linen Costumes.

Embroidery has been for the past few seasons more adapted for articles of dress wear than ever before, and at this season of the year time should be devoted to the embroidering of costumes, dresses, and all dainty accessories of the toilet so expensive when purchased, and all of which to be fashionable must show at least a touch of hand embroidery.

Embroidered linen costumes will be much in demand for summer wear, and the reason for this is not difficult to find, as they are at once stylish and attractive, and are also cool and comfortable to wear. These costumes have the advantage of laundering beautifully and can be kept daintily fresh. Each spring season brings forth new varieties of linen fabrics which have been especially woven for embroidered costumes, and these linens are so handsome and lustrous that they easily replace the Shantung silks which have been so fashionable in the past, and as the linen weaves are much firmer and durable, time is well spent in embroidering or braiding them.

Design 5284.

Coat stamped on linen .$2.25
Skirt, 5¼ yards 3.25
One-piece dress, 8 yards . 5.50

French embroidery and braiding designs are both in form for these costumes, and combinations of these can also be had. As the designs are sufficiently large to stand bold treatment the embroidery can be easily and effectively done without spending too much time upon it, and only a slight knowledge of this art is necessary to reproduce any of the handsomest of the expensive model costumes which will be shown at the fashionable spring openings. The French embroidery designs require careful padding and the surface or satin stitch should be smooth and evenly placed. The best results are obtained by using a smooth lustered cotton thread. The rat-tail braid is extremely popular this season, as it has a smooth silky finish and is easily applid.

A word of description here as to the suitable materials for these costumes, as different weaves are adapted to various styles. A new rather loosely woven fabric known as "Russian crash" is well adapted for the tailored coat and skirt which require only embroidered collars, cuffs and buttons as their finish.

The Shantungs and finer linens are suitable for the more dressy costumes and gowns with more elaborate designs. White linen costumes are always favorites as repeated tubbings cannot harm them, but the colored varieties are so fascinating with their exquisite shades of pinks, mauves, etc., that it is difficult to resist their charm and they can be effectively embroidered either in white or self tones. We illustrate some very handsom designs in these columns. The first shows the complete costume with its effective design of braiding and embroidery. The coat is semi-fitting and of medium weight, but these embroidered designs can be made up in any preferred style.

Design 5281.—Stamped on either white or colored linen, $5.50.

This costume is made from a medium weight white linen and consists of a three-quarter length coat worn over a one-piece dress embroidered to match, or if preferred the skirt only matching the coat may be had.

The second dress illustrated is one of the fashionable two-piece ideas which many people prefer on account of the fullness given by the lower pleatings. The upper portion of the gown is completely covered by a handsome braiding design. The cutting-out diagram is

given for the upper portion only so that the braiding matches perfectly at the seams. The band at the foot of the skirt may be omitted if preferred. The costume is braided on pale pink linen with white rat-tail braid.

No. 5283 is a similar gown showing bands on the side of the bodice. This gown is handsomely braided on pale grey linen with a darker shade of rat-tail braid.

We do not ourselves supply these materials, but readers trusting their orders to us will have them promptly filled.

Rat-tail braid can be supplied at 50c. per bunch of two dozen yards, lustered cotton at 30c. per dozen skeins, and padding cotton at 5c. per ball.

Good Temper.

There always has been and doubtless will be much discussion as to what qualities are most to be desired in a husband and wife. From time to time symposiums on the subject have been held by popular family magazines, in which hundreds of votes have been pretty evenly divided between the various virtues of mankind, domestic and heroic, not forgetting the practical desideratum of a comfortable bank account. For even romatic Tom Moore has told us that:

"Lips, though blooming, must be fed,
And not e'en love can live on flowers."

But of all qualities which are conductive to happiness not only in the close companionship of married life, but in human intercourse in general, there are few to equal—none to surpass—the homely one of good temper, which has been well called the parent of the virtues, since it is the foundation of peace and kind feeling for one's fellow men.

There is nothing which so much makes for the misery not only of its possessor, but of all who are so unfortunate as to be intimately associated with him or her, as an ungoverned and unreasonable temper.

No one on earth, excepting perhaps an ill-tempered woman, is so difficult to live with as a really ill-tempered man; and the worst of an evil temper is that, being indulged, it grows worse as its possessor grows older.

Ill-tempered people not only poison their own lives, but also those of all who are obliged to share those lives. One never can tell when a tempest of temper may descend like a bolt from the blue, and life under such conditions often becomes almost unbearable.

Unfortunately people who are in love usually for the time being bid adieu to common sense and reason. It was not without good cause that the ancient Greeks painted Cupid blindfolded. The portrait would have been truer to life had they instead given him rose-colored spectacles. Lovers, in the first ecstacy of passion, usually lose sight of everything excepting each other, whom they behold in a halo of roseate light that wholly obscures all defects.

Superstitions of the Great.

A man more absolutely governed by pure reason than Lord Macaulay could not well be found. But in his diary he refers to an after-dinner talk about the feeling which Johnson had—of thinking one's self bound to touch a particular rail or post and to tread in the middle of a paving stone. And he adds: "I certainly have this very strongly."

In one of his Hibbert lectures Max Muller said to the students: "Many of you, I suspect, carry a ha'penny with a hole in it for luck. I am not ashamed to own that I have done so myself for many years."

Charles Dickens refused to lie down unless his bed were placed due north and south. He gave notice of the rule before arriving at a friend's house or a hotel, but a compass was always handy in his baggage to make sure.

Miss Justin McCarthy has told how Parnell gravely checked her stirring coffee "the wrong way" and insisted that she should take another cup.

A gentleman of Portrush sent to Lord Roberts an old horseshoe when things looked ill in South Africa. Gratefully acknowledging it, the general added that he would keep this horseshoe in company "with one picked up the day I entered the Orange Free State, and another I found at Paardeburg the day before General Cronje surrendered."

Frogs as Food.

The American Consul at Marseilles, having been directed to prepare a report upon the raising and marketing of frogs of which the legs only are eaten. The in France, has discovered that frogs are not largely or generally used as an article of food. The American Consul at Nantes is unable to recall one instance where, in the course of his travels, frog was on the hotel lunch or dinner menu. He points out that in a recently published list of French gastronomic specialties there were snails of Burgundy, but no mention of grenouilles. The conclusion is that the consumption of frogs is very limited, the principal variety being the green frog, red frog is of inferior quality and therefore consumed only in rural districts and by people of limited means in the cities and towns.

Don't use cracker-crumbs if you can get bread-crumbs.

Absorbent cotton, if applied at once will prevent any traces of stain from oil, milk or cream.

WEAK MEN! WAKE UP!

WHY DO YOU WAIT?

Are you satisfied to turn the grindstone for the other fellow all your life? Are you content to be a plodder all your days? There's nothing in it, and you know it. Then why not brace up and be a Man? Electricity as I apply it is working wonders in the world. I am making hustling, energetic men out of wrecks every day. In every walk of life you'll find these men—men whom I have saved from lives of wretchedness and despair—men who are making their mark in the world—men who are shouting the praises of my Dr. McLaughlin Belt—men who will tell you that their success in life dates from the time that they began the use of my great Electric Appliance the only absolutely safe and sure remedy for a weak man—a broken-down man.

My remedy is an honest remedy, a logical remedy, a time-tried remedy. You have seen my advertisements for over twenty years, if you have been on earth that long, and if you'll write to or consult some of the men and women who have used my appliance or are using it, they'll tell you that it does all that I claim for it and even more. Then why do you wait? What's the use in bewailing your fate? You know you are not the man you ought to be. I can help you with Electricity as applied according to my method more than all the Doctors and Drugs in Christendom. If it is fresh strength and energy you want, VIM and VIGOR, that's what I can give you, and you'll be a long time getting anything like that out of drugs.

If your stomach don't work; refuses to digest your food; if your Bowels don't move regularly; if your Kidneys are weak; if your Liver is sluggish; if your Blood Circulation is poor and your Blood is full of Uric Acid or other impurities; if your powers of Manhood are weakening; if your body is full of aches and pains; if you suffer from Headaches, Debilitating Losses, Urinal Disorders, Irritability, Despondency, Sleeplessness, or any other signs of Nervous or Physical Breakdown, stop and THINK! Don't don't depend upon Drugs to build you up; they'll never do it. Don't you know that all such symptoms are crying out the fact as loudly as they can that the nerve cells of your body are robbed of their power—their vitality? Don't you know that the basis of nerve-power is Electricity? Don't you know that Electricity is Life? If you don't, then you should get my Book and read it. It will teach you facts you ought to know.

Let me treat your case in my own way. Let me apply a steady current of Galvanic Electricity to your weakened system with my Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt. Wear this appliance, night after night for a few weeks and it will drive out all those pains and aches; it will restore energy and equilibrium to your nervous system; it will fill your body with fresh strength and energy; it will give you back the powers of Manhood, and make you a Man among Men. Again I place before you more PROOFS:

Dear Sir.—I have been wearing the Electric Belt I received from you, and I am pleased to say that it has been very beneficial to me. The drain on my system is entirely cured; bowels are regular every day since I have worn the Belt; appetite is good; mind is strong, also my head is better, and the tired feeling and pain is gone from my back. I cannot say anything else regarding the Belt, but it has made a wonderful change in me, and I have done quite an amount of work this fall as well. I do not fail to fully recommend your Belt to all who come and ask what did me so much good. You can put my name in your paper. I was simply of no use when I started to wear it. I could not do anything, and now I am plowing every day. With best wishes to you and to all who use your Belt, I wish to remain, Yours truly, **EDWARD SHERRITT, Willow Range, Man.**

Dear Sir.—Your Belt has restored me to health. I have not swallowed a drop of medicine since I got that Belt from you, and I believe I would not have been alive today if I had not got it.—**GEORGE YOUNG, Brancepeth, Sask.**

Dear Sir.—I have been wearing your Belt a month now and it is certainly helping me. My food digests better than it did and my bowels move more regularly. I am not as constipated as I was and sleep better than I did. My back is getting stronger and I do not have to pass water as often and the burning sensation is gone. I have no night losses since wearing the Belt and my private organs are getting stronger.—**EDD. BODELL, Clover Bar, Alta.**

Dear Sir.—It is with much pleasure I write to inform you of the benefit I have received from wearing your Belt. The rheumatism left my shoulder entirely after the third application. I was pursuaded to try another make of Belt two years ago, but it did not last long. Thanking you for the promptitude in sending the Belt.—**BERT ROPER, Moose Jaw, Sask.**

Mr. J. F. Bone, Brant, Alta., says: "I have worn your Belt for some time and can say it has done me good. The pains in my back have left me entirely."

Pick out the men who have worn my Belt See them, with head erect, chest expanded, the glow of health in their cheeks, courage in their hearts, and a clasp of the hand that tells you: "I am a man."

To those who are tired of paying without results, and to those who doubt if anything will help them, I make this offer: if you will secure me you can

PAY WHEN YOU ARE CURED.

I will let you have my Belt without paying me one cent in advance.

Call at my office this very day if you can; if you can't, then fill out this coupon, send me your address and I'll mail you, closely sealed my FREE 80-PAGE BOOK, elegantly illustrated. I have a book for Women, too. DON'T WAIT; DO IT NOW.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN,
112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
Send me your Free Book, closely sealed.
Name .....
Address .....
Office Hours—9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Wednesdays, and Saturdays until 8.30 p.m.

Pot Pourri.

I Dream.

I dream of all things free, of a gallant, gallant bark,
That crept through storm and sea like an arrow to its mark;
Of a stag that o'er the hills goes bounding in its glee,
Of a thousand flashing rills, of all things glad and free!

I dream of some proud bird, a bright eyed mountain king,
In my vision I have heard the rushing of its wing;
I follow some wild river, on whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver, I dream of all things free!

Of a happy forest child, with the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian midst the wild, with the stars to guide his way;
Of a chief, his warriors leading, of an archer's greenwood tree;
My heart in chains is bleeding—I dream of all things free!

—Felicia Hemans.

Some Turf Stories.

Some good racing stories are going the round of the papers just now. One of the best is an example of Thackeray's wit. The great novelists and Montalembert went to the Derby one year, and the Frenchman noticed many men dressed as sailors who were not the genuine article.

"Ah," said Montalembert, "these are, I suppose, what you would call your British Tars?"

"Oh, no," said Thackeray promptly, "these are only Epsom Salts!"

The superstitiousness of the racegoers is well known, and the following story is an amusing instance of it. Several years ago a party of sportmen were visiting Ascot, and on the Sunday previous to the famous meeting were caught in a thunderstorm and took shelter in a parish church. During the sermon the preacher emphasised the value of a good life, and affirmed that, although pleasure and profit would satisfy men for a while, it was piety that won in the long run.

"Piety!" whispered one of the sportsmen, nudging his companion vigorously. "Why, that's the mare entered for the 'Plate'! I'll take the parson's 'tip,' and send him an acknowledgement if it comes off!"

A day or two later a mare named Piety won the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, and the delighted backer forwarded a silver-mounted hunting-whip to the astonished clergyman as a momento of his fortunate though misapplied prophecy.

Another good story is told of a City gentleman who took a country friend to a race meeting and explained to him the process of laying a wager, finally inducing him to place a bet of a sovereign at odds of six to one. He won. When he received his winnings, which his friend had taken for him, he gazed earnestly at the money in his hand and asked—

"Is this all mine?"

"Yes," replied his friend.

"You mean to tell me I get six pounds for one pound?"

"Certainly I do!"

He glanced about him nervously, and, lowering his voice to a most confidential tone, remarked—

"Tell me, how long has this been going on?"

Do We Eat too Much?

"As the rise in the price of bread is a very serious matter to millions of our people, it is time to remind them that science has already shown us how we may halve our food bills, increase our mental and physical efficiency, and gain more pleasure from life," says a writer in the "Saturday Review." "It was left to a laymen to prove that the authorities were at sea as to the right quantity of food needed to produce the best results. His discoveries have since been verified by exhaustive experiments by scientific men, who are giving us, for the first time, a science of right nutrition. Edison, whose powers of work made the ordinary 'working man' a comparative idler, gives the keynote when he says of America, 'the country is food-drunk!' When working his hardest he takes twelve ounces of food a day.

"The exhaustive experiments of Professors Chittenden and Fisher, and of many medical men, show that he is right and that the minimum is the optimum. Professor Chittenden took a number of brain workers, a squad of soldiers, and a batch of trained athletes, gradually reduced their food to little more than one-third of the usual quantity, and kept them on it for months. The results were surprising, and mental and physical efficiency were greatly increased; the athletes were improved from twenty to one hundred per cent. The most significant and amazing results can only be described in medical works.

"This system of 'dietetic righteousness' is spreading rapidly in America and on the Continent, and is bringing, as Professor William James says, an economic revolution of incalculable importance. It matters little what we eat so long as we eat it rightly—that is, slowly—and when we have a true, not a habit appetite, the earned appetite being the ideal.

"This rational and scientific system gives a new joy of life, a sense of exhilaration and of well-being, a mental and physical alertness that comes as a revelation to the ordinary eater. It costs absolutely nothing, and makes a great saving in food and doctors' bills, as it gives practical immunity from many of the worst doctor-baffling diseases."

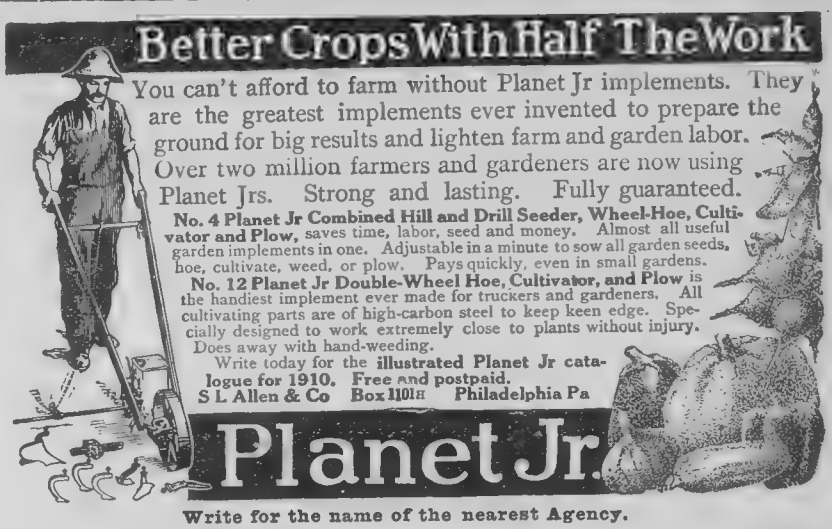
Naval Etiquette.

The state visit of a flag-officer of one Navy to the flagship of another is a matter of much ceremony and very rigid etiquette. When an American officer is visiting a British flagship, the flag-lieutenant reports to the flag-officer that the barge is manned. In full uniform they go on deck together. The captain and other officers are present, the full marine guard and band are paraded, and six side boys attend at the gangway. The marines present arms, the drum gives two ruffles, the bugles sound two flourishes, and the band plays a march. The flag-officer returns the salute with the hand. He returns the salute of the captain and officers and follows the flag-lieutenant into the fourteen-oared barge. The barge shoves off. With her ensign flying aft and the flag-officer's flag forward, she steers for the British flagship.

As the flag-officer passes any warship whatever her officers and men stand at attention and salute with the hand, the marine guard of the day comes to a "present," and the bugle sounds two flourishes. Each passing boat salutes.

Naval custom requires that the senior officer shall be the last to get into a boat and the first to leave it. Since to him the honors are given, he leaves the boat first in order to be received first, and he gets into the boat last so that he may not be delayed after he has received the final honors. The American flag-officer arrives at the British flagship. He is received on deck by the British flag-officer, captain, and other officers. The honors given him on board his own flagship are repeated, except that the British band plays the "Star-Spangled Banner."

A pleasant talk takes place in the flag cabin. When he leaves the honors are repeated. When he is clear of the ship he is saluted with thirteen guns, and the American ensign at the fore. The visit is ended.



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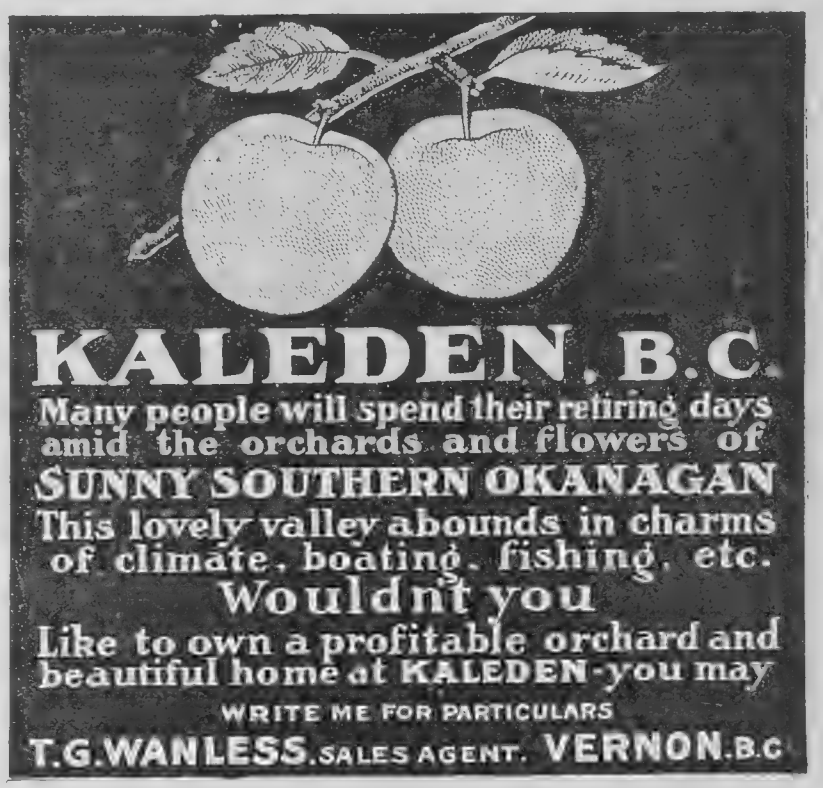

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You want to get all you can realize out of your grain, but the only way to do so is by shipping it in carloads to Fort William or Port Arthur and having it looked after and sold for your account by a first class grain commission house, acting as your agent.

We are an old-established, independent and reliable commission firm, well-known over all Canada, and we possess unsurpassed facilities for so handling Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax for farmers who rise to the ambition of shipping their own grain, and we are prepared to handle to the best advantage for our customers all grain entrusted to us. We make liberal advances against railroad car shipping bills immediately we receive the same, and make prompt returns after sales are made. We are not track buyers, and do not buy your grain on our own account, and we always furnish our customers with the name and address of the buyer we sell to.

Owing to the influence of the elevator interests in the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the commission rates for handling grain have recently been suspended, but an independent commission firm, which does not buy grain at a handsome margin of profit, must make some definite charge for the services it renders. We, therefore, propose to charge 1c. per bush. on Wheat and Flax, ¾c. per bush. on Barley and ½c. per bush. on Oats.

We solicit a continuance and increase in the patronage we have for many years received, and we invite you to write us for market prospects, shipping instructions, and our "Way of doing business," and you will be sure to gain advantage and satisfaction thereby.

Thompson, Sons & Co.,

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When writing any of the above grain merchants, be sure and mention the Western Home Monthly.

Household Suggestions.

Apples.

The apple ranks chief among the fruits. I think I am safe in saying that, excepting the grains, there is no product on the face of the earth better adapted as a food for man than the apple. The apple-eater is rarely a dyspeptic.

Baked Apples.—To bake an apple, remove the core, stand it in a granite baking-pan; add a little cold water, bake in a quick oven, basting frequently. Serve warm or cold and with or without cream.

Steamed Apples.—To steam an apple, remove the core, and steam continuously until the apple is quite tender.

Sliced Apples for Breakfast.—Pare and slice several apples; put them into a baking-dish; cover with cream. Bake for twenty minutes. Another way is to cover them with wel-cooked oatmeal, and bake fifteen minutes. Serve with milk.

Stewed Apples. — Take firm, sound apples of average size; core without paring, stand them in a porcelain-lined kettle; add sufficient water to cover the bottom; cover and simmer gently until they are just soft. Lift with a skimmer; dish; add to the water in the kettle sufficient sugar to sweeten; add a few drops of lemon juice, and pour the syrup thus made over the apples. Serve cold.

A Simple Apple Sauce. — Core the apples, cut in thin slices, and add sufficient water to prevent scorching. As soon as they boil, press them through a colander to remove the skins. To each half pint add a piece of butter the size of a hickory-nut, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Serve warm or cold. This form of apple sauce is usually served with duck, goose or turkey, and is an exceedingly nice dish for breakfast or supper. A more complicated sauce is made by adding to the apples, after they have been pressed through the sieve, butter, sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cream, and, to each pint, the well-beaten whites of three eggs.

Whole Apple Sauce.—Pare, quarter and core the apples. Make a syrup from half a cupful of sugar and half a pint of water. When it boils add a little lemon peel and then the apples. Put them on the back part of the stove, where they may cook slowly.

Baked Apple Sauce.—Core and slice tart apples; place a layer in a baking-dish with a sprinkling of sugar, then another layer of apples, and so continue until the dish is filled. Bake for twenty minutes.

Scalloped Apples.—Pare and cut the apples into slices; put them in a baking-pan with a layer of course bread-crumbs between the layers of apples, having the top layer of crumbs. Put two tablespoonfuls of molasses into half a cupful of water; pour the mixture over, and bake in a moderate oven.

Old-Fashioned Brown Betty.—Sprinkle a layer of sugar between the layers of apples and bread, and dust a little cinnamon over the top. Place the dish in a hot oven, covering it for fifteen minutes, and bake for thirty minutes. Serve with a hard sauce.

Steamed Apple Pudding. — Line a mould with slices of bread and butter. Put in a layer of stewed apples, another layer of bread and butter, another layer of apples, and so continue until you have the mould filled. Beat two eggs, add a pint of milk; pour this over the bread and apple; steam for one hour, and serve with a liquid pudding sauce.

Apples and Rice.—A simple dessert may be made from apples and rice. Pare and core the apples, stand them in a baking-dish, fill the spaces from which the cores were taken with chopped raisins and citron; fil the spaces in the dish to the very top with rice that has been boiled for fifteen minutes. Stand the dish in the oven, covering it for fifteen minutes, baking in all thirty minutes. Serve warm with milk or cream.

Farmhouse Apples.—Peel and core tart apples, fill the spaces from which the cores were taken with seeded raisins, bits of shredded citron, sugar and a little lemon peel. Stand them in a baking-pan, pour over them half a cupful of water, dust the apples with about two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar; bake in a slow oven until perfectly tender; draw them to the oven door and sprinkle over the top breadcrumbs; dust again with sugar, and allow them to remain in the oven for ten minutes. While they are baking, mix a tablespoonful of flour with half a cupful of sugar; pour over half a pint of boiling water, boil a moment; take from the fire, and pour slowly over one well-beaten egg; add the juice of half a lemon. Pour over the apples and serve warm.

A Good Apple Pie.—Take of good cooking apples enough to fill a dish suitable for the size of the family; quarter and core (peel if you choose), sprinkle with sugar and sweeten to your taste and a little water to start them cooking. Season with spice or nutmeg, as you like. Set in the oven and cook until tender, then put over them a good crust of well shortened biscuit dough made a little soft, and then return to the oven; when done, eat with cream, or any preferred sauce. It is nice without any spices.

Apple Popovers. — Blend one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour with two cupfuls of scalded milk, add a pinch of salt and the well-beaten yokes of four eggs. Pare and grate six good-sized apples, adding them as fast as grated to the batter, then the stiffly-whipped whites of the eggs. Half fill buttered custard cups, set in a pan of hot water in the oven and bake until well puffed and serve with sweetened milk flavored with nutmeg.

Apple Fritters.—Beat two eggs without separating until very light; add a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt and one cupful of flour. When perfectly smooth add a teaspoonful of baking powder and half a pound of apples that have been pared, cored and chopped fine. Drop this mixture by spoonfuls into fat at 365 deg. Fahrenheit. Brown on one side, turn and brown on the other, and serve with powdered sugar.

Apple Preserves.—Take three pounds of green apples. Pare, core and divide each half into three equal parts. Have ready a kettle of good syrup, made by boiling two and a half pounds of sugar and one pint of water. Let cool a little, and put in the apples and allow to simmer slowly until cooked. Watch syrup closely lest it burn. Use double boiler when the apples are in, as it will not need stirring, which breaks the fruit.

Use stick cinnamon if spice is desired. Sweet apples are generally used for preserving, as they are tougher in fibre and kept whole when cooked. The Talman-sweet is a suitable variety for this purpose.

Waldorf Salad.—One cup sour apples, one cup celery, tablespoon lemon juice, one-half cup walnut meats broken in pieces. Cut apples in thin slices; cut celery in small pieces. Dust with salt and pepper. Mix with mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

Rice and Apple Tomato Compote.—Peel and core the apples and fill the centres with minced raisins and citron. Put the apples in a baking-dish, fill around them with hot boiled rice and bake covered for a quarter of an hour and uncovered for the same time. Serve with rich cream.

Oranges.

About Orange Peel.—How many of our readers know if you will take the trouble to place orange peelings on top of the warming oven of your range when they are dry they will make a fine deodorizer? Save all your orange peel, and when dry put away in a paper bag. When you wish to scent the house, put one piece on the hottest part of the stove. If the stove is hot enough,

"Tarolema"

CURES ECZEMA

And Most Other Germ Skin Diseases

PER POT **50c.** ALL DRUGGISTS

Tarolema consists of compounds with combined Oils-of-Tar.

For children and mild cases or Wet ECZEMA, use TAROLEMA Number 1.

For dry ECZEMA and ECZEMA of the head use TAROLEMA Number 2.

For severe cases generally pronounced incurable, use TAROLEMA Number 3.

If your druggist does not sell TAROLEMA, order direct and address Dept. Chemist,

The Carbon Oil Works,

WINNIPEG LIMITED CANADA

TRADE MARK

The Triumph of Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear

It triumphs over the biting blasts and the bitter cold of Winter, and is equally triumphant over the changeable weather of Spring.

It has for thirty years triumphed over the competition of imitators and held its position as the highest grade pure wool underwear in the world.

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GIVEN

FOR SELLING

Flower and Garden Seeds

Neat, stem-wind guaranteed Nickel Watch for selling $3.00 worth of the biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy; the ten fastest sellers Everybody needs them. At our price 5c a package, you simply hand them out and take the money. Ladies' size for selling $4.00 worth. Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send Watch same day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 22W, Toronto.

the peel will burn like celluloid. If it is not, just touch a match to it (after it becomes heated through) and watch it burn, leaving fine white ashes. Afterward, should you wish to polish gold or a fine piece of silver, use these same ashes and the result will be gratifying.

Orange Cake.—2 Cups sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ water or milk, 3 eggs, 1 grated orange, 2½ cups flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Banana Cake.—Same as above except stir mashed banana with milk.

Marmalade Pudding.—Two eggs, their weight in flour, butter and moist sugar. Beat the whites and yolks separately. Mix these ingredients well together, butter and sugar first, then yolks and whites. Now add one teaspoonful carbonate soda or baking powder and large dessert-spoonfuls of marmalade. Pour into buttered moulds which it will about two-thirds fill. Steam over boiling water for an hour and a quarter.

Orange Pudding. — ¾ cup sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter, yokes of two eggs, two-thirds cup milk, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder and flour to make a batter. Bake in two layers and slice up 1½ oranges and lay in between layers and sugar.

Orange sauce for above.— Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and add half cup of sugar and juice of 1½ oranges and boil up. To be eaten hot.

French Fruit Salad. — Two oranges, peeled, seeded and sliced thin, two bananas peeled and sliced thin, twelve English walnuts broken into bits; form a little cup of leaves of curly lettuce; put into the lettuce cup a layer of banana, then orange, then banana. Dress with mayonnaise or fruit salad dressing, chill, and serve. Use nuts for garnishing.

A Pretty Dish.—Scoop the pulp from some oranges, fill the hollowed skins with wine or other jelly, pile whipped cream on top. The orange pulps can be used in cake or pudding. Lemons can be treated in the same way.

A Woman's Dress While Doing Housework.

Housewives often write me that they would like to do their own work except for the problem of personal appearance —they like to look as attractive as possible when their husbands come home: and how is it possible to wear a nice frock with dinner to prepare and the dishes to wash afterward? Many women seem to think that when clothes are no longer presentable they should be worn for housework; that attractive frocks are out of place in the kitchen; that the hands of the woman who works cannot be kept soft and pretty, and that housework is a legitimate excuse for looking unattractive or even untidy. Here are some suggestions from women who have learned to combine utility and beauty in their working-dresses:

"My work dresses are in one piece, waist and skirt, but joined in a band (so there is no missing of connections); ankle length, elbow sleeves, turnover collar. Over this, when necessary, I slip an 'overall apron' with sleeves. when guests are expected for dinner I dress as becomes the event, slip on this apron, finish the preparation of the dinner, slip off the apron and I am ready to be mistress of myself 'though china fall'!"

"For days when I have dirty work to do I wear a blue percale waist with ruffle peplum, white stock and black skirt; other days wearing my old white waists, I find I am more careful when wearing white, and can wear one four days easily. In summer I wear light-colored dresses and am always ready to answer the bell. Some may think it too much trouble in the early morning, but it's only a matter of habit, and fully compensates, as often a friend drops in during the morning."

"I use hospital-striped gingham dresses for the kitchen, made very much like what nurses wear, except that I make very short sleeves with a double ruffle, so that I need not push them up when washing dishes. This dress with a darker gingham apron and white collar makes a dainty and serviceable kitchen dress."

"I wonder how many of your readers make their workdresses of seersucker? I use it instead of gingham, because it doesn't need ironing."

"When sweeping or cleaning I use an old pair of buckskin gloves that my husband has discarded. When washing dishes I always wear rubber gloves."

"My kitchen aprons are made six or eight inches from the floor and have a little ruffle on the hem. That catches bits of greasy things and protects the skirt."

A Word for the Girls in the Home.

Every girl, if she be not thoroughly selfish, is anxious to lift some of the burden of household management from her mother's shoulders on to her own; but, unfortunately, many girls wait to be asked to do things instead of being constantly on the look-out for little duties which they are capable of doing.

If you would be of any real use in the home you must be quick to notice what is wanted—the room that needs dusting, the flowers which need rearranging, the curtain which has lost a ring and is therefore drooping. And then you must not only be willing to do what is needed, but willing to do it pleasantly, without making people feel that you are being martyred.

It is almost useless to take up any household duties unless you can do them regularly. If you do a thing one day and not the next, you can never be depended on, and if some one else has to be constantly reminding you of and supervising your work, it probably gives that person more trouble than doing it herself would cause.

Have a definite day and a definite time for all you do—the flower vases will need attention every other day. There should be one day kept for mending and putting away the household linen. Begin, too, directly after breakfast, and keep on steadily till your work is done.

If you begin by sitting down "just for a minute" with a book, or think you will "just arrange the trimming" on your new hat, the morning will be half gone before you know where you are.

A girl who has brothers may spare her mother all those tiresome little jobs which boys are always requesting to to have done for them, if she will only do them kindly.

But a boy will not come and ask his sister to repair frayed-out buttonholes if she snaps and says he is "always bothering."

It is not easy work, but it is quite possible for the daughter at home to make up a good deal of its sunshine, and it is only when she has learned this that she is fit to go away and be the sunshine of a home of her own.

Receipes for little Girls.

In accordance with a request, we shall publish each month two simple recipes that may be followed by children.

One Egg Jelly Cake.—One cup granulated sugar, one egg, two tablespoons melted butter, one cup milk, one and a half cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Bake in loaf or layers.

Sugar Cookies. — For sugar cookies cream half a cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar. Add one egg, beaten up very light, and one-fourth cupful of milk. Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cupfuls of flour, and stir in. Flavor with half teaspoonful of vanilla, or with nutmeg, as preferred. This will make quite a stiff dough but, if necessary, add a trifle more flour to make it so you can handle it. Turn out one-quarter the quantity on a floured board, roll it quite thin, cut out neatly with a cooky or biscuit cutter, sprinkle with granulated sugar, stick a raisin in the centre of each cooky, and lift carefully into a floured or greased pan. Bake from ten to fifteen minutes. Keep all the little scraps by themselves until the last, then work them together with the least possible amount of flour, and bake separately.

Many inherit weak lungs, and as disease usually assails the weakest point, these persons are continually exposed to attacks of cold and pulmonary disturbances. The speedy use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will be found a preventive and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is cheap and good.

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On the Bread the World Depends

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CALGARY AND VANCOUVER
CANADA.

Woman and the Home.

Recessional for Wives.

"Remember that you are only your husband's helpmeet. Do not forget that you were created for your husband."—Mrs. Stone, antiwoman suffragist.

Boss of our fathers, feared of old,
Known by the far-flung rolling-pin—
Yet in your ears soft tales were told
When man set forth your hand to win.
A helpmeet then you vowed to be
Through his prosperity or debt;
You said none was so grand as he—
Lest you forget; lest you forget!

As out of chaos worlds were formed
And out of the darkness burst the light,
So you upon man's vision swarmed
And charmed him with your glances bright.
He never dreamed your slender hand
A grim grip on his hair would get;
We mention this you understand,
Lest you forget; lest you forget!

The tumult and the shoutings rise,
The captains and the kings depart
When from your hand the saucepan flies,
Unerring as a flint-tipped dart.
When man comes home at 3 a.m.,
By no glad welcome is he met.
Sad facts! We merely mention them,
Lest you forget; lest you forget!

The floral fetters fade to gyves,
Romance throws up its hands and swoons
When we are told how many wives
Are wearing hubby's pantaloons.
O woman, go and cook his meals,
Or else life's scheme will be upset.
We only send up these appeals
Lest you forget! lest you forget!

Women who Worry.

There are women who could not nag if they tried. They are of the irritable genus. If they have nothing to worry about they worry about nothing; neurotic, fretful, making much ado about trifles, and any trifle will do, from the latest dust-scratch on the piano to the imperfections of the new housemaid; women contrary, difficult to please, martyrs to an interminable list of more or less imaginary grievances. Their nerves seem always awry, and with all my heart I pity their poor husbands. They do nothing to amuse the poor fellows if they stay in, and never show the least pleasure when he takes them out.

Such a woman, wherever she goes, whatever she does or does not, she is utterly depressing. She complains if her husband brings a friend of two home; she complains if he spends a few hours with them at the club. At first, other women think that perhaps she is really ill-used, till they know a little more of her, when they, too, have to drop her because she is impossible. She hates her husband's friends, she repels the women who want to make friends with her. What is her husband to do? Frankly, I do not know. All I know is that, if I were he, she would drive me crazy. The patince of Job would not be equal to her.

I cannot imagine a harder test to put on a man in marrige than this. The type of woman is common, rather than rare. I do not say she always realises that she is as difficult as she is. On the contrary, my experience of her is that she sometimes believes she is without fault, and has persuaded herself that her husband has actually all the defects of heart and mind which

Purely Perversity.

are especially and exclusively her own.

I remember once talking to a doctor about a woman of this kind. "I used to think this was just a case for medicine and change of air," he said "but I have got rid of that idea long ago. I have dozens of such women on my books, and close study has convinced me that their neurotic contrariness is partly natural and partly acquired disposition. So far as it is natural, it may have been quite masked before marriage; so far as it is acquired I think it is sometimes unconscious, but more often conscious, perversity. In fact, it is largely a case of never being happy except you are making yourself miserable.'

Nine times out of ten such a woman has a good, and up to the limit of human endurance, a devoted husband. She could be a happy wife, and make everybody happy about her, if she would simply try. But she carries a sort of nerve-jarring atmosphere about with her, and the husband, breathing constantly, not frequently acquires a temperament and disposition akin to her own. It is not reasonable to believe that a thing can be constantly jarred without eventually jarring, and there you touch a man's tragedy. Men don't tell. They just feel, until the stage of feeling is passed, and they sort of shrug their sholders and trouble no more about it.

Too Good for Them.

I am sure these women do not deserve husbands as good as commonly fall to their lot. Perhaps, if they had their deserts, the men allotted to them would be of a sort to bring them to the door of real unhappiness and misfortune. They would then have no time to waste, no tears to shed, no grievances to air about wrongs mostly their own seeking. Women cannot expect to be loved if they do not love, or expect to be happy if they will not try to radiate happiness on those about them. A famous man once said that nations always get the kind of Government they deserve, and for my part I am convinced that, if we lived in a more perfect world, all women would get the kind of husband they deserved. But they get better than they deserve very often, I think, and thankful they ought to be for the injustice.

Religion was at One Time Taught the Child..

Religious dogma was the chief food for the brain of that long ago Quaker, or Presbyterian, or Baptist. He wrangled over predestination or immersion at the table, in the shop, as he got up, and as he went to bed. He was ready to give his life, as some of his fathers had done, for his special dogma. Unfortunately, he mistook dogmas for religion. He knew the Bible by heart, and quoted it incessantly. He did this even though he were not a church member. Every American then, though he might himself be a criminal, venerated religion. The minister was still a power in the land; "the cloth' was honored as the sign of a real authority, and the Bible was the most sacred visible thing on earth. Even the sinner acknowledged that it was the Word of God—that in it was written his own sentence, the law that gave him his place forever yonder in that unseen eternity. Every child in a respectable family learned verses from it by heart daily. The family where this was not done was considered below caste. Thus the child for half an hour each day was made familiar with the great truths of life in the noblest English ever written; a training surely as useful in the making of a man as the finger drills of the modern kindergarten which have replaced it.

Crime used to be a Nameless Terror.

Crime, to the man of the forties, was an alien monstrous terror. He was not forced, as we are, by daily friction with crowds, by telegraphs, railways morning papers, to take it into his decent- jog-trot life and grow familiar with it. He was not familiar with it. A murder became a traditional horror in a neighborhood for generations. The whole nation sat up shuddering night after night to hear the end of the Parkman-Webster trial. People then looked at an athiest or a divorcee as we would at the Gila monster.

The younger man now reads with indifference of a score of murders every morning, puffing his cigarette the while; and when he goes to a fashionable wedding he wonders "How long will that pair hang together?"

How many Men Study Their Bibles ?

A man, too, on a real journey often consults his map. The Bible is the only map of the terriotry which we are crossing between one eternity and the other. But how many American men ever read the Bible now?

Here are one or two suggestive facts on this point.

A pupil in one of the foremost girls' schools in this country, belonging to an influential, cultured family, came lately, while reading aloud to the phrase, "As patient as Job."

,"What does that mean—Job?" she asked, pronouncing it Jobb.

"Did you never hear of Job?"

"Never."

"Think. Does the name suggest nothing to you?"

"No. Unless job-printing," with sudden smiling apprehension.

Again: Young men before entering one of the principal medical schools of this country are examined as to their general knowledge. One of the questions given to the candidates for one of these schools last year was: "What are the names of the books of the Bible?"

Of one hundred and twenty answers, only five were correct. Among the names of books given were "Philistines," Marcus Aurelius" and "Epistle to the Filipinos."

These men were from all parts of the Union; their education and intelligence were above the average. Compare one of these young fellows with his grandfather if you are curious as to the direction which the American man is taking through the ages.

"We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day
We shall give to truth a grander birth
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed to-day

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
What have we done to-day?"

DOES POULTRY PAY.

W. S. Phillips, of Macauley, Man., answers the Question.

Those of our readers who are interested in making a profit from poultry raising, will undoubtedly be interested in the following letter from W. S. Phillips of McAuley, Manitoba. Mr. Phillips was one of the prize winners in the recent "Poultry-for-Profit Club" Contest held by Lee Manufacturing Co. Limited, of Pembroke, and this letter was written in acknowledgment of the prize money which he has just received. Mr. Phillips letter reads:

McAuley, Man., Jan. 13th, 1910.

Lee Manufacturing Co., Limited, Pembroke, Ontario.

Dear Sirs:—I am in receipt of your cheque for Ten ($10.00) Dollars for which please accept my sincere thanks.

I feel that there is more praise due the Peerless Incubator than myself in this contest. I have had my Peerless two seasons. First season, .1908., I purchased all my eggs for setting, paid my first payment of $24.00 and cleared $126.00. Last season, .1909., I purchased $18.00 worth of eggs, paid last payment of $24.00 on incubator, paid cost of feed, houses, etc., $64.00, and showed the following balance sheet:

Sale of cockerels for breeding purposes	$96.00
Sale of cockerels dressed	21 00
Value of pullets and cockerels on hand. . . .	230.00
Total.....	$347.00
Expenses	106 00
Profits.....	$241.00

This is $367.00 profit from one Peerless in two seasons and the machine is still good as new. Does poultry pay?

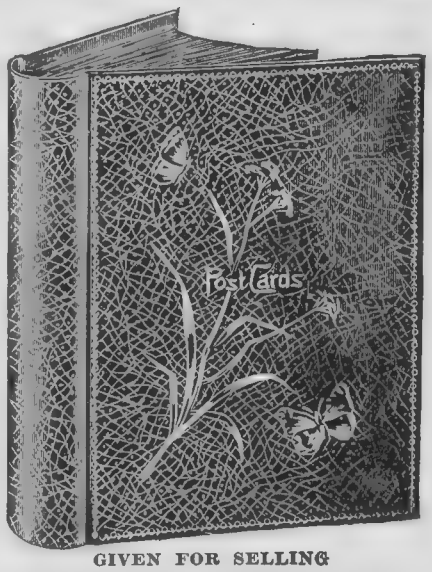
It gives me pleasure to see future success in "box-car letters" marked up for your firm.

Thankfully yours,
.Sgd.. W. S. Phillips.

We are very certain that there are but few of our readers who are not familiar with the name of Lee Manufacturing Co. Limited,—the firm to which possibly more than anyone else in Canada is due credit for advancing the poultry interests of the Dominion. The missionary work done by these people to help the cause of poultry raising, has been heavy; but the results have justified the labor. The field is a big one—broad and full of wonderful possibilities—and their work is bearing fruit. Their methods are intelligent and worthy of more than passing commendation while the advice they offer free to those interested has proved a revelation to thousands.

Readers of this paper who are not already familiar with the wonderful little book, "When Poultry Pays" would do well to send at once for it to Lee Manufacturing Company, Limited, 116 Pembroke Street, Pembroke, Ontario. This book is sent free on request—though it is so valuable that it really ought not to be. The information contained in it is invaluable to any poultry raiser.

POSTCARD ALBUM



GIVEN FOR SELLING

FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS

Lovely padded green binding; front cover bordered with a wreath of gold flowers. Words "Post Cards" in fancy gold letters, with delicately-colored raised butterflies, and a hand-painted spray. Holds 400 cards. With 100 high-grade colored picture postcards, for selling $3.00 worth of the **biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy**; the ten fastest sellers. Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c a package, you **simply hand them out and take the money.** Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send the Album same day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. **W27** , Toronto.

Big Profits: Start a dyeing cleaning and pressing esatblishment, splendid field We teach you by mail. Particulars free. Ben-Von i School, Dept. B-K, Staunton, Va.

"Canawella" Tea

A Perfect Drink

The Secret of Being Well Dressed.

Nothing is more untidy in appearance than a dress skirt which is frayed on the lower edge of the flounce, or the skirt proper. Keep all your skirts nicely bound with velveteen. which should project an eighth of an inch below the edge, so as to afford the necessary protection. A drop skirt lining with a plaited ruffle needs on the lower edge of the ruffle a narrow mohair braid run flatly on the under side, and stitched in with the hem to save the edge from wear, as the velveteen does the shaped flounce when put on as an extension on the skirt edge when the gores extend below the flounce. Make a point of cleaning your dresses of dust stains, etc., before putting them away, and they will look well to their last days.

Put your ribbons and belts away in boxes, so as to keep them uncrushed. Smooth out your face veils and fold them when putting them away; fold your ribbons, belts and collars and they will last twice as long. The washable collars and ties now worn will repay the owner for the little extra care which the ordinary laundress will not give. Put salt in the soapsuds in which you wash them, and in the wrinsing water to set the color; dry in the shade and iron soft, as starch is not a factor nowadays. Have your cotton blouses done up without starch, dry in the shade and "set the colors" with a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water. Pink and green cottons are "set" with a cupful of vinegar, dissolved in a gallon of water. When a black pique skirt is laundered have it starched slightly with black starch.

When the baby has an attack of colic and the young mother hastily summons the doctor by telephone she should remember that a simple and excellent remedy is heat, and apply it to the little sufferer, externally and internally. Give four or five teaspoonfuls of hot water, first tasting it to make sure it will not burn the baby's mouth; then lay on the little stomach a small hot water bag or a thickly folded flannel thoroughly heated.

When a child begins to play with blocks and other toys train him to use the left hand as much as he uses the right. Unconsciously practising this habit, he will acquire an accomplishment for which he will be grateful in later years.

When you take a prescription to the druggist

get him to give you a copy. Then when you go away for the summer take with you copies of all the prescriptions you are likely to need. In this way a new doctor's bill may be avoided, or, at least, the delay of sending back to the druggist for a copy of what you want.

When fitting up a kitchen with new conveniences

add a small medicine closet for emergency remedies for burns and cuts. The closet will also provide a place where the cook can keep her bottle of "spring tonic" out of sight.

When the family must economize

it is a great mistake for the wife and mother to harp continually on the fact. A habit of this sort soon becomes extremely irritating and changes the whole atmosphere of the home.

When the possessor of gray hair

finds that it lacks immaculate whiteness this remedy is suggested. To the bowl of water in which the hair is to be washed add a teaspoonful of powdered borax, and then, when perfectly cleansed, let the hair be rinsed in water in which has been put two drops of bluing, the ordinary liquid indigo bluing. One or two washings by this rule will give a snowy whiteness to the hair as well as a silvery sheen which will rival the softest silk.

Less bluing will be required after the first washing or so, and need be resorted to only when the hair shows need

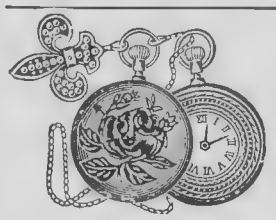
COLONIAL ART CO., TORONTO

THESE GRAND PREMIUMS ARE GIVEN FREE

By Canada's Greatest Premium House

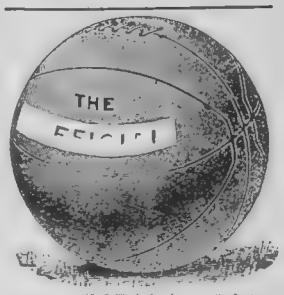
For Selling Beautiful PICTURE POST CARDS at 6 for 10 Cents

CANADA'S GREATEST PREMIUM HOUSE

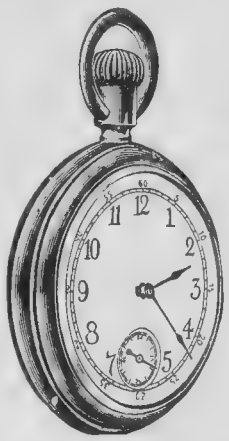


Lady's Beautiful Enameled Watch, guaranteed Swiss works. Given for selling only $3.60 worth.

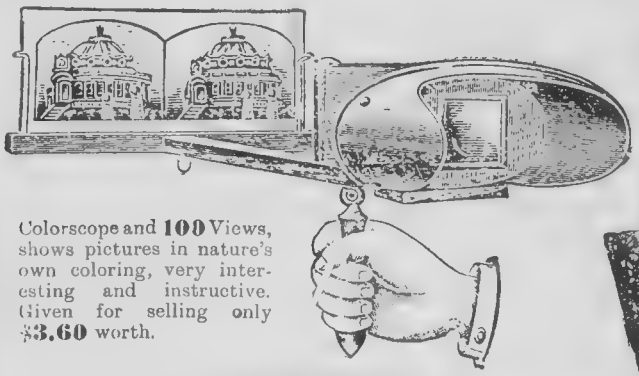
YOU just ought to see the lovely **Picture Post Cards** we send agents to sell. Our assortments are made up of the most beautiful **Seasons** and **Birthday Greetings, Floral Cards,** in natural colors, **Views,** and provokingly funny **High Grade Comics.** Many of these cards are sold even in the **big city stores** at 3c. and 5c. each. It's the **easiest thing in the world** to sell them at our **wholesale price** of **6** for **10** cents. You have simply to show them to your friends and take in the cash. Just try it. We are telling you right. **Choose** the **Premium** you want. **Send** us your order. The **Cards** will be **sent Postpaid.** Sell them at 10c. a package, then send us our money and your Premium will be sent you **at once. WRITE NOW.** Address as below.



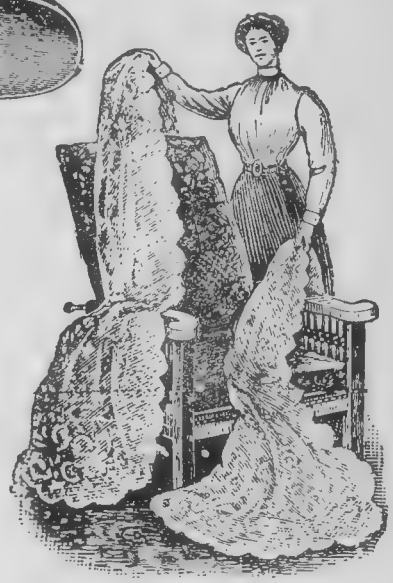
Football, full Official size. Oak-tanned leather, with air-tight rubber inflator. Given for selling only $3.60 worth.



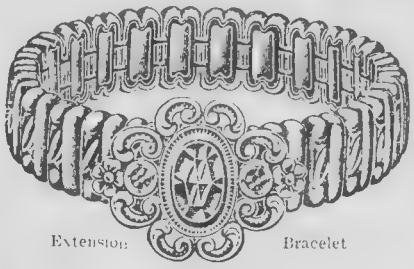
Man's Watch, Solid Silver Nickel, stem wind and set, guaranteed Swiss works. Given for selling only $3.00 worth.



Colorscope and **100** Views, shows pictures in nature's own coloring, very interesting and instructive. Given for selling only **$3.60** worth.

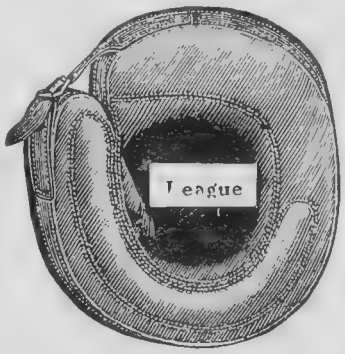


Set Nottingham Lace Curtains, rich design, 3½ yards long, full width. Given for selling only **$3.60** worth.



Extension Bracelet

Beautiful Rolled Gold Finish, fits any arm. Given for selling only $2.40 worth.



Catcher's Mitt, full League size, Napa Tan leather, strongly made, laced all round. Given for selling only **$3.60** worth.

Set Solid Quadruple Plate "Colonia" Pattern Silver Tea Spoons, French satin finish, polished bowls. Given for selling only **$3.60** worth.

Catalogue giving full description of these and other valuable Premiums, sent with every order.

Beautifully Chased Hard Rubber Fountain Pen, fitted with warranted 14k Solid Gold Nib. Given for selling only **$2.40** worth.

Address, COLONIAL ART CO. DESK 36 Toronto, Ont.

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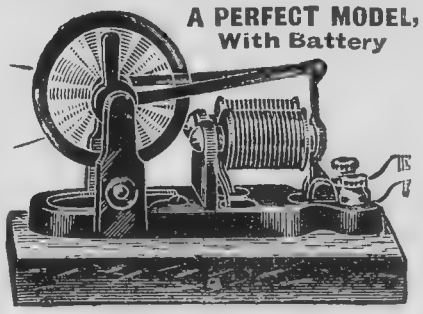
Electric Engine

A PERFECT MODEL, With Battery



GIVEN FOR SELLING

FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS

Makes **from 200 to 3,000 revolutions a minute**; can be started, stopped or reversed in an instant. **Complete, with Battery and Instruction Book,** for selling $3.00 worth of the **biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy**; the ten fastest sellers. Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c a package, **you simply hand them out and take the money.** Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send the Engine same day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 18w, Toronto

Send Your Music Orders to Barrowclough & Semple, Winnipeg.

One Hundred and Fifty Songs FREE

BOYS AND GIRLS

Nothing to Sell, Nothing to Pay.

All you have to do is to hand a few circulars to the young people of your neighborhood. Give us your word that you will distribute the circulars faithfully. For this slight service we send you postpaid a collection of **150 Old Time Favorite Songs, Words and Music complete.** Gems from every land—**Scotch, English and Irish Ballads, Operatic Hits, American Popular Songs, Comic and Pathetic Songs, Coon Songs, Love Songs, Songs of the Sea, Patriotic and Sacred Songs,** etc., etc. 150 of the **best ever written,** in a neat paper-covered book, 6 x 8 inches. Only one Song Book sent to any neighborhood. This offer is good only till March 15. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. D. W., Toronto.

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10 CENTS PER ROLL

All Sizes of 6 exposure, 10 or 12 exposure, 20c.

VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;

3½x3½, 3¼x4¼, 4c.; 4x5, 3a, 5c.

Cash with order, including postage. All work finished the day it is received. We are film specialists and give you better results than you ever had.

GIBSON PHOTO SUPPLY WINNIPEG.

Don't Throw it Away

Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE MENDETS A PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.

Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B. Collingwood, Ont

Gee fellows it's bully it's a

Christie BISCUIT

Even the boys know that Christie Biscuits are the best baked. Pure ingredients in the hands of scientific bakers for over fifty years in the brightest, cleanest and best biscuit factory in all Canada—all their energy and ability concentrated in the biscuit industry — these are the main causes of Christie quality and lasting goodness.

N.B. Try Christie Wafers — you can have them any flavor; Orange, Vanilla, Ratifia, Strawberry, Cocoa, Maple Ice, Water Ice and Imperial. Sold in small tins at all grocers.

Christie Brown & Co., Ltd.

Clark's Ox Tongue

tastes doubly good because it is so much better than tongues cooked in the ordinary way.

The flavor and the fibre are just right—neither soft nor tough, but evenly cooked throughout.

Make CLARK'S OX TONGUE part of your regular system of ordering meats.

"Paragon" in tins.

"Inglass" in glass containers.

WM. CLARK - - Montreal

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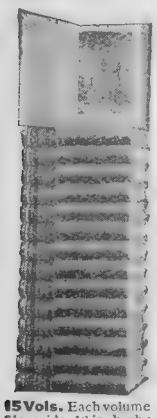

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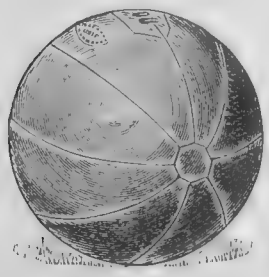

GIVEN FOR SELLING Flower and Garden Seeds

Association Football, strongly sewn English tanned leather, best Scotch bladder, for selling $4.00 worth of the biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy; the ten fastest sellers. Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c a package, you simply hand them out and take the money. Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send Football. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. W24, Toronto.

Send Your Music Orders to Barrowclough & Semple, Winnipeg.

Fountain Pen FREE FOR . . . SELLING Lovely Easter Perfume

This genuine 14k gold-filled Fountain Pen, chased Rubber band, complete in box with filler. This high-grade pen is a favorite with business men and students. To introduce our lovely Easter Sachet Perfume, we will give it FREE to any person selling only 30 packages at 10c. each. The perfume is put up in handsome ribboned packages, and simply sells itself. Write to-day for the perfume, when so'd return us the money and we mail you your pen free. Address

The Mortimer Drug and Medicine Co.
TORONTO, ONT.

MUSIC !! The best house in Canada for Everything in Music is that of Barrowclough and Semple, Winnipeg.—Write them.

of cleansing, which depends a good deal as every one knows, upon whether one lives in the clean, cool country, or in a smoky, dust-laden city.

To prevent the hair from becoming too dry or brittle regular brushing with a soft brush will be helpful, and, of course, brushes and combs must be perfectly clean.

When household drudgery takes all one's time

it is still possible to keep the mind above "the pots and pans." A stimulating epigram, a good anecdote, a verse of poetry, or a beautiful prose quotation may be learned while one's hands are busy with mechanical tasks. It takes strength of will and concentration but the result repays the effort.

When last summer's white straw hat is yellow

do not at once consign it to the ash heap or bestow it on the laundress. Make a paste of sulphur and lemon juice, apply thickly, let stand until dry, and then carefully brush off the sulphur.

When small green flies begin to infest your window plants

remember the attractiveness of fly paper to their larger kinfolk, and tempt these little pests to the same destruction. Lay pieces of the fly paper near the roots of the plants and here and there through their branches. The flies will soon settle upon it.

When it is necessary to drink boiled water

its peculiar, flat taste can be lessened by whipping the water rapidly with an egg beater. Canned soups are also much improved by this process.

When the seamstress comes to sew

on the dainty dimities and muslins for summer wear see that she uses fine thread. Number eighty for the bottom thread and ninety for the upper one will give sufficient strength and will result in almost invisible stitches.

When peeling onions

stick a good-sized piece of raw potato on the end of your knife to keep the tears away. The little practice required to use the knife as dexteriously as before is well worth the effort.

When the butter begins to turn strong

put it into a bowl and with a wooden paddle or big spoon strenuously work salt water through it. Then give it a sweet-milk bath, carefully rinsing it again in clear, cold water.

What is Wrong with the Young Wife?

This young wife loves her husband as blindly as did the Bible-reading, praying woman. She is as ready to sacrifice herself for him. Women, as to husbands and children, are, after all women, They are all made of precisely the same stuff as Eleanor or Rizpah, or Holy Mary at the tomb. But the majority of our women seem to have lost that nameless sense which shows them—God. This bride would spend life itself to give her husband money or success, because money and success are real things to her. She spends her strength, too, in the slums, because misery and help are real things to her. But the Father of us all, who holds her and her poor husband in His hand, is not real to her. She belongs to a generation of busy Marthas, who have taken the world in hand to set it in order. They are too troubled to see the Master sitting in the midst, hence they do not lead husband or child to Him.

Billy sat crosslegged upon the footstool, his forehead puckered, his chubby fingers busy. He was pulling bastings out of his first pair of trousers—"helping mother," he said, gravely, when Tad called him to come out and play. Tad's mother, who had come with him, thought Billy's rather pitiful, but before she could look her thought his mother had him up and outside. "Yes. I'll let the bastings alone," she assured her little man. After he was out of hearing she said, answering her friend's inquiring eyes: "No, I'm not trying to make my boy a tailor. It's just our bargain—he helps me do things, so I can read to him, or tell him fairy stories. Bless his heart! I'd do it anyway, but that wouldn't help on his education. It would often be much less trouble to do things myself than to help him with the doing. But if I do not exercise my privilege of training him to be deft, who else can I expect to do it?"

"I haven't the patience," Tad's mother said. "It upsets me to see cheldren's awkward ways. Yesterday Rose teased and teased me to let her make a cake; I gave in so far as to set her beating eggs—and such a mess as she made, then ran off and left me in the middle of it because I scolded her."

Billy's mother said nothing, but her thought went forward to the cradle thought went forward to the time when the girl baby in the cradle should be ten years old. God helping her, she would help her girl child to know all manner of housewifery, of homely things. She, herself, was swift and deft beyond the common—that was all the more a reason she should teach her children to be likewise. She would never make learning things a task, a burden, rather, a priviliege. Teaching them would take time and trouble, but somehow, she felt both would be better spent than on club papers or ribbon-tied sandwiches.

When I Am Dead.

[Sent in by Thomas W. Carrell, Winkler, Mo.]

When I am dead forget me, dear,
For I shall never know,
Though o'er my cold and lifeless hands
Your burning tears should flow.
I'll cancel with my living voice
The debt you'll owe the dead.
Give me the love you'd show me then,
But give it now instead.

And bring no wreaths to deck my grave,
For I shall never care,
Though all the flowers I loved the most
Should grow and wither there.
I'll sell my chance of all the flowers
You'll lavish when I'm dead
For one small bunch of violets now,
So give me that instead.

What saints we are when we are gone!
But what's the use to me
Of praises written on my tomb
For others' eyes to see?
One little simple word of praise
By lips we worship said
Is worth a hundred epitaphs—
Dear, say it now instead.

And faults that now are hard to bear
Oblivion then shall win.
Our sins are soon forgotten us
When we no more can sin.
But any bitter thought of me—
Keep it for me when I'm dead.
I shall not know, I shall not care.
Forgive me now, instead.

—Cecelia Concreve.

What House-Keepers Should Not Do.

Don't clutter up the kitchen when getting a meal, because it will take hours to "clean up" after the meal is over.

Don't put a greasy spoon on the table. It leaves a stain which requires time to erase. Put it in a saucer.

Don't crumple up your dishcloths. Hang them out to dry.

Don't pour boiling water over china packed in a pan. It will crack by the sudden contraction and expansion.

Don't blacken a stove while it is hot. It takes more blacking and less polish.

Don't put damp towels and napkins in the hamper. Dry them first or they will mildew.

Psychology of the Courtship.

"We speak of man as the wooer," says a recent writer on women, "but falling in love is really mediated by the woman. By dress, behavior, coquetry, modesty, reserve and occasional boldness she gains the attention of man and infatuates him."

Consider the predicament of the girl busy at such entertaining sport, who finds herself suddenly becoming fat. She knows by instinct that she can not infatuate long if she be fat, so to exercise and diet instanter to save the day. They may—but there is an easier way.

One can take off up to a pound a day without causing wrinkles, stomach disturbances, or the least bother. This can be done in old cases of overfatness as well as recent ones. A fine figure can be saved or a trim one regained. Simply send seventy-five cents to the Marmola Co., 498 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich., or, better still, tender the same to your druggist for a large case of Marmola Prescription Tablets. This elegant preparation can go with you everywhere in your satchel. Take a tablet daily; off comes the fat, nice and uniformly, from the fattest parts first.

$5.00 PANAMA SKIRT $2.95

Send to-day for this Skirt. It is a $5 all wool Panama Skirt. It comes in all shades. Give waist and hip measure also len th desired. Say col r preferred. Its the new style, side pleated and button trimmed. Beautifully tailored. Guaranteed to fit perfectly, and give sati faction in every way. Same st le may be had in all shades of all wool Venetian $3 25 Reduced from $6. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains at once. Order skirt No. 11 Add 35c. and we will pay postage.

Standard Garment Co., London, Can.

Handsome Magic Lantern FREE

For Selling Lovely Easter Perfume.

We will send this beautifully finished Magic Lantern all complete with views, slides, lamp, etc., all ready for home or concert entertainment, **absolutely free,** to any boy or girl in Canada, for selling only 30 packages of our handsome ribboned **Sachet Perfume,** at **10c.** per package. Everybody buys this lovely Easter Perfume no trouble to sell it **some "buy half-dozen lots."** Send name and address for the Perfume to-day, which we send postpaid, when sold return money to us, and the lantern is yours. Address **The Mortimer Drug and Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.,** Dept. M.

LADIES! BEAUTY IS YOUR FORTUNE. SEND 2 CENT STAMP FOR OUR COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER FORMULA IT'S FREE
SILVER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, HAMILTON, CANADA

SEND $3.50

Receive this beautiful new style dress turban, one of the newest ideas for this season. Handmade of imported straw braid with high puffed crown. Trimmed with drape of ribbon silk and natural wing. May be had in black and any color desired. Order to-day hat No. 5. Add 25c for postage. Standard Garemnt Co., 10 Coote Block London, Ont.

Violin Strings

OF SUPREME EXCELLENCE

Barrowclough & Semple, Winnipeg

ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR MAKES GOOD BREAD

The Home Doctor.

The Road to Success.

A signpost at the forked road
Of Time, stood grim and grey,
And to the post a traveller strode
In doubt which was the way.
One road led up the stony hill,
The other road led down,

The downward path to Luckyville,
And up to Hardship town.
Towards Luckyville she set her face,
Yet, even as she turned,
A traveller coming from that place
Her hopeful eyes discerned.

She waited till the other came,
The steeper road to take;
"Is Luckyville," she asked, "so tame
That you its joys forsake?"
"Not so," the stranger quick replied,
And up the hill she went,

"That sign was wrong, I know, I've tried
The rash experiment."
"I'm going up the stony hill,
Already I've been down,
I find the way to Luckyville
Is round through Hardship town."

The First Step of Human Digestion.

Even the more delicate starches, such as arrowroot, cornstarch or potato starch, cannot be digested by the infant, consequently they have for him no real food value. When the first teeth come through two little glands underneath the tongue are opened. These glands pour into the mouth quantities of saliva, and the child begins to "drool" because it has not yet learned how to swallow the secretion. Now we have the alkaline secretions necessary for the conversion of insoluble starch into soluble sugar, and for the first time the child can use and appropriate this form of food. From this we learn that the first step of human digestion of the starches is in the mouth. Starches, however, to be easily digestible, must be thoroughly cooked; the longer the cooking the shorter the time required for digestion. Mastication is of all-importance to this class of foods, not simply to break them up into convenient bits, but to mix with them these alkaline secretions. Food bolted enters the stomach as a stranger, uninvited; the first effort of the stomach is to reject or push it on—still in an unprepared condition—into the second stomach or duodenum, where again it is not kindly received, from lack of preparation. This little second stomach must now not only do its own heavy work, but also that of the mouth and the stomach, for probably in their confusion the albumoids have also lost their digestion. Sooner or later, according to the constitution of the indivual, this second stomach gives out, or, a better way to put it, has consumed the given energy of forty years in twenty. Each individual has a certain capacity for a given constitution, and any violation of this arrangement throws the whole machine out of order.

How to take care of the Eyes.

Never use a single eyeglass unless there is difference in power between the two eyes, and the glass is used to bring the power of the defective eye up to that of the other. This difference in power is known as astigmatism, and such an eyeglass would have to be recommended, after careful sight testing, by a professional optician or occulist. When the eyes are equal in power, an eyeglass sets up inequality, equal in effect to real astigmatism. Of course, this is not the case when the glass is quite flat; but even then its use is bad, for it teaches the user to look chiefly through one eye. Also, there is the minor consideration that it causes permanent wrinkling of the skin.

Hints for Students who Use the Microscope.—Always place the tube as near the horizontal position as possible. Instruments that can be used only when upright, so necessitating the face being lowered, are likely to cause congestion of the eye. Learn to look through the right and left eyes alternately.

How to Read.—If you read by artificial glass shade, open below. This should be white on the inner and green on the outer side. It does not much matter whether one uses oil, gas, or the electric light, for all three can be employed on the table with such a shade as described. If you cannot get this simple affair, sit so that the back is turned to the light. If that is impracticable wear a shade over the eyes to guard them from the light. Always try to have the book at the eyes' proper focus, and so near the level of the eyes that the head has not to be bent. Reading in bed is no more hurtful than reading elsewhere, provided one obeys the foregoing rules.

Sudden Change of Light is Bad.—Do not go from a dark room into a brilliantly lighted one. Try to make the change gradually by lingering for a moment near the open door of the lighted room.

Long Sight and Short Sight.—As these conditions are often confused, the following explanation may be helpful: Long-sighted people can see distant things clearly, but cannot properly distinguish near objects. Shortsighted people can see near objects, but not distant ones. Long-sighted people need convex glasses for reading. Short-sighted people need concave glasses for looking at the landscape.

Spots and Stripes.—Spotted veils are hurtful. That is true of all striped visible clothing, blinds, wall-papers, etc. All rapid alternation of light and shade are bad, as when walking by a line of tall railings through whose spaces a brilliant sun is shining.

Simple Remedies for Mild Inflammation of the Eyes.—Cold filtered tea is useful. It may be of the ordinary table strength. Another good lotion is one made by dissolving a teaspoonful of boric acid in a pint of boiling water, filtering when cool, and using when cold. An eye lotion should be used by means of an eye bath, egg cup, or wine glass. The eye should be closed and pressed into the liquid; then the lids must be opened and closed repeatedly.

Note well that even pure water will make the eyes smart. The smarting may be lessened by so inclining the head when the bathing is over that the liquid tends to pour into the inner angle of the eye against the nose.

How Short Sight is Acquired.—Power to see things clearly at a distance is impaired by devoting the eyes too greatly to reading or other pursuits in which the objects seen are close to the eyes. All persons who use their sight in this way should try to counteract the effect by striving to distinguish distant objects. Neither in short sight or long sight is there of necessity any inferiority of the eye tissues. The fault is solely in the shape of the organ, which changes after the focussing power. Too much reading presses the eye out of shape. Looking at distant objects restores the shape.

The Milt and Anaemia.

The milt, sometimes termed the melt, and most correctly the spleen, is more richly supplied with blood than any other organ in the body. Raw spleen pulp, worked up with brandy, has been given with good results in anaemia. If taken thus it should be prepared by a druggist. Four ounces of spleen, two ounces of brandy, and two ounces of almond emulsion, make a good mixture; and this quantity may be taken in divided manner during the twenty-four hours. This is the best way to take it, for cooking vastly lessens the nutritive value of the spleen. Still, when the raw material causes nausea, one may treat it as other meats are treated.

A Simple and Cheap Medicine.—A simple, cheap and effective medicine is something to be desired. There is no medicine so effective a regulator of the digestive system as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple they are cheap, they can be got anywhere, and their beneficial action will prove their recommendation. They are the medicine of the poor man and those who wish to escape doctors' bills will do well in giving them a trial.

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Many women nowadays are earning $100 a week—$5000 a year—by dressmaking. One woman, the head designer of Chicago's largest retail dry goods house, is said to receive **$10,000** a year. Salaries of **$25** to **$50** a week are common. We **teach you by mail and equip you** to command a good income, or you can **start in business for yourself.** We teach you how to **Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape and Trim** any garment, including children's clothing.

This college is endorsed by leading authorities and high-grade Fashion Magazines—McCall's, Pictorial Review, Harper's Bazar, Paris Modes, etc., etc.

The book illustrated above will be sent to you free. At an expense of thousands of dollars this college has published **100,000** of these **copyrighted** books to advertise the **American System of Dressmaking,** and will send you one FREE while they last. **Write for it today.** One copy only to each woman.

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How I Cured My Growth of Superfluous Hair by a New and Simple Method, After All Else Failed

FREE TO ANYONE

I Will Send Free to Any Sufferer Full Particulars to Enable Them to Achieve the Same Happy Results

At last it is possible to destroy all trace of superfluous hair without pain, scar, or injury to skin or complexion and to end forever all need for further embarrassment from this annoyance. I make this announcement, well knowing that it sounds almost too good to be true, but, all the same, I know it is true, because it has done just this for me and for many others that I myself know of.

Since a child I was annoyed and humiliated with a distressing growth of hair on my face and arms. I tried all the depilatories, liquids, creams and other preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I suffered the electric needle, without getting rid of my blemish. I spent a great deal of money for various things without success, until a friend recommended a simple preparation, which quickly succeeded where all else had failed.

This method is simple, safe, sure, and can be used privately at home without pain or blemish; it makes the electric needle entirely unnecessary, and is quite different from anything else ever offered for the purpose. In my own case, this simple remedy made the hair disappear like magic and enabled me permanently to find entire relief from all trace of unwelcome hair, and to forever end all need for my embarrassment, and I am making this announcement in order that others may do the same.

To this end, I will tell in detail, free and without charge, full particulars by which any sufferer can receive the same happy results I did. All I ask is a two-cent stamp for reply. I will answer all letters the day I receive them, and give the full information absolutely free and in confidence. If you wish to get rid of all trace of hair; if you wish to do away with the unsightly growth that mars your good looks; if you wish to forever end all embarrassment from this unwelcome blemish, simply write me a letter, enclosing two-cent stamp for reply, and address to Caroline Osgood. 99B Custom House, Providence, R. I.

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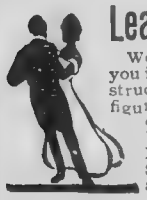

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Temperance Talk.

Why Not?

By S. E. Kiser.

If fretting would help, when it's wet,
To dry up the puddles, I'd fret;
And if sighing would help, when it's dry,
To moisten the pastures, I'd sigh.

If scolding would help, when I'm cold,
To make the sun shine, I would scold;
If mourning would help the forlorn
To have joy and good fortune, I'd mourn.

If grieving would ever relieve
Their burdens who slave, I would grieve;
If weeping would shorten the steep
Way up to success, I would weep.

But to frown or to scold or to fret
Serves only to lengthen regret:
Why not give up grieving awhile
And try the brave heart and the smile?

—Chicago Record-Herald.

My Battle.

By Jac Lowell.

This is my battle—I will fight it out!" Those were the words that came of a sudden to the lips of one who was weak, downfallen and discouraged.

"This is my battle—I will fight it out!"

The train of thought which the words set into motion rushed on toward the station of Hope, and before the weak one was aware of the change, he was looking at life from a new viewpoint.

"First of all," he said, "this is my battle. This present struggle is the one to which I must give my powers of mind and body. Yes, this is my battle, so the time to fight it is in the Now!

"Secondly, this is my battle! My own personal battle with the sins and temptations which are peculiar to me. No other battle can be quite the same, for no two beings are exactly alike. So, as this is preeminently my battle, I must give to it my deepest endeavor, remembering that somewhere within me — latent though it be—there is the needed strength, else the battle would not be mine.

"And again, this is my battle! It is not a mere test, not a series of mental and moral growths, but a battle! And because it is a battle,—a battle of strength with weakness, of good with wrong, of the God in man with the Beast in man, therefore should I be proud that it confronts me. For since time began a battle has suggested strength and valor and endurance; and even to the loser there comes some reward if he has made a valiant effort.

"Yes, and to go on, as this is my battle, I will fight it out! I will fight it out! Others may aid me, cheer me, and pray for me, but I alone can do the work. And if the battle is great, then I must be great also, for however things may seem, The Good Father does not burden any soul with a greater task than that soul is equal to if it but know itself. So I go onward with new courage, believing that because I must fight it out, I wil be given strength to win valiantly or to fall without dishonor.

"And because this is my battle, I will fight it out! Yes, fight! That is the word which tells me what I must do. There can be no waiting, no hesitating, no dreaming,—there must be a combat, a fight! And it is a holy fight;—a fight fit for a man! And since it is a holy fight, shall I not rejoice that I am the fighter? Yes, It is my battle,—I will fight it!

And again:—I will fight it out! Yes, I will fight it to a finish! It must not be left half done! There must be no chance for the foemen to return and route my forces. No chance for one last sneaking spy to get into my camp of fortitude to plunder my goods or arouse a mutiny among my subjects. No; I will fight it out,—out to the end!

"For if it is a battle, it must have an end, and as it is my battle, I must make an end to it! Confident that accordingly as I enter the struggle with my better self to the fore, so will my chances of victory increase, I go forth to the lists with new courage, new hope, and undying faith.

"And as I go, a joy-song is on my lips.

"And its words are these:—

"This is my battle—I will fight it out!" —Boston Ideas.

Is Drinking on the Increase?

To this question the answer is both "yes" and "no". There is a large and ever increasing number of total abstainers and their ranks are growing year by year in response to the demands of the business world; still it is apparent that those who do drink, drink more than formerly. The bars and saloons show no falling off in business and statistics show that the output of breweries and distilleries is on the increase. In addition, a new peril is presenting itself in the fact that women are becoming adicted to alcoholic stimulants. This is not only a peril to the women, but to the family, to society, and to the future of our race. On account of their peculiar, sensitive, nervous organization, when women begin to drink, they are more promptly subjugated by it than are men. Do not for a minute believe that a woman under the influence of intoxicants can protect her moral character better than a man under similar circumstances; in this respect the effects are identical.

Total Abstinence.

Total abstinence is a term some do not like; it smacks of "puritanism" of "sumptuary laws," of prohibition and even intolerance. They have even a prejudice against the total abstainer and think he must be a narrow, ascetic individual. This idea is carried so far that many conceal the fact that they are total abstainers until compelled to disclose it. Many a young man has taken his first drink against his conscience and early training because he wanted to be considered a "broad man," a "good fellow," etc. No doubt this feeling against total abstinence is a heritage from a drinking ancestry who though moderate in their use of intoxicants, still indulged in them. But the world's view is changing: notice how the railroad companies are drawing the lines closer and closer, as is the business world generally, until not only is the inebriate left out of the race entirely, but the moderate drinker as well is being relegated to the rear.

Why should anyone try to be a moderate drinker in preference to being a total abstainer; the latter has the advantage over the former every time. Even when used in moderation stimulants cost some money; their use involves loss of some time, and that they injure the health any up-to-date physician will tell you. The odor of whiskey in these days cheapens a man in the business world and makes it hard for him to get or retain a good position. Look at the men who are at the top of the professions and in the business world; do they ever go into a bar-room and get a drink? Study the "cocktail brigade" and see if they are the men who get results or accomplish things. "Dutch courage" is at a discount now and ever will be, for it is false, and what is false cannot survive.

Drunkenness, What is it?

It makes no difference why people begin to drink, the result is inevitably the same. If continued long enough the victim becomes an inebriate, which indicates a diseased condition of the nervous system. Dr. Keeley defines it to be "a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform their duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." This accounts for the craving for drink which was never before understood. When every cell in his anatomy is crying out for whiskey, is it any wonder that the victim yields? To bring about a cure, therefore, it is necessary to overcome this condition.

Ladies

Send to-day for one or more bargains below, read the list.

Send 10c. Receive postpaid one ladies' corset cover of good muslin.

Send 25c. Receive one elegant gold filled baby ring.

Send 25c. Receive postpaid 25 different colored silk pieces suitable for fancy work.

Send 25c. Receive postpaid a dozen stereoscope views either religious, comic, scenery or mixed.

Send 30c. Receive postpaid 50 paper napkins, 14x14 decorated in colors.

Send 50c. Receive postpaid 3 yards fancy white lace curtain net, scroll design, 25 inches wide for sill or sash curtains.

Send 38c. Receive post paid one fine white pillow shams, 28x28 nottingham net, large medallion, centre scroll border.

Send 25c. Receive a solid gold filled ring, chased in leaf pattern, suitable for children.

Send 25c. Receive a beautiful gold filled band ring for adults.

Send 75c. Receive postpaid a ladies' good cambric night gown tucked yoke.

Send 75c. Receive postpaid one ladies' muslin skirt, 7 in. flounce, lace edge.

Send 50c. Receive 3 fine muslin corset covers, lace trimmed.

Send 25c. Receive postpaid 25 different colored velvet pieces, suitable for fancy work.

Send $1 Receive 4 cloth remants suitable for boys knee pants up to 12 years, give age and we will cut pants free, add 25c for postage

Send 65c. Receive one ladies tailored shirt waist of fine white percale containing a black stripe, made with box pleat in center and breast pocket, add 8c for postage.

Send 85c. Receive one girls' dress of blue and white gingham up to 10 years old, made with fancy pleated blouse and tucked pleated skirt joined with belt, add 15c for postage, give age wanted.

Send $1.85 Receive one ladies' one piece dress of fine white percale with black stripe, made with tucked waist and skirt joined at waist with belt. Give bust and waist measure and skirt length, add 20c for postage.

Send 50c. Receive postpaid 25 wool quilt pieces, each piece 6 inches square, many colors, lots red.

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The latest triumph. It uses both moving picture films and slides. Any boy or girl can operate it easily. The outfit includes **three colored films** and **six colored slides** for selling $4.00 worth of the **biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy**; the ten fastest sellers. Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c a package, you **simply hand them out and take the money.** Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send the Machine. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 12W Toronto.

All Kinds of Dealers:

I don't believe there is one of you who would not present to me and send by mail your many kinds of pretty picture Calendars and Illustrated Price Lists, one of each kind; now show what you are able to do. Wishing you all a very Happy New Year and thanking you in anticipation for your nice present.

Yours truly, ***IVAR AULUNEN,***
New Finland, Sask. Canada

China.

By MARGARET NICHOLSON

It has been said that the 19th Century is a century of nationalism, but that the 20th is a century of internationalism. Nowhere perhaps in the world has this change been so conspicuous as in China. The Middle Kingdom presents an interesting study of conservative civilization, a civilization which had reached its highest limit centuries ago and which, by constantly centuries ago, and which, by constantly repeating itself, stimulated to slavish dividuality and thus formed an impassible barrier to progress.

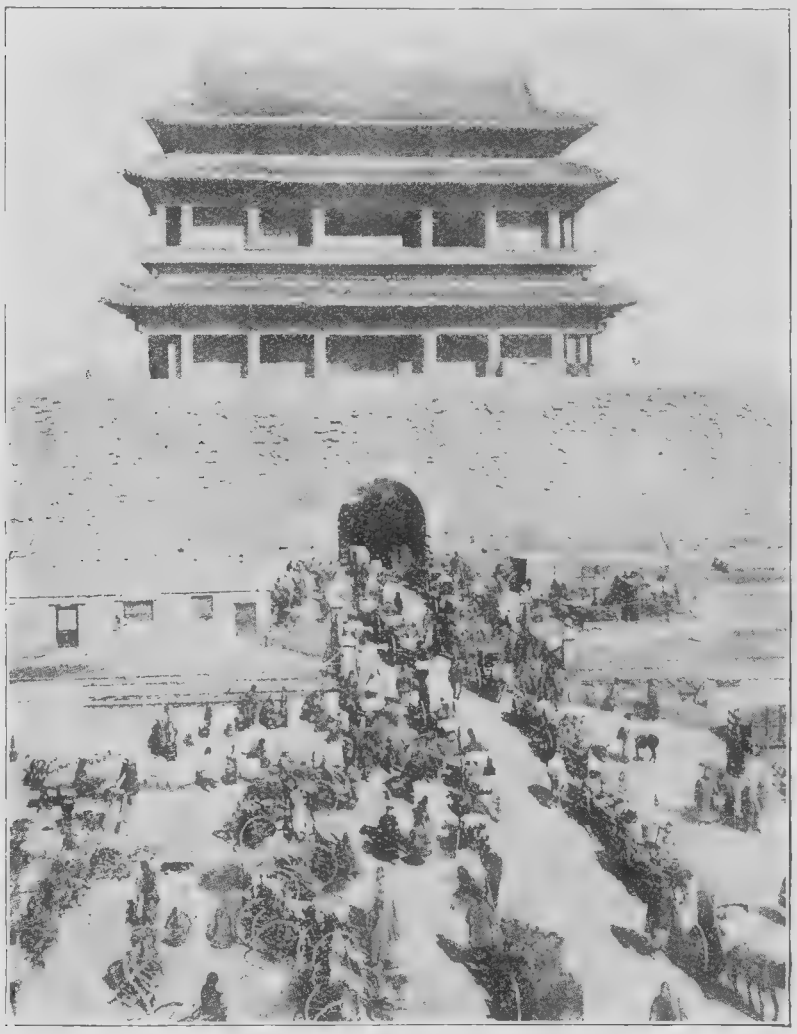
Yesterday, China was still the China of a thousand years ago, steeped to the core in Confucuisism, worshipping blindly at the ancestral shrine, entangled in an educational system which reserved its highest honor to the man who could reproduce to the letter the nine classics, and which regarded with horror the slightest deviation from the original. True, some few inventions such as the use of gunpowder and firearms were stumbled upon by the Chinese, but these discoveries were accidental and presented no feature of originality.

Today what a difference! Slowly but surely, the Yellow Giant of the East is awakening, the great prophet Confucius is losing his ground as a steady wave of Christianity creeps ever nearer into the very heart of the kingdom, even to the seats of the Yellow Robe; the modern methods of communication are bringing the East and West together, and when at last they meet, will the kiss of Peace unite the mightly forces or will the clash of arms sound its fearful keynote throughout the world?

The Celestial Empire is the cynosure of Western eyes today; no longer can the Occidental nations afford to regard China as an unimportant unit. The impact of the Middle Ages and the Christian commercial civilization of the 19th century culminated in 1898 in the Boxer movement and China was shaken to its foundations. Nevertheless Christian civilization, though it received a severe set back, was not wiped out and everywhere its beneficial results can be seen.

China will indeed be a great World power; she has men with which to create armies, materials iron and coal requisite for railway and steam navigation, all elements with which to create a great living force. One thing is wanting a directing power, which must come from within. That supplied, there can be found in China the capacity to carry out, the brain to plan, the hands to work. Fertile soil, mineral resources the greatest in the world are as yet untouched. The intense vitality of the people, their patience, their powers of concentration seem to prove indisputably that the Chinese are destined to dominate Eastern Asia and to play a leading part in the affairs of the world.

"China," says Dr. Martin, "is the theatre of the greatest movement now taking place on the face of the globe; its object is not a changed dynasty nor a revolution in the form of government, but with higher aim and deeper motive it promises nothing short of a complete renovation of the oldest, most populous, most conservative of empires."



One of the main gates of Peking called "Hai-ta-mun,

Yuan Shih Kai, who was so shamefully deposed in 1908, was one of China's most progressive reformers. He tried to prepare people for national self government by establishing municipal self government at Tientsin in 1907. Since then other municipalities have been formed and uYan Shi Kai hoped that the country would soon be governed on a constitutional basis. His successor, although a graduate from Yale, is not at all imbued with the same liberal spirit and it is to be feared that he will have a retarding influence on reform. Prince Chun, the new Regent of China, is the first ruler China has ever had who is acquainted with the outside world. It is said of him that he is easily accessible to those who have matters of importance to discuss. He has also modified the rules of conduct and privilege drawn up by the Board of Rites. When asked by a certain faction to go back to old ways,

FAT IS FATAL

Fat is Fatal to Health, Comfort, Happiness and often fatal to Life

Let me send you a trial treatment FREE OF CHARGE. You can get rid of your fat safely, surely and quickly.

What my treatment has accomplished in hundreds of cases. It will help you! Try it!

E. A. Richards, Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: Your treatment cured me permanently, it has been two years since I stopped taking it and have not regained a pound.

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 So. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: Have tested and proven the merits of your reduction remedies, none of my garments fit me; they seem made for another woman.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER I have had such wonderful success with my method of reducing superfluous fat that I have decided to offer for a limited time—**free trial treatments.** Hundreds of testimonials on file show that my treatment **takes off fat at the rate of 5 to 7 pounds a week** and what is more, that the fat **does not return** when the treatment is finished. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without starving, exercising or in any way interfering with your customary habits. My treatment is endorsed by physicians, because of its easy, natural elimination of abnormal flesh and its beneficial effect on the whole system. Perfectly harmless; easy and quick results. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave as fat is reduced. **Don't take my word for this;** I will prove it at my own expense. Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 1025E, **41** West 25th Street, New York City.

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Ladies and Girls can make $1.50 a day workingat home in spare time. Send a self addressed stamped envelope for full particulars. The Central Co., Box 308, London, Ont.

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ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR MAKES GOOD BREAD

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Chinese Jinrickshas.

he is reported to have said, "China can not go back now." Many reforms have been instituted at Pekin. Telegraph and telephones are all over the city, automobiles can be hired for $20 a day, great bridges are being built by China's own native engineers and these men are planning a defence from the ruinous floods which have made China so poor.

Another great indication of change is the railway system which China is so rapidly constructing. A railway has been built from Pekin to Honkoi, a distance of 600 miles; other lines have been mapped out.

China has also demonstrated her ability to assemble a body of 100,000 trained troops, drilled by western methods, armed with western weapons, a sufficient contrast to the undisciplined hordes that constituted the Chinese army a few years ago. Likewise it is her intention to develop a really powerful navy and orders have been issued for the construction of eight armoured cruisers and nine battleships of modern type, five of which as well as three naval stations are to be equipped with wireless telegraphy. Another important feature of reform has been the establishment of a postal system, a change so greatly appreciated that the rate of stamps rose 50 per cent. in 1905.

Still more conspicuous is the development of the telegraph. Forty years ago it was objected to on the ground that the people would steal the wires; now they are in daily use, and electricity will in the near future be applied to Chinese motor service.

Industrial development is making great strides. Attentoin is being paid to the improvement of agricultural methods and expansion of manufactures. Silk and cotton mills, glass factories are being promoted on a large scale.

Nor are other branches being neglected. A commission was sent in 1905 to study the institutions of civilized countries of the West. One result has been the publication of an important decree aimed at the eradication of opium traffic. Another has prohibited the binding of women's feet, and I believe the Dowager Empress, lately deceased, was the first to set the example in her household.

The attention of the Emperor and council of state has been brought to bear on the question of providing China with a constitutional government within a five year limit (1905).

The Japanese war did much to open the eyes of China as to the condition of her press. Before the war (Chino-Japanese) a daily newspaper was published in Shanghai, a town of 6,000 inhabitants, only 1 copy was to be found, and not 3 per cent. could read it. (This I saw in a journal, but think it is hardly to be credited). Now 200 papers and periodicals are published.

In Pekin, where no newspaper existed before 1902 there are now ten, one of which is edited by a woman. The effects of this great change are stupendous. Ten years ago there was no reading public. Nobody knew or cared anything about politics; today, a humble village schoolmaster, oracle of his little sphere, tattles with enthusiasm about constitution, etc.

But the most important reforms of all are those brought about in the educational system. As we have seen the Chinese educational system tended to produce memory machine, choked genius in the bud, and fitted the individual to a predetermined place in society. But the Chinese government, after much vacillation, have at length entered upon a radical reform.

The result of all these reforms will be an expansion of the intellectual horizon "comparable only with that which in Europe followed the crusades". It is from this point of view that missionary education in China is seen in its true character. From the Christian colleges young men are constantly emerging with enlarged vision, only in the Christian school that patriotism in which the Chinese are so deficient, is taught on principle. The singular solidarity of the Chinese and their talent for organization makes it certain that Christian associations will be some day adopted with beneficial results.

That there is to be commercially, industrially and politically a new China, is certain. When such an immense population is really revolutionized, the whole world will be affected by the tremendous change.

Away with Depression and Melancholy.—These two evils are the accompaniment of a disordered stomach and torpid liver and mean wretchedness to all whom they visit. The surest and speediest way to combat them is with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will restore the healthful action of the stomach and bring relief. They have proved their usefulness in thousands of cases and will continue to give relief to the suffering who are wise enough to use them.

A Mandarin.

A Manchu Matron.

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The Conquest of Consumption.

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

This is a winning fight! The enemy is slowly but steadily retreating, inch by inch, in good order, still facing us and showing his teeth—but retreating nevertheless. Not only so, but laboratory scouts have so thoroughly reconnoitered his position, and so accurately mapped and counted his full strength—not merely line of battle, but reserves and supports—that plans are already being laid to turn his flank, cut his communications, and turn his retreat into a rout and unconditional surrender.

For the first decade or two after the discovery of germs as a cause of disease the more we found out about them the more discouraging the outlook seemed to get. With every new "bug" that was discovered, labelled and attached to its appropriate disease, the wonder grew that we were still alive. "Germs to the right of us, germs to the left of us, germs in front of us, wriggled and squirmed." The round earth seemed one writhing and swarming ball ofbacilli. The food upon our tables, the soil upon our gardens and fields, the floors and walls of our houses, the dust of our streets, the water of our wells and streams, nay even the crannies between our teeth and the coils of our intestines, were alive with tiny demons. Finally the climax came—we knew the worst! We had unflinchingly explored and exploited every feature, every horror of our situation—and it suddenly dawned upon us that we were still alive and happy! We had not increased the number of our tiny enemies one littlest bacillus by magnifying them with the microscope, nor had we added a single species to our involuntary household pets, the disease germs, by naming and classifying them. They had all been around and about and within us for generations—most of them since the dawn of history.

We must be something in the way of germicides ourselves. We have not been huddled together like sheep, leaving the bacilli to do all the fighting. Even if tubercle bacilli be as dangerous as torpedo boats we human "bugs" have grown into four-gun and forty-knot torpedo-boat destroyers!

Bacilli are vegetables, we are animals, and our business and means of livelihood has been eating and getting fat on vegetables of every imaginable sort since the dawn of time! As the worthy Mr. Jobson, when he undertook to write poetry, discovered that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, so we and our ancestors have been fighting and conquering disease germs for generations without recognizing it. The only thing needful is to find out just how we have done it, improve upon these natural methods, combine them with our new knowledge of the actual position and habits of the enemy, and the battle is ours.

We have come to regard ourselves much as Falstaff did his recruits: "Tush, tush, mortal men, mortal men! Food for powder, food for powder!" A powder whose grains were alive and wriggling! As a matter of fact, we are the toughest, the most resourceful, the most ferocious and dangerous animal that walks upon the face of the globe, and can kill with its own weapons and conquer in its own element everything that runs or flies or burrows or swims. We have conquered every animal and tamed every vegetable we cared to for the service of man, and the only reason why we have not yet added the bacteria to our conquests is that we didn't know of their existence until about half a century ago. Now that we have discovered and located them, they are next on the list, and their conquest—yes, utilization—is only a question of time.

Emhatically, the new message of new bacteriology is a message of hope, not of discouragement; of good news, not of evil tidings. Apart from its cheering revelation of our power of resisting injurious germs, for every enemy that the microscope has revealed to us it has shown us a hundred friends. Our disease germs are a mere handful of black sheep—a tiny criminal class amid a swarming world-population of helpful, wholesome, friendly bacteria and bacilli, enriching our soil, purifying our water, burying and transforming our dead into the fruitful seed bed of new life, without whose ceaseless activity all higher life would be impossible and the world become a sterile desert within half a century. From the discovery of one group of bacteria alone, the nitrogen-fixing germs on the roots of the clover we shall reap more benefit than any dozen of our disease germs will be able to undo.

Philosophers assure us that the highest wisdom is to know oneself, but in a fight it is even more important to know one's enemy. He is not quite so easy to get acquainted with, but he is much more interesting and significant. As usual the devil is not as black as he is painted. To hear the fearsome character given to the tubercle bacillus, and to listen to the tale of his atrocities and his terrors, one would think that he was a devouring dragon with horns and teeth, at least eighty feet long; instead of which he is a meek, inoffensive looking little vegetale, without a tooth in his head, or a sting in his tail and so tiny that you have to magnify him at least 300 times and paint him red before he is even visible to the naked eye. He is about the shape of a caraway seed, and is innocent of legs or arms, not to mention wings, fins, or other means of moving himself about. It is doubtful if he can even wriggle—in fact, alone and unaided he is incapable of moving himself the tiniest fraction of an inch, but can only go where he is carried or blown.

Moral: Don't be his donkey and carry him!

His origin is still "wrop up" in mystery, but his nearest respectable relations seem to be certain bacilli of agricultural tastes, whose habitat is the stalks and heads of meadow grasses, especially timothy, hence are known as the grass bacilli. They are, in fact, the original "hayseeds," only hayseed has them in its hair.

Here they seem to live a blameless and harmless life. They first attracted the attention of the police, however, in the lungs and sputum of certain human beings suffering from consumption some twenty years ago. Very shortly after very similar bacilli was discovered in the lungs of cattle, and another like group in the livers of fowls. Just how or when they changed their outdoor life for an indoor, parasitic one we do not know. In fact, there is only a reasonable probability that our all too familiar tubercle bacilli are directly descended from these widespread grass bacilli. The transition, if it ever occurred, probably took an enormous length of time, and we cannot hope to reproduce it by experiment. However, this much is certain, the bacilli do not grow of themselves in our bodies, nor are they handed down to us from our ancestors. They are always imported—carried in our food or sucked in in the air we breathe.

Whirled in the clouds of dust raised either by the wind or the deadly broom, picked up from floors and sidewalks upon our shoes or that volunteer street cleaner, the trailing skirt; carried by flies or dirty fingers or filthy garments and dropped on your food or in your milk, shot on the floor in expectoration, there to be crawled in by the children; sprayed all over everything within three or four feet in a cough or sneeze. Always carried somehow—never moving themselves—and usually by some human agency or act!

Break this link in the chain and you stop consumption!

Keep down dust on the street by proper sprinkling, flushing, and civilized methods of garbage and waste handling; indoors, by the abolition of the deadly broom or feather duster, both of which might have been specially devised for the purpose of getting "bugs" from the walls, floors, and furniture, where they are harmlessly resting, into our nostrils. Put in their place the damp cloth, the carpet sweeper, and, where possible, the vacuum cleaner. Let numerous small rugs, which can be taken outside to

(To be continued in next issue.)

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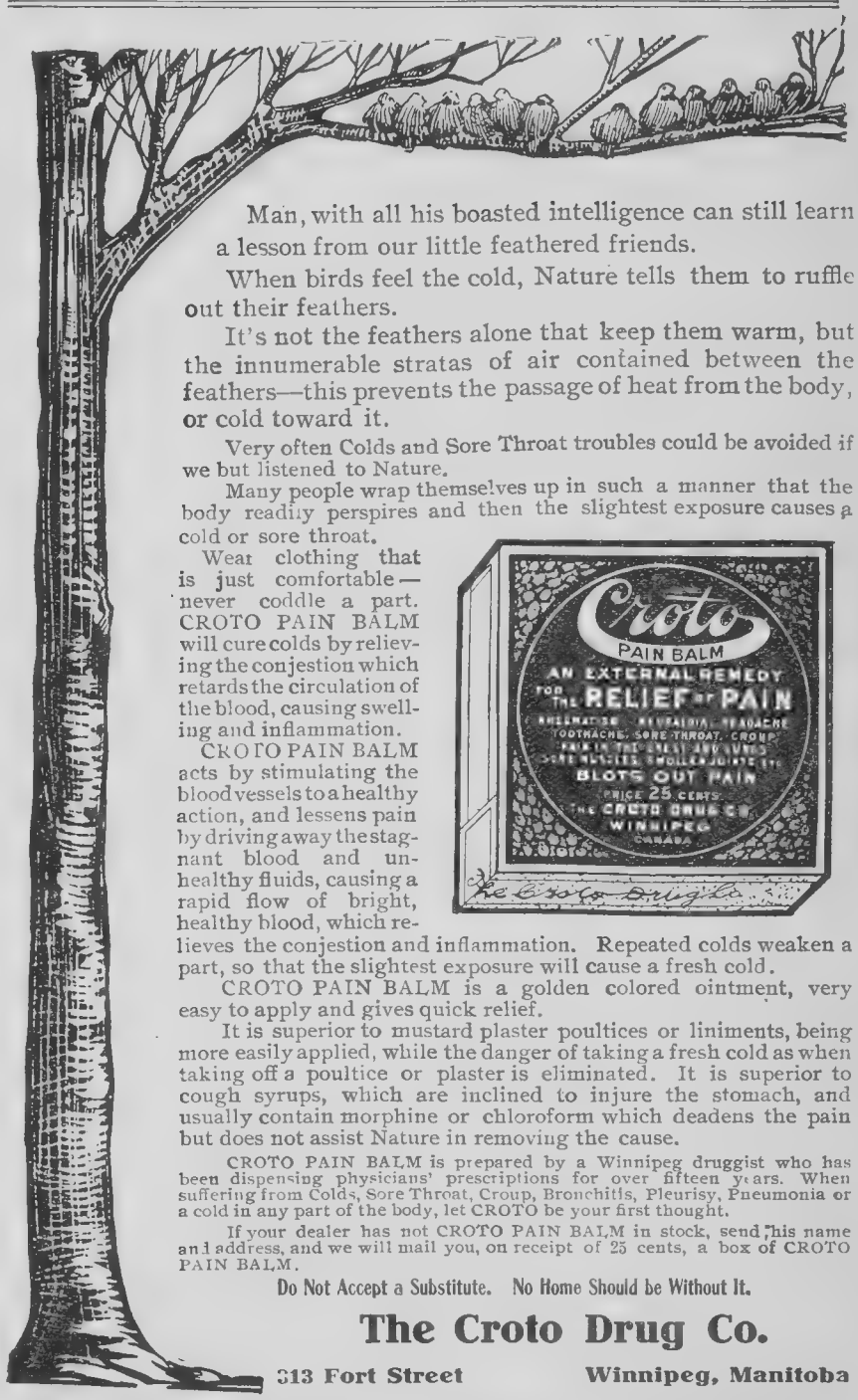

Man, with all his boasted intelligence can still learn a lesson from our little feathered friends.

When birds feel the cold, Nature tells them to ruffle out their feathers.

It's not the feathers alone that keep them warm, but the innumerable stratas of air contained between the feathers—this prevents the passage of heat from the body, or cold toward it.

Very often Colds and Sore Throat troubles could be avoided if we but listened to Nature.

Many people wrap themselves up in such a manner that the body readily perspires and then the slightest exposure causes a cold or sore throat.

Wear clothing that is just comfortable—never coddle a part. CROTO PAIN BALM will cure colds by relieving the conjestion which retards the circulation of the blood, causing swelling and inflammation.

CROTO PAIN BALM acts by stimulating the blood vessels to a healthy action, and lessens pain by driving away the stagnant blood and unhealthy fluids, causing a rapid flow of bright, healthy blood, which relieves the conjestion and inflammation. Repeated colds weaken a part, so that the slightest exposure will cause a fresh cold.

CROTO PAIN BALM is a golden colored ointment, very easy to apply and gives quick relief.

It is superior to mustard plaster poultices or liniments, being more easily applied, while the danger of taking a fresh cold as when taking off a poultice or plaster is eliminated. It is superior to cough syrups, which are inclined to injure the stomach, and usually contain morphine or chloroform which deadens the pain but does not assist Nature in removing the cause.

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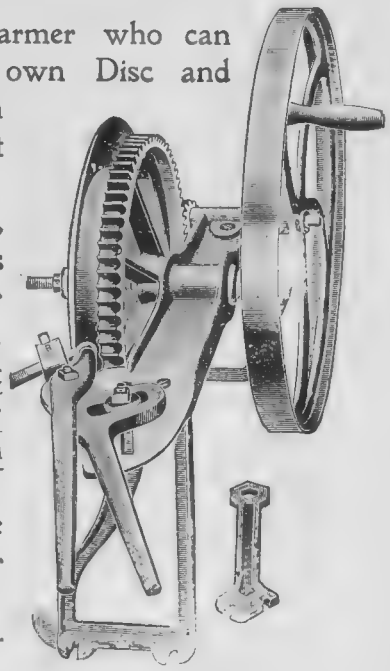

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About the Farm.

God's Flowers.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

With lavish hand our Father spreads
A cloth of gold on hill and plain;
His precious benediction sheds
On us, in sunshine and in rain.

No mountain peak, no deep ravine,
No lowly dell by foot untrod,
But keeps its robe of beauty, seen
By angels from the fields of God.

We strive in Mammon's crowded marts,
To save and pare, and pile up gold;
We labor, oft with breaking hearts,
And in the stress and strain, grow old.

But, in a bounty measureless,
The great Creator sends us flowers,
From out His storehouse, never less,
But always more, through ceaseless hours.

The royal aster's purple bloom,
The golden-rod of knightly grace,
The bitter-sweet, in Nature's loom,
All woven fair, know time and place.

And sweet September sees them come
Before the yellowing leaves are brown,
They hear no bugle call or drum;
For them, no martial despots frown.

God's flowers! His pledges all divine,
Of sleepless love, of tender care,
His life that foldeth yours and mine
From sky and earth in sea and air.

of mind and heart, in order to retain youth on the farm.

A practical solution of this question is difficult. No rule could be laid which would apply to all. This much is clear, however, that no young man should be asked to remain on a farm without a proper understanding regarding his prospects.—"Cousin Eva."

Some Good Sitters.

We were in sore distress this spring as we very much wished to raise some baby chicks of our own. Our flock of fowls consisted of three White Leghorns, two Brown Leghorns and a speckled hen of some unknown breed. They began clucking in regular order, first the speckled hen, then one after another of the browns, then the whites, We tried each in succession, putting them in another room of the henhouse on a box previously prepared and used the china nest eggs as trial eggs for one night, but not one of those hens would sit in the new place. Then we tried them on the old nests with the same luck. They clucked about and scolded and within a week were laying again.

When we had giben up all hope, we learned that our neighbor (who had but three hens) had two that were bound to sit. He had been trying to break them up for a week, confining them in a barrel without food or drink

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE

Keeping the Boys on the Farm.

Young people reared on a farm have in too many instances listened to their conditions contrasted with that of city life, greatly to the disparagement of the former. Such an education is easily comprehended by young minds. There is a glamor and a glare in the city life that attracts inexperienced people. They are carried away by appearances.

A gross mistake is made of suggesting that any one who is considered more commonplace than his brother, be set apart for a farmer, that a boy of ordinary ability is fit only for a farmer. Every farmer, when the son reaches the age of manhood ought, in justice to both parties, to arrive at a proper understanding as to their relationship in regard to compensation for services performed. A plan put forward when no arrangement is made is that of giving him as his own property a young animal. This animal is to be fed at his father's expense. Such a plan as this would certainly tend to create selfishness in any boy. Whatever became of his father's stock his own would receive double share.

Any young man who can be retained on a farm by the value of a colt or calf will never write his name very high as an agriculturist. Greater and farther reaching inducements than these must be placed before him. An appeal must be made to far higher qualities

and otherwise misusing them without effect. Sit they would, on the ground or anywhere, with or without an egg.

We bought these two hens for fifty cents apiece. They were Barred Plymouth Rocks. We brought them home and put them on the nests we had prepared for our own hens in the part of the henhouse we called the "sun parlor." We did not use trial eggs, but gave each fourteen eggs, Brown Leghorns, bought of a fancier at a fancy price. And what was our delight to see those motherly hens stick to the nests, coming off but once daily to eat the food which we kept by them and drink the fresh water provided.

When their time of waiting expired, twenty-eight fluffy, duffy chickens broke the shells and the mother hens, who were as tame as could be desired, called loudly for food for the babies. They are now growing like weeds and scratching for the early worms every morning. They still roost in the "sun parlor" and have a park of diminutive size for daily use.

In future we shall believe that the Plymouth Rock is especially designed for a mother hen and the Leghorn for an egg producer.—A. R. Annable.

An ingenious writer in one of the magazines has recently told the story of a prosperous business man who, during all the years of his struggle to wi

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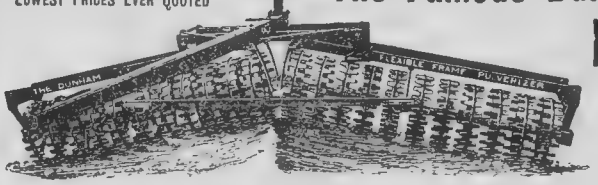

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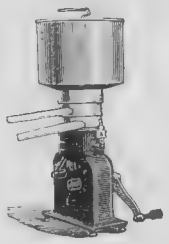

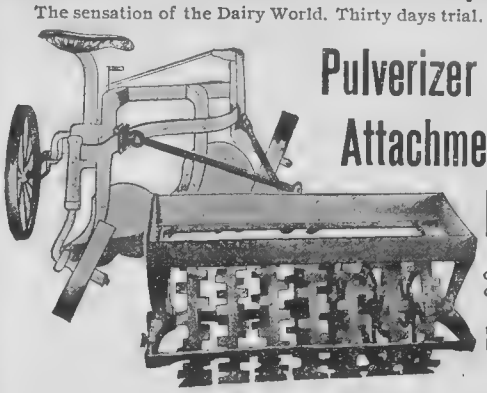

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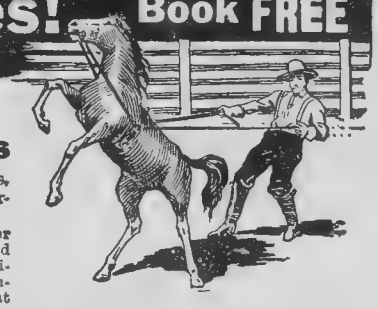

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Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His exhibitions of taming man-killing horses, and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences everywhere. He can teach you the same simple principles which have brought him such marvelous success, so that you can take the most vicious horse and subdue him in a few minutes—you can train a green colt, break any horse of bad habits, teach a horse to drive without reins, tell the disposition of a horse at a glance, train him to do tricks, and in fact gain complete mastery over any horse, young or old.

You can take a worthless, dangerous animal and **double his value** by these easy, plain methods. Think of the money in this feature alone! Your neighbors will sell you horses at a low price that they would be glad to buy back at double the figure after you have trained them for a day or two. And those horses will be cured of shying, kicking, balking, biting and all other bad traits forever.

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What Some of Prof. Beery's Students Are Doing

Emmet White of Wellman, Iowa, writes: "I would not take $500 for what you have taught me. You may judge of my success when I tell you that I have been able to buy a home and an automobile solely through earnings from training horses as taught by your excellent methods. I am proud of my profession."

F. N. Goux, Vernon, N. Y. writes: "I cannot speak in high enough praise of your instruction. I am at present handling a $1,000 horse. People bring me horses to train from miles around."

Wm. N. Kelley, Hillsboro, Wis., says: "I am making lots of money here at home, and your course has made me so successful I am planning to go on the road training horses and giving exhibitions.

Roy Fordyce, 04124 Adams St., Spokane, Wash., writes: "I am delighted with your lessons. Have trained a three-year-old stallion to drive without a bridle or lines. I would recommend your course unqualifiedly to anyone."

A. W. Bower, Tiffin, Ind., writes: "You have made me a practical colt-trainer. Have all I can do and making more money than ever before."

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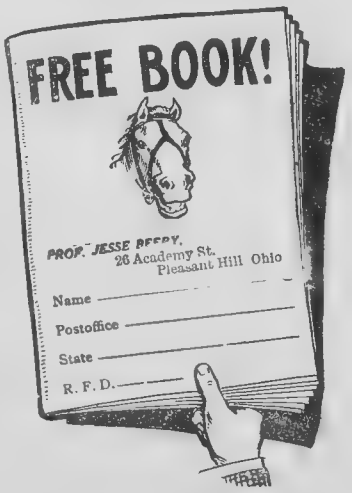


[7] **Prof. Jesse Beery**
26 Academy St. Pleasant Hill, Ohio

success, longed incessantly for his boyhood's home. Once a year at least, sometimes oftener, he made a long journey to revisit this spot sacred to the memories of his earlier years, and, at no little pains, kept the old place, as far as possible, unchanged—just as he had left it first to seek a larger field of activity elsewhere. He never returned to his commodious city home without regret, and for days after cherished the freshened recollections of the low, weather-beaten farmhouse, the daisy-sprinkled meadows, and the tinkling brook which meandered its crooked course through the low-lying pasture lands. His business was prosperous with scarcely a drawback; money accumulated to his credit as the result of careful management; he had a beautiful home, with every modern convenience; but in the midst of all these elegant surroundings he yearned with all his heart for the simplicity of the old life, and would have given them all—so he told himself again and again—if he might but drink his fill of crystal water from the old well by the roadside and fling himself under the spreading oak-tree near by, where so often he had enjoyed delicious repose when a boy.

A time came finally when this man's remarkable success and accumulated fortune warranted his withdrawal from business. He was hardly past middle age now, and these remaining years, which might be many or few, he resolved to spend tranquilly in the old home of his childhood, where all his affections centred. For once, after all these years of mild discontent, he would be happy in the realization of his golden dream. His heart throbbed with joy at the alluring prospect. He sold his busines at a handsome figure, leased his city residence, and, full of pleasant anticipations, removed to the low, weather-beaten farmhouse, with the old well by the roadside, and the tinkling brook wandering through the green meadows and pasture lands.

Have you read the story? If not, can you imagine the sequel? It can be told in a few words. The man was miserable in the one place on earth where he had looked to find unalloyed happiness. After all those busy years of close association with men, the quiet of the isolated farmhouse was unbearable. The companions of his boyhood days had passed away. Even the familiar places which he had once loved were not the same. In his utter loneliness he longed for the bustle of trade, the clatter of heavy wheels, the bable of many voices on the crowded street. Without knowing it, he had outgrown the simpler life, in which he had once found such sweet content. It never could satisfy him again,

And what principle underlies this imaginary incident? Why does it seem true to life, though its details may be the clever constructions of the literary artist? Because no man at any stage of the life-journey is free from the grasp of an impelling movement, which sweeps him ever onward. The whole universe is on the move under God's direction, and we must move with it, or run the risk of being left behind. We cannot indulge in the luxury of a Rip Van Winkle nap in some quiet place by the way, else we shall awake, as Rip Van Winkle did, to a world that we have forgotten, and that has forgotten us. We may regret what lies behind us, but rarely are we permitted to retrace our steps, and gathered up the scattered treasure which yesterday slipped through our careless fingers. And even with the rarely-granted privilege of return, the treasure found is something wholly unlike the treasure sought. What is behind must be forgotten in the ever-growing interest of what lies before us.

While regrets and backward glances are the heritage of later years, youth is the one season which can lessen the number of these after-regrets, and make these same backward glances pleasant rather than regretful. How should this be done? First, by making every day of life as it passes an ideal day, rounded out to the full measure of what it might be. Every opportunity improved silences a sigh of regret somewhere in the coming years. Every deed of kindness wrought, every word of kindness spoken, adds a pleasing tint to the picture, which our eyes shall dwell upon when the pictured reality is a thing of the irrevocable past. Second, by setting every day with open face toward the future. Be not content with hoarding the resources which seem sufficient for to-day's needs. We outgrow our resources beyond the measure of our wildest estimates. What to-day counts a feast of rare viands cloys upon the palate to-morrow. Manhood demands what manhood cannot supply. Youth must garner the needed resource, or manhood be impoverished. Eternity demands a preparation for which eternity makes no provision. Time must do the work, else it remains undone. Live the present moment for all that it holds of life's grandest possibilities; but, meanwhile and ever, keep the eyes wide open to look ahead.

Shelling Peas.

By Mary Rolofson.

Out in the porch in an easy chair
I sit enjoying the sweet, fresh air,
And partly at work and partly at play
I hum a song, or I stop to say,
"Does baby want to be helping, too?
What can such little, fat fingers do?
O dear little baby, how you tease
To do your part at shelling peas!"

Down to the garden we went last night,
Whie the sunset clouds were red and bright,
And partly at work and partly at play
I picked the peas, or I stopped to say,
"Does baby want to be helping, too?
Oh yes, my baby, I know you do!
There's nothing would more this baby please
Than to help his mother pick the peas."

How plump and fresh are the pea-pods green!
We'll have a dinner fit for a queen.
Oh! am I at work, or am I at play,
As I shell the peas, or stop to say,
"Does baby want to be helping, too?
Yes, mama will give him just a few.
We'll be as busy as two little bees,
Baby and mama, shelling the peas."

Process of Digestion in Fowls.

During digestion the food passes through the following stages:— Taken into the mouth and there mixes with saliva which changes the starch part of the food into sugar which is readily soluble. (To the casual observer watching poultry eat their breakfast some cold morning, it may seem absurd that saliva mixes with the hen's food, in the mouth. The excitement of eating, however, excites salivary secretion and as the food is swallowed, saliva is swallowed also). From mouth it goes to the crop where it is softened and as required is pushed out into the true stomach where it is acted upon by the gastric-juice.

Here the proteids are altered and made soluble. It then passes to the grinding mill or gizzard where all portions become pulverized. Then the food passes on, is acted upon by the bile, a secretion of the liver, and fats are emulsified and broken up. Not until the food reaches the small intestines and is so broken up that it will pass through the anatomical membranes is it of any use to the bird. Hence the importance of easily digestible food.

Short Falls for Farmers.

Spring is more conducive to the health and thrift of the young sow with her first litter of pigs.

So far as is possible no weeds should be allowed to grow in the strawberry bed set out last spring.

It is claimed that only ten per cent. of the apple trees that are planted ever come into bearing.

One ounce of paris green to six pounds of flour is sufficient to use in destroying the cabbage worm.

Sheep that are kept in good, vigorous, thrifty condition are not liable to become infested with ticks.

Generally a sow does her best service with her second litter, and from that on until she is six years old.

No matter what oats are worth in the market, if you grow them yourself you can afford to feed them.

"SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE.

REG. TRADE MARK

WAR DEPARTMENT.
Office Purchasing Commissary U. S. Army,
Saint Louis, Mo., Nov. 17th, 1909.

Troy Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

I have great faith in your medicine. I cured a bad tendon on a horse which had been fired and seemed beyond all hope. I also cured a sprained tendon in another horse within two weeks.
CAPTAIN J. N. KILIAN, 3d & Olive Sts., Commissary U. S. Army.

FREEPORT FIRE DEPARTMENT

Troy Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Freeport, L. I., Nov. 29, 1909. Enclosed check for bottle "Save-The-Horse." Every horseman around here thought horse was incurable, but don't think so now. Here is what I have done with "Save-The-Horse," and some of these cases were cured two and three years ago, as you know, and are cured to-day. In fact, I am not afraid to undertake any case without the guarantee.

The first case was a gray mare with bone spavin, over three years' standing. So lame everyone thought she would never go sound again. In six weeks' time she did not take a lame step. Let her to the Freeport Golf Club every week day.

The next case was a fine blooded horse with ringbone, belonging to a friend. In two months' time he did not take a lame step.

Also cured a Polo Pony who was hardly able to get out of the stable, both hind legs affected with the worst bone spavin I ever saw. Bought him for ten dollars, and everyone said I would have to saw off his legs and have new ones made. The whole hock was affected. He had been fired and blistered three times. I used "Save-The-Horse," and in ten weeks' time you would not know that he had ever been spavined, except for the marks of the firing iron. Have also cured a fine saddle horse of thoroughpin. Will be glad to see anyone regarding these cases. CARL DARENBERG.

$5.00 a bottle, with legal written guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet & letters from business men & trainers on every kind of case. Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone (except low), Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons & all Lameness. No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. *Dealers or Exp. paid.*

TROY CHEMICAL CO., 148 Van Horn Street, TORONTO, ONT. and BINGHAMTON, N.Y

Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
63 Church St., Toronto, Ontario

"LEADER" Churn is made of good white oak — thoroughly seasoned — strong as iron — and sweet and clean.

55

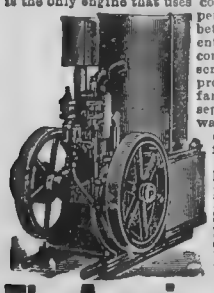
You know that churns, made of glass or crockery, will chip, crack and peel—and they will get broken, no matter how careful you try to be. "LEADER" Churn is absolutely sanitary — easy running — and can be used either sitting or standing. If your dealer does not handle it write us for full information.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL LIMITED, - Hamilton, Ont.

Try Kerosene Engine
30 Days Free

Gasoline Prices Rising.

You can't run a farm engine profitably on gasoline much longer. Price of gasoline going sky high. Oil Companies have sounded the warning. Kerosene is the future fuel and is now 6c to 10c a gallon cheaper than gasoline. The Amazing "Detroit" is the only engine that uses common lamp Kerosene (coal oil) perfectly. Runs on gasoline, too, better than any other. Basic patent. Only 3 moving parts. Comes complete ready to run. We will send a "Detroit" on free trial to prove all claims. Runs all kinds of farm machinery, pumps, saw rigs, separators, churns, feed grinders, washing machines, Silo fillers and electric lights. Money back and freight paid both ways if it does not meet every claim that we have made for it. Don't buy till you get our free catalog. 2 to 24 h. p. in stock. Prices $29 50 up. Special demonstrator agency price on first outfit sold in each community. 2000 satisfied users. We have a stack of testimonials. Write quick. (20)



The Amazing "DETROIT"

Detroit Engine Works, 347 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Even a poor farmer can give sheep a trial in a small way and increase as experience asd profit warrant.

Four pounds of rosin, one pound of beeswax and a half pint of linseed oil makes a good summer grafting wax.

If you go into fruit growing for market, go into its systematically and energetically, but not on too large a scale.

In nearly all cases the best time to sell hogs is when the price realized is sufficient to give a fair return of profit.

Keep the sheep off the timothy sod. They bite it so closely as to destroy its bulbs, when it cannot sprout again.

In nearly all cases it is best to separate the farrowing sows from the stock hogs that are being fattened for market.

Nothing short of persistent care and scrupulous cleanliness will eradicate thrush.

Pork from a well developed and fat-tened pig, at eight months, is far preferable to that wretched and insidious disease—fattened and killed at eighteen months.

It is best to take up the lamb bucks and put in a separate pasture and keep them separate until after the breeding season is over.

Pears should be picked before they are mellow. Whenever they will come off easily without breaking the stem they are ready to pick.

Whether early or late, after the hogs have reached a certain stage, it is not profitable to feed them any longer. Sell them as soon as possible.

Applying a little water and often is a bad principle in watering plants, and should be avoided. If watering is needed, water thoroughly.

Swep off the feeding floors sufficiently often to keep them clean. The hogs should not be compelled to eat their food in dust and dirt.

A great many kicking cows might be cured and more prevented by simply trimming the finger nails often enough to keep them from cutting the teats of the cows.

Finding their Breakfast.

Dairy Notes.

The object of working butter is to get the salt evenly distributed and to expel a portion of the brine. When it is worked but once, the butter maker thinks he has worked the butter enough and packs it immediately. There is, at that time, no way to tell whether the salt has been evenly distributed or not. A few hours afterwards he should draw out some of the butter with a trier, or cut it with a ladle, and if he finds it mottled, which will seriously effect the selling price, he may know the cause is unequalled salting. When churning again he should work the butter twice.

Prof. Haecker of Minnesota, has this to say about growing calves: For growing caves I consider separator skim milk at least equal to whole milk, though calves will not lay on as much fat as they will when the latter is fed. There is nothing in butter fat that the calf can use in building body tissue. Nutriment can be supplied more cheaply with flax meal which contains from thirty to thirty-five per cent. oil. When the calf is dropped I let it suck once and then remove from the dam. If it is removed in the morning I give it no feed until the following morning. This is done so the calf will be hungry and will drink milk without the finger. I give three to four pints of its mother's milk twice a day, immediately after milking. A small calf gets three pints and a large calf four pints. This I continue for one week. Then for one week I give whole milk half and skim milk half, twice a day, giving only from three to four pints. The third week I feed all separator skim milk, adding a teaspoonful of ground flax. I gradually increase the skim milk, and flax meal so that by the end of the fourth month the calf is receiving a heaping teaspoonful of flax meal and ten pints twice a day. After the first month it has access to a little early alfalfa and whole oats or a mixture of whole oats and bran or shorts. The important points are strict regularity in time of feeding, quantity and temperature of milk, which should be from 98 to 100 degrees.

Feed extra well while the cows are shedding. They will not feed to keep up the flow of milk and an additional amount to make the new growth of hair. Feed rich in protein, such as bran, oats, chop, alfalfa, clover, oil meal and the like, are needed.

The first thing to take into consideration when feeding the dairy calf, especially the heifer that is intended for the dairy herd, is to see that it is kept growing from the time it is placed in the feeding lot until it has matured. Any neglect that will cause a standstill in growing will cause a dwarfing of the organs of milk production and the calf will not make the producer she should.

Calls a Halt.

The Deputy Minster of Agriculture for Ontario Cals for a Halt in Procession from Country to City.—The Ontario Situation Serious.

(From Toronto News)

Rural population of Ontario, 1899	1,108,874
Rural population of Ontario, 1909	1,047,016
Decrease in ten years ..	61,858
Population of Towns and Cities, 1899	901,874
Population of Towns and Cities, 1909	1,197,274
Increase in ten years ...	295,400

"That means," said C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, addressing the delegates to the Ontario Association of Fairs and Exhibitions this morning, "that there has been a change-over of from 350,000 to 450,000 in the relative population of the rural and urban districts.

When You See How It Works

you will want a "CHAMPION" Washing Machine right off. The Momentum Balance Wheel, which almost runs itself—the up-and-down stroke of the Lever, which means greatest power with less effort—the absolute perfection of the "CHAMPION"—will make you want one for your home.

"Favorite" Churn gets all the butter out of the cream. Easy to churn, too. If your dealer does not handle these home necessities, write us. 78

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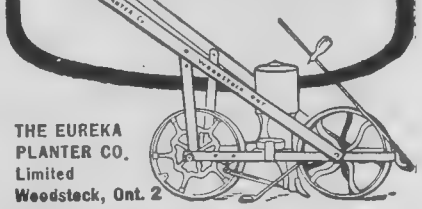
Western Representative John A. McEwan, 603 Union Bank Building, Winnipeg.

The "BACON" Seed Drills and Cultivators

The only Rear-Wheel Driven Seed Drill on the market. The feed in the "Bacon" handles seed without bruising or breaking, and seeds evenly to the last seed. Machine instantly converted from a regular seed sower into a hill dropper. Feed Cut prevents waste of seed when turning rows.

For sowing Sugar Beets, Parsnips, Radishes, Carrots, Onions, etc., the 1908 model of the "Bacon" is unequalled for strength, lightness, easy running and good work. Write for our complete catalogues.



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Woodstock, Ont. 2

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Gombault's Caustic Balsam

Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. ☞Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

Seldom See

a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his Ankle, Hock, Stifle, Knee or Throat.

ABSORBINE

will clean them off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. $2.00 per bottle.deliv'd. Book 8 D free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1. Removes Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Varicosities, Old Sores. Allays Pain. Book free.

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Try a McPherson Climax Humane Speculum 30 Days FREE.

Every farmer, liveryman and veterinary surgeon should have a Climax Speculum for administering medicine or getting at the teeth or mouth of horses and cattle. Everyone agrees that it is more durable, more easy to use, more satisfactory in operation than any other on the market. We are so certain that you will be satisfied with it that we make this special offer. Send us $6.50 by Post Office or Express Order and we will send you a Climax Speculum at once. If, after 30 days' trial, you are not convinced that it is the best speculum you could have, send it back to us, and we will refund the purchase price.

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SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on **POULTRY**

and Almanac for 1910 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c.
C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 731, Freeport, Ill.

COWS GIVE MORE MILK
---calves make better beef---Bulls are no longer dangerous when dehorned with the

KEYSTONE DEHORNER.

Cuts 4 sides at once---No crushing or bruising. Little pain. The only humane method. Write for free booklet. R. H. McKENNA
219 Robert St. Toronto, Ont. Late of Picton, Ont.

"Think these figures over. I think they are startling. They mean that the producers are decreasing in numbers—the men who are providing us with food.

The Cause of High Prices.

"You can understand from this why the price of commodities is going up. You can't have these conditions all over the continent and not have serious results. You can't explain it simply by saying that supplies are held in cold-storage warehouses.

"The middleman is not getting it all. He is getting a fair share. He is in the business to make all he can, and will get all he can out of it, but this other cause that I have referred to is the key to the situation.

"You may say, 'What does it effect us, if prices go high, we make the more money?' It is not wholly a good thing. There has been a great outcry in the towns.

"Perhaps it would be a good thing if they would feel the pinch a little more. Then for the first time we would get the people wide-awake to the importance of the agricultural interests.

"People will tell you on the platform that the farmers are the backbone of the country, and are the producers of the food we use. But you touch their pockets, and they will think over these things.

The Great Problem of To-day.

"The agricultural problem before this country to-day is so big and so important that it needs the co-operation of all the associations of stockmen and agricultural societies of every description. But we will never get it moving on the right lines until we also get behind it the people of our towns and cities.

"Nearly half a million change of the people from country to town in the last ten years! It is time the whole people woke up. The high prices may be a fine thing for the progressive, wide-awake farmers, but for every one of that class there are half a dozen that are not wide awake. With 175-000 farmers in this Province, it needs a great deal to get them all stirred up.

Tremendous Waste by Extravagance.

"I am not sure that it is a good thing that prices have been going so high even for those getting the benefit of them. The price of meat goes too high. People stop eating meat, and the market tumbles. Then farmers quit this, and go to something else. It is disorganizing to the whole agricultural industry. It would be better to have more even prices.

"In regard to bacon you know where you have landed. The packers and feeders of hogs don't know what is going to happen next.

"If things had been going on steadily for a few years there would have been no trouble like this.

"Two things are going to happen. We are going to have the people in the towns and cities waken up in earnest to the importance of agriculture, and they will also awaken to the evil of extravagant living.

"There is probably enough food wasted in this city to feed any good-sized city in many different countries in Europe.

"We don't know how to buy, keep, prepare or use food. This means millions of dollars of waste, and all these things should be given attention.

"If this is to be the result, then great good will come out of the present serious situation.

A Great Work is Possible.

"You are growing," Mr. James added, "and it is a good sign to see people want more money, even if they don't get it. (Laughter.)

Delegates—"Come back again." (Laughter.)

Mr. James—"If you are going to lean on the Government for help in your work, I can see the time coming when you are going to lose a whole lot of your usefulness."

Voices—"That's right."

Mr. James—"The best societies in Ontario are those that stand on their own feet.

"The most progressive agricultural country in Europe is little Denmark, and the farmers there did not go to the Government for help. They even built their own schools, and they proved that they were doing a good work for agriculture, and then the Government came to help them along in it.

The work that can be done in this country in the improvement of agriculture is almost beyond calculation."

Mr. James concluded with a very earnest appeal to the delegates to do their utmost to improve the conditions of agriculture in Ontario so as to prevent the serious movement of population from the farms to the towns and cities. This, he said, was the chief cause of the high prices of which the people in the towns and cities are now so strongly complaining.

A Manitoba Farmyard.

Musical Monks.

The greatest choir in the world is in the Cathedral of Alexander Nevski, in St. Petersburg, and is attached to a convent erected in honor of the patron saint of Russia. Its members, of which there are about thirty, are all monks, and are chosen from the best voices in all the Russian monasteries. When the possesor of a fine voice appears among the novitiates he is sent to the Monastery of Alexander Nevski, where he is trained as carefully as an opera-singer, and remains there doing nothing except assisting at the music at mass in the morning and vespers in the afternoon until he becomes aged, when he retires on a pension. Many of the voices are of marvellous strength and sweetness, and it is said that some members of the choir can shatter a thin glass into fragments by singing into it, so powerful are the vibrations of their tones. The monks are all vegetarians. The rules of the Russian Church forbid them to shave, and their hair is worn like a woman's. Being in a sense public performers, they have the vanity of their class; unlike ordinary monks, they are fastidious about their appearance and put up their hair and whiskers in papers every night so that they may be wavy and curly.

To have the children sound and healthy is the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

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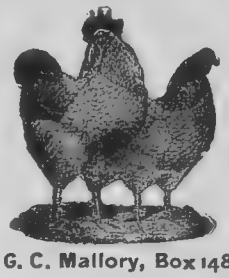

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COMPRESSED AIR, FOUNTAIN SPRAYER

Requires but one pumping to empty entire contents of tank. Automatic lever valve stops flow of liquid while going from one plant to another. Easy, light, compact; tested to stand 5 times the pressure required to expel liquid. Two nozzles, with hose attachment for spraying small trees. Write for catalogue. 1

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Use it under our guarantee—your money refunded if it doesn't make the horse go sound. Most cases cured by a single 45-minute application—occasionally two required. Cures Bone Spavin, Ringbone and Sidebone, new and old cases alike. Write for detailed information and a free copy of

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Reliable Parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. $7 to $10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address

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Lies In the Power of Rich Blood To Keep It Ever Clear And Clean.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers Free.

The secret of firm, strong, supple flesh is—good, rich, constant flowing blood. When hollow cheeks appear and hidden pigments make the eyes look like burnt holes in a blanket, the blood is sick and out of tune.

The effect of Impure and pure blood is seen at once on the face.

Impurities fill it with poisons, the flesh harbors these poisons, and the lungs cannot eliminate them as they should.

It needs a purifier. Stuart's Calcium Wafers give to the blood through the same channels as food all the strength and stimulus necessary to remove the impurities and to make rich corpuscles which will feed the body or fight its enemies.

Time was when poor blood purifiers had to be used, such as herbs and roots, powdered minerals, etc., but thanks to latter day achievement the Stuart process gives to the system the full rich strength of Calcium Sulphide, the greatest blood purifier known to science.

These little powerful wafers are prepared by one of the most noted expert pharmaceutical chemists in the world and so far as science is concerned no expense has been spared to make them perfect.

They contain Quassia, Golden Seal and Eucalyptus, each a most powerful aid to the blood of man.

Thousands of people use these wafers with religious zeal, and their testimonial evidence is an unfailing source of interest to one who reads it.

Melancholy marks every suffering woman, yet one should be armed with this knowledge and make up one's mind to try Stuart's Calcium Wafers at once. Every druggist carries them. Price 50c, or send us your name and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

SEVEN YEARS OF ECZEMA

Then After $500 had been Spent in Vain, Two Bottles of D.D.D. Cured.

Mrs. Horace Martin, of Sharbot Lake, Ont., writes:

"My husband has had eczema for seven years. He spent hundreds of dollars but could not get cured. He was almost wild with the pain and itching.

I saw D.D.D. Prescription advertised in the paper. I sent and got a bottle and it gave my husband relief at once. He has used a second bottle and is entirely well.

The two bottle of D.D.D. which my husband used have done him more good than the $500 he spent before."

Do you suffer the torments of skin disease, or do any of your family or friends? What's the use? D.D.D. Prescription will do for anyone what it did for Mr. Martin.

For free trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription write to the D.D.D. Laboratories, Department M. 23 Jordan St., Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.

Send 50c and receive Five Pair of Hose Feet Post Paid. The part of a lady's stocking that wears out is the feet. When the feet are worn out the whole stocking is thrown away. This is not necessary. Simply cut off the feet and sew a pair of our hose feet to the leg of the stocking and you have a new pair of stocking at a low cost. Add 5c for postage. **N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.**

Sunday Reading.

Awake My Song.

Ring out, my Song, speak comfort to that breast
That wearied now with burdens longs for rest;
It thou wouldst cheer that pathway lone and drear
So let thy notes of rest ring loud and clear.

Awake my Song, and ease the couch of pain.
The long-time sufferer needs thy brightest strain;
In tones of smypathy, with music's power.
Illumine with thy ray his darkest hour.

Speak yet again where poverty holds thrall,
Where grim despair has settled as a pall;
Sing of that God who gives his children food,
Whose power of old the widow's oil renewed.
And oh, my Song, speak to the guilty one
Who dwells behind the prison bars, alone;
Speak gently to the soul that long has erred—
There let thy sweetest, softest tones be heard.

Perchance, we know not, from thy tender strains
A note may raise his soul to higher planes;
Oh, let this chord of sympathy and love,
Be one of hope, that bids him look above.

Even so, my Song, where'er on land or sea
Thy strains awake, may this thy mission be:
To turn the wandering feet from paths of wrong
And make the world the brighter for the song.

The Last Moment.

By EVELYN ORCHARD.

A small, thin, grey woman got out of a cab at the entrance to Prince's Landing Stage at Liverpool, and having dismissed her cabman, walked quietly ,yet with a certain decision of look and step, through the hurrying, bustling, noisy throng. It was three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, an hour before the advertised time of sailing for two Atlantic liners. Close to her berth stood the leviathan Majestic, the White Star liner, all trig and taut, ready for her proud journey, which might so easily be made the record one of the Atlantic fleet. There were stacks, nay mountains of baggage being quickly hauled by the crane into her hold, and the third-class passengers were all on board. A few wandered on the upper deck, those unaccustomed to the voyage, and afraid of being late; half an hour yet before she would fill up with her aristocratic list. Lower down the stage there was another stack of luggage and a smaller waiting crowd, but the berth was empty, though many eyes were strained across the Mersey to where a steamer was being slowly turned and headed towards the spot where they stood. From the distance, and in comparison with the Majestic, she looked very tiny, almost a toy thing, but she was a good old seaworthy boat, belonging to a company which preferred safety and comfort to speed. She therefore never lacked her full complement of passengers, and those who once tested her homely comfort were eager to travel by her again. She came slowly in, and it was then seen that her decks were fully crowded. It was an emigrant ship, and the little crowd waiting on the pier were saloon passengers. She carried no seconds, the whole available accomodation having been requisitioned for the emigrants. It was a motley crew. The little grey woman, in spite of a mortal anxiety gnawing at her heart, and the fact that her attention was divided almost equally between the big ship and her smaller sister, was struck by the varied aspects of the crowd. They were nearly all foreigners, and seemed by their attire to represent almost every European race. There had been a great boom in the emigration department of the Northern Continents, and every boat was full. It was spring, the date the 13th of April.

She was so interested in the eager faces that for a moment she forgot the errand upon which she had come. Then, as if realising that she had but little time to make up her mind, she turned, while the little boat was being made fast, and walked back to the great Majestic. And there, after a moment's hesitation, she crossed the gangway to the deck. It was beginning to fill up, and nobody took the smallest notice of the little grey woman. Not an official was to be seen on the upper deck, the usual scrimmage regarding berths was taking place below, and it required all hands to cope with the numerous complaints and assertions of the passengers.

The little grey woman looked bewildered for a moment, and then observing a pleasant-looking young man in uniform at the door of one of the companion-ways, she walked up to him.

"Do you happen to know whether you have a passenger of the name of Lisbon on board?" she asked.

The young man shook his head.

"Madam, I could not tell you. I am only the doctor. I don't know anything about the passengers until we get out to sea. It's the purser you want."

"Where is he?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"Ask me another. He's having his usual bad half hour downstairs; and if he escapes with his life, will be thankful."

The grey woman did not understand the chaff, and looked perplexed.

"I'll get you a passenger list, madam, if that'll do you any good. Here's my own."

He drew it from an inner pocket and gave it to her; then passed on.

She read the names quickly, but they conveyed nothing to her.

"Of course he would change his name. I didn't think of that; but I'm sure he couldn't afford a passage in this, and he wouldn't travel steerage." she said to herself. She lingered a little about the deck watching each passenger arrive, but did not come upon the one she sought.

"I'll try the other one," she said, after she had been assured by a seaman that the little boat would certainly go out first.

She went back quickly through the kaleidoscopic scene and crossed the gangway to the deck of the little ship. Then she took up her position quite quietly to watch. She would put a question when necessary. Meanwhile she need only watch. She had a feeling that the man she sought had not yet arrived. She had had many intuitions, this little grey woman, in the course of her somewhat stormy life, and few of them had led her astray. A casual observer looking at her would have been struck, not by her looks, for they were only mediocre, but by the mingled strength and sweetness of her face. She was a woman with a heart, and a strong heart too, not easily daunted. She was forty years of age, and had suffered many things, but her face had never lost its youthful look. Presently she gave a little start, and straightened herself a little. For there he was. She had watched several cabs stop and digorge their ped a little higher than the rest, and passengers. This particular one stop-only one man alighted. He carried a portmanteau and rug, and a small cabin trunk was lifted from the roof of the cab. He paid the man, gave his bag-

His Friend Said

"If They Don't Help or Cure You I Will Stand The Price."

Liver Complaint Cured.

Mr. J. B. Rusk, Orangeville, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint and tried many different remedies but obtained little or no benefit. A friend advised me to give your Laxa-Liver Pills a trial, but I told him I had tried so many "cure alls" that I was tired paying out money for things giving me no benefit. He said, 'If they don't help, or cure you, I will stand the price.' So seeing his faith in the Pills, I bought two vials, and I was not deceived, for they were the best I ever used. They gave relief which has had a more lasting effect than any medicine I have ever used, and the beauty about them is, they are small and easy to take. I believe them to be the best medicine for Liver Trouble there is to be found."

Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for $1.00, at all dealers, or will be sent direct by mail on receipt of price.

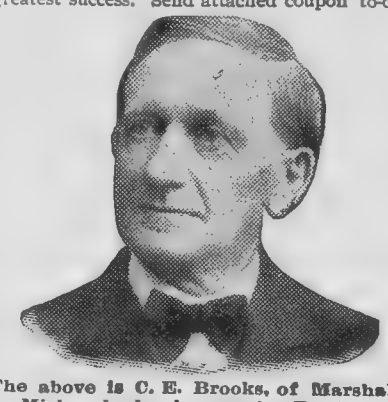
The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Don't Wear a Truss

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

I Send It On Trial.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day



The above is C. E. Brooks, of Marshall, Mich., who has been curing Rupture for over 30 years. If Ruptured, write him today

and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail to-day. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

C. E. Brooks,
2707 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

VILLE ron

SOLID GOLD WATCH PUZZLE

GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well-known **Towns**, and fulfils conditions below, we offer our 15 Dollar Lady's **SOLID GOLD WATCH**, fully jewelled, English Government Stamped, as a **FREE GIFT.** (**Silver Watches** are presented to Gents.)

Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply to FELLOWS & CO., Wholesale Watch Merchants, Birmingham, England. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last competition were: Mrs James Rutherglen, Ontario; Mr. W. McLines, Islag, Alta., Canada

gage to a porter, and approached the little ship. She had a good look at him as he came towards the gangway, and she even smiled a little. He did not look unconcerned. His face was grey and sad too, and his shoulders stooped a little, as if they had been borne many. Yet withal he was a singularly handsome man, and the little woman's heart swelled with pride because he belonged to her. There was curious absence of bitterness in her heart towards him, considering the undoubted fact that he had deliberately planned to leave her. Perhaps the relief at seeing him alone counterbalanced all other considerations. She drew back a little as he approached, uncertain how to act. Her breath fluttered; then seeing a little space apart from the gangway, she moved to that. He must pass close by her before he could go below, and could not avoid seeing her. Then she waited, and he came. He stood still when his eyes fell on her face about twenty paces back, but her steadfast look did not alter. She simply waited.

"How, in God's name, did you know to come here, Mary?" he said thickly.

She shook her head.

"Nobody told me. I knew and I came; only I was not certain what ship."

He put down his portmanteau. It was a small thing, and she guessed that it contained his personal valuables.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"What did you come here for?"

"I don't know that either. I shall be forty to-morrow, Robert, and the woman of forty easily gets left."

"I would have written and sent for you. You knew that," he said eagerly.

She shook her head.

"I didn't know anything. I don't know anything now. Tell me what to do."

He looked across the black Mersey, on which the April sun was shining, and his face wore an inscrutable expression.

"I slept last night at the 'Queen's,' and I wrote a letter to you. It will be at home now waiting for you."

"I left at seven this morning, before the post came in," she answered, but did not offer to move.

"Something had to be done, Mary. I'm not running away from any disgrace," he said quickly.

"No, only from me," she answered, and a little smile crept to her lips.

"What have you hidden at the back of your mind?" he easked. "Aren't you afraid to trust m any further?"

"No, I took you for better for worse. There's been a good deal of worse, but perhaps it's going to be better now; but I did not deserve to be left, Bob."

"I know. I felt that as I came down just now. Well, you'll come whenever I write. After you've gone back and read my letter, you'll understand."

"Oh, I understand well enough without going back," she answered clearly.

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Go with you of course."

"Just as you are?"

"Just as I am. I have a bag with a few things. I can get it handy."

"I don't believe there's a berth."

"Then wou'll give me yours, and sleep on deck. It'll do you good, Bob," and a smile rippled all over her face. He smiled a little too, but it was a wavering smile. He stretched out his hand and clasped the small, firm fingers holding the rail.

"Mary, what a brick you are! You won't regret it. May God forgive me."

For the convenience of new subscribers, we are re-printing the coupons which have appeared in back issues. ***Be sure and keep these as they will not appear again.***

NOVEMBER

Post Office

1. To mark with a Hot Iron—a preposition .....
2. The Governor General of Canada .....
3. To Sell—A House of Worship .....
4. The Latin for Queen .....
5. A European Country .....
6. Acid—Exists .....
7. A Vehicle—a Person .....

DECEMBER

8. A great American Writer .....
9. A British Naval Hero .....
10. The Premier of Manitoba .....
11. A projectile—an Opening in the Head .....
12. The late Queen Victoria's Husband .....
13. Transparent—a Liquid .....
14. An organ of the Body—a Joint of the Body .....

JANUARY

15. The Premier of Saskatchewan .....
16. To imbibe—a liquid .....
17. Lofty—a large stream.....
18. The Emperor of Germany .....
19. A famous Irish lake .....
20. A large animal—a part of the face .....
21. To get a move on .....

FEBRUARY

22. A British Field Marshal .....
23. Canada Backwards .....
24. A species of glass—a large town .....
25. Physic—A covering for the head .....
26. The Patron Saint of innkeepers .....
27. Absalom .....

$1,000 given away FREE to our Readers

We have succeeded in evolving a new sort of Competition which we are absolutely certain will prove a pleasant and popular pastime for readers during the long evenings. It embodies all the elements that make for success, and we are sure that it will prove the most popular competition ever inaugurated by any periodical in Canada.

The charm of the idea is its simplicity

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Every month during the winter we will, in a disguised form, print the names of a number of Canadian post offices, and competitors will be required to find out the correct answers. To make our meaning clearer we will give two examples :—

(1) **A Girl's Name—a small pointed Piece of Wood.**
The solution of this is ***"Winni(e)-peg."***

(2) **King Edward's Father.**
The post office represented by this is naturally ***"Prince Albert."***

CONDITIONS

There are absolutely no conditions regarding the eligibility of competitors. We extend a cordial invitation to everyone to come in and win. There is no entrance fee. Remember that **YOU** stand just as much chance of winning the $500 prize as anyone else. If you cannot solve all the names, don't be discouraged. Try again and bear in mind the fact that we are giving nearly sixty prizes, any one of which is worth getting. We feel sure that our readers will find this competition most fascinating. It is perfectly simple, and success should reward the efforts of those who will take a little time and trouble once a month.

PRIZES

To the persons sending in the largest number of correct answers we will award :—

1st Prize,	**goods to value of**		**$500.00**
2nd Prize	,,	,,	**$250.00**
3rd Prize	,,	,,	**$100.00**
4th Prize	,,	,,	**$50.00**
5th Prize	,,	,,	**$25.00**
6th Prize	,,	,,	**$10.00**

And a handsomely bound Book to each of the next 50 as Consolation Prizes.

Winners will be entitled to select their own prizes from any firm advertising in *The Western Home Monthly*. We think this will be more popular than if we chose the prizes ourselves, as **you** are the best judge of what is most wanted in your home.

A different coupon will appear in each issue until the close of the contest.

Every name represents that of a Post Office in the Dominion of Canada.

No employee of *The Western Home Monthly* will be allowed to compete.

The competition is so simple that it does not require any explanations. We think we have given full particulars, but if there is any point on which further information is required, write us and enclose stamp for reply.

All answers must be made on blanks appearing in issues of *The Western Home Monthly*. Answers received on any other sheets **will not** be accepted.

The decision of the management of *The Western Home Monthly* shall in all cases be final.

The Fifth List of Names

We append a list of well-known Canadian Post Offices. Some of them you may be able to solve at a glance, while others may require a little thought. Get your friends to help you!

CUT THIS OUT

MARCH COUPON

POST OFFICE

28. **Very Small** . . . .
29. **A Fish—A part of the body** . .....
30. **A famous Scotch comedian** . .....
31. **A Canadian National Emblem** . .....
32. **To cause to decrease—correct** . .....
33. **A match.** . . . .

Important Notice. Fill in the answers in the spaces provided, cut out Coupon **and retain it. Do not send it to us now.** We shall tell you when Coupons are to be sent in, and how they are to be addressed. THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG.

WEEKLY FREE PRESS and PRAIRIE FARMER, Winnipeg, - - - $1.00
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, .75
Regular Price, - - - $1.75

SNAP OFFER

BOTH FOR ONE YEAR

$1.25

THIS OFFER DOES NOT APPLY TO THOSE LIVING WITHIN THE CITY OF WINNIPEG LIMITS OR IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. IT HOLDS GOOD, HOWEVER, TO GREAT BRITAIN.

.....1910

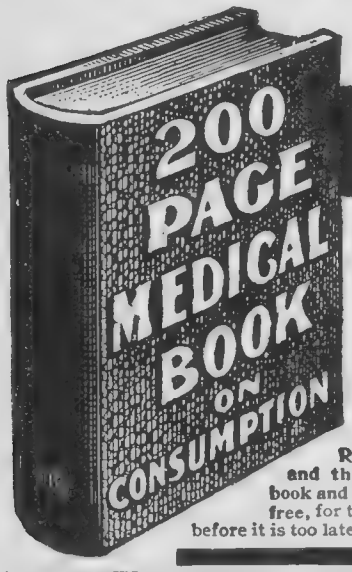
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Find enclosed $1.25 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and the Western Home Monthly, to the following address for one year.

.....

.....

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case was hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1499 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE.

A Gents' or Ladies' Solid Gold Watch costs from $25 to $50. Do not throw your money away. If you desire to secure a Watch which to keep time and last well will be equal to any Solid Gold Watch send us your name and address immediately and agree to sell 10 boxes only of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills at 25c. a box. They are the greatest remedy on earth for the cure of poor and impure blood, indigestion, headaches, constipation, nervous troubles, liver, bladder and kidney diseases, and all female weaknesses; they are the Great Blood Purifier and Invigorator, a Grand Tonic and Life Builder. With the Pills we send 10 articles of jewelry to give away with the pills—this makes them easy to sell. This is the chance of a lifetime. Do not miss it. Send us your order and we will send you the 10 boxes, post paid. When you have sold them send us the money ($2.50) and we will send you

A GENTS or LADIES WATCH

the same day the money is received.

We are giving these beautiful Watches to advertise our Remedies. This is a grand opportunity to secure a valuable Watch without having to spend a cent. And our Watch is a stem wind and stem set and not the cheap back wind article generally given as premiums. Send for our pills without delay. Address

THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO. Watch Dept. 224 Toronto, Ont.

Round the Evening Lamp.

No.1—Scarecrow Literature.

A man, crossing a neighbor's cornfield in winter, found the last summer's scarecrow still at its post. Like a robber he attacked the lonely figure, and searching its coat-pocket, discovered a book. Read the primal letters of the names required in their order and find the subject of the scarecrow's pocket-companion.

A grace who is represented as dancing with the goddess of Venus.

A god who attended the godess of corn, and taught mankind the art of husbandry.

A fabulous princess who at the altar of sacrifice was changed into a stag.

Name the god of war when peacable.

A king who, feigning lunacy, sowed salt instead of corn.

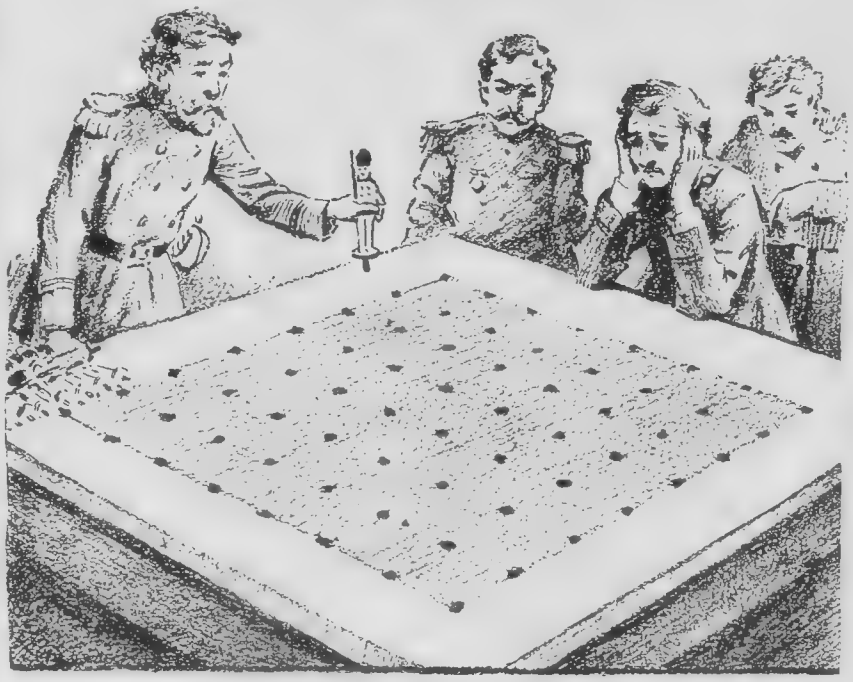
A nymph whose husband so charmed the shades of the infernal regions with his music, that he was permitted to bring her back to the upper world.

The fabulous patroness of agriculture.

The muse who presides over dancing.

A fabulous princess for whom a vast territory is named.

No. 2.—The Picket Post Puzzle.



Here is an odd little problem in military tactics which may be worked out advantageously upon an ordinary checker-board of sixty-four squares, the puzzle being to place sixteen checkers upon the board so that there shall sot be more than two in a line in any possible direction. In the puzzle given however, it is stipulated that we begin by placing two officers upon the spots as near as possiblue to the centre of the field. This makes the puzzle less difficult, as we have two of the men placed properly to begin with, and the problem is then merely to post the other men so that there shall be no three in a line. In other words, after the sixteen figures are posted correctly a cannon ball coming from any possible direction could not hit more than two men.

No. 3.—Word Building.

Begin with a vowel and add a letter for each new definition.

1. A vowel; a printer's term; a tear; a couple; a South American animal; a robber; an artist; diminishing toward one end; iterating; to render fruitful; mixing in just proportion.

2. A vowel; a boy's nickname; a color; a small fish; a relative position; a well cultivated tract of country; inflamed; gathered for preservation; an African fowl.

3. A vowel; a conjunction; a body of water; a resting place; a factitious gem; established in commerce; a composition of lime, water and sand; a kind of column; atoms.

No. 4.—Puzzle Birds.

Each of the following stanzas is to be completed by adding, at the end of the fourth line, the name of the bird described in the preceding three lines. The stars show the number of letters in the name, which must rhyme with the second line.

1. What bird is fabled to bring pleasant weather,
   And every sailor-boy is his well-wisher?
   His coat is gay with many a bright-hued feather.
   This bird is called.

2. What bird is ever prophesying rain,
   Though often his prognostics seem to fail?
   "More wet!" he cries; "More wet, more wet!" again.
   Do you not know the *****?

3. What bird is he whose humming charms the ear,
   And yet whose voice is seldom heard?
   His plummage gleams like gems with brilliance clear.
   This is the *******-****.

4. What bird so tame about our door-yards hopping,
   Builds nests in boxes, trees or grass and yarrow
   In city squares beguiles the ladies shopping?
   Sure, this must be the ******.

5. In Noah's day this bird was very tame;
   And it is one that all the children love.
   Its gentle innocence bespeaks its name.
   You surely know the ****.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

No. 1. Transportations—.1. Marble ambler, blamer, ramble. 2. Hatred, dearth, thread. 3. Verse, sever, serve, veers. 4. State, slate, steal tales, teals, least.

No. 2. Charade.—Abbotsford.

No. 3. Puzzle of the Migratory Couple.—First move the cream pitcher 1, scrubbing brush 2, flatiron 3, cream pitcher 4, pepper-box 5, mouse trap 6, cream pitcher 7, flatiron 8, scrubbing brush 9, pepper-box 10, flatiron 11, cream pitcher 12, mouse trap 13, flatiron 14, pepper-box 15, scrubbing brush 16, cream pitcher—and the feat is accomplished.

No. 4. Quotation Puzzle.—Thanksgiving.

No. 5. Celebrated Namesakes.—1. William I. of England. 2. William II. 3. William Tell. 4. William Caxton. 5. William Tyndale. 6. William of Nassau. 7. William Shakespeare. 8. William Harvey. 9. William Baffin. 10. William Patterson. 11 William Davenant. 12. William Goffe. 13. William Gascoygne. 14. William Penn. 15. William Congreve. 16. William Ged. 17. William Hamilton. 18. William Cowper. 19. William Moultrie. 20. William Herschel.

HE IS THANKFUL HE HEARD OF THEM

That's What Antoine Cottenoire says of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Cured His Diabetes After the Doctors Had Failed to Give Him Relief—What Dodd's Kidney Pills Do and Why.

St. Pie de Guire, Yamaska Co., Que. (Special)—That there is one sure cure for deadly Diabetes, and that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills is proved once more in the case of Mr. Antoine Cottenoire, a well known resident of this place.

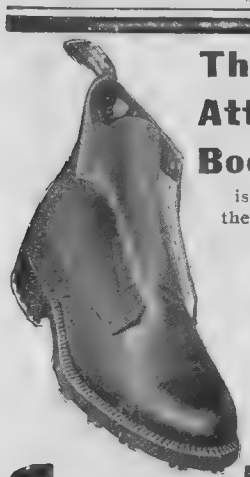
"I am thankful I ever heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Cottenoire states. "They cured me of Diabetes. I suffered with Backache. I always felt drowsy. I had a severe headache and my limbs would cramp. I had a dizzy feeling and felt tired in the region of the kidneys, with a dragging heavy sensation across the loins."

"I was treated by the doctors, but got no benefit from them. Then I heard of cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and made up my mind to try them. I took in all three dozen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Today I am free from Kidney trouble of all kinds."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills also cured me of stomach trouble from which I suffered for twenty-five years."

Diabetes is one of the most deadly forms of Kidney Disease. But Dodd's Kidney Pills cure any form of Kidney Disease. They also by curing the Kidneys cure all those diseases that come from disordered Kidneys, such as Rheumatism, Lumbago and Heart Disease.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once ROYAL IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 936, WINDSOR, ONT



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WM. HAWKINS - - PRINCIPAL

The Young People.

Mixed.

By Edwin L. Sabin.

When we remark: "It's getting late,
Run upstairs, Johnny—after eight!"
He wails, the while he shakes his head:
"But I don't want to go to bed!"

Yet in the morning when he's called
From out that bed he must be hauled;
The while he scolds, with wrinkled brow:
"But I don't want to get up now!"

Oh, what a pity, do I say,
That Johnny boy is built this way!
Would that some power might him coerce
The operation to reverse.

So that, his mind disposed aright
He would the bed prefer at night,
And with the morn would us beguile
For license to stay up a while!

The Boy and the Zulu.

"Say, ma, do you know what I'd like to get, if I had about three dollars?"

"No, Ivan, what would you get? I'd like to have that much myself, just now."

"Well, come here, and I'll show you. Here's a dandy baseball mitt in this catalogue, for only three dollars. This one in the corner is what I like, 'cause it's made of buckskin."

"Yes, Ivan, that's a nice one, but I'm afraid we can't afford it, now. Money is hard to get, you know, in winter, when we can't sell vegetables."

"I know it, ma. Of course, I only said I'd like to get it. Maybe I can get it next summer, don't you think so, ma?"

"Yes, perhaps. Now won't you please fill the wood-box? Because I want to bake some cookies this morning."

"Oh, goody! And put some raisins in them, and there'll not be one left in the jar to spoil."

"Well, Ivan, I haven't worried much yet about cookies spoiling. Come, hurry, so I can bake them soon.

Ivan put on his cap and mittens, and whistling merrily, ran out to the woodpile. As he worked, his ears caught a far-away tinkle of sleigh-bells, quite evidently approaching, as their music grew louder, and the boy hastened to finish his task, and then hurried out again to get his sled, hoping to "catch on" to the approaching sleigh. He reached the road in time, but, instead of passing, the sleigh turned in at the roadway leading to the yard, and stopped before him. The driver spoke. "Hello, sonny, can you find stable room for our team? We're going to stop for an hour or two's shooting, and don't like to leave them standing out. And if you'd like to show us around a little we'll pay you for your time."

"I'll speak to ma, and find out." Mrs. Dixon's consent was given and the sweating horses were quickly unhitched and made comfortable in the little barn. Then, as the men busied themselves in removing surplus coats and wraps, Ivan stood gazing at their bright, new guns, and looking his admiration. For they were beautiful weapons, hammerless and highly engraved, in short, such guns as men purihase who buy for looks as much as for use, and care little for a few "tens" extra in the price. "I wonder if they shoot as well as they look?" thought the boy, and then, aloud, "Guess I'll go and get dad's old Zulu," and he trotted off.

The men looked their surprise. "Are we to infer," one who was known as "Professor" facetiously inquired, "that Farmer Dixon is harboring a South African warrior upon his premises?"

"Search me," replied Mr. Bruce, the notary. But Mr. Snyder, he who had acted as driver for the party, only smiled and said, "Wait and see."

In a minute Ivan was back, carrying at a "trail" a long gun, a curious looking firearm, odd and old-fashioned, with the lock and stock of a musket, but which had been altered to a breech-loader by the addition of a swinging "breech-block."

"Where is the Zulu?" asked the Professor.

"Here it is," said Ivan, "do you want to look at it?" and he held out the gun.

Mr. Bruce and the professor burst into a laugh. "Oh, is that what you call a Zulu?" commented Mr. Bruce, "well, maybe it is, it certainly isn't a gun," and the two laughed again.

Ivan's face crimsoned. But Mr. Snyder, still smiling softly, took the gun in his hands and tried the huge lock with his thumb. "There's a chance to get fooled, there, Bruce," he said, "nothing lacking about that spring, anyway."

The remark nettled Mr. Bruce, who was wont to plume himself somewhat upon his knowledge of guns. "You're welcome to add all the game the lad gets with that thing to add to your own collection," he retorted, and he and the Professor laughed again.

Mr. Snyder's smile broadened. "Taking on a handicap, are you?" was his reply, "all right, that's a bargain."

Then the party climbed the fence and started through the pasture, beyond which lay a stretch of woodland, where they expected to "scare up" game. Mr. Bruce and the Professor, who were taking giant strides, were soon far in advance. Owing to his portliness, Mr. Snyder was unable to keep pace with them, and Ivan politely slackened his speed in order to keep him company.

"It appears as though Bruce and Prof. are anxious to get in the first shots," observed Mr. Snyder, as he and Ivan paused for a moment for the gentleman to catch his breath. But even as he spoke the long gun sprang to the boy's shoulder, and—bang! a rabbit lay, kicking, in a clump of bunch grass.

"Well done!" exclaimed Mr. Snyder, "I don't see but the Zulu is all right. And so are your eyes, lad, for those fellows must have walked right past that rabbit." Ivan chuckled softly, as he jerked the empty shell from his gun and walked after his game. "Did you say you wanted what I shot?" he asked. He had not understood Mr. Bruce's last remark.

"Yes, if you are willing. You see, it's this way. Bruce and the Professor proposed when we started that the one who brought in the least game was to treat the others to a box of cigars. they know I'm a poor shot, and I know it, but I was too game to let them back me out, so I agreed. Now, I'd just as lief give you the price of those cigars, provided you help me to win out. The money's no object to me, I just want to put the laugh on my clever friends yonder, for once."

"I see," said Ivan. "What are those cigars worth?"

"About three-fifty."

"What, all that for just what I can shoot?"

"Yes, if we win. Sure."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Snyder. Look out, now, there was a bunch of grouse lit up here in the valley this morning, and I haven't sen them leave. Let's work around the point as quiet as we can."

Sure enough, the birds were still there, for, a few rods further on, they rose, with a rush and a whir. In a moment the hunters had emptied their guns, and with such good effect that three of the flock were left behind.

"I guess we can't get another shot at them," remarked Ivan, as his eyes followed the course of the flock, now distant specks against the sky, "but perhaps we can find some more rabbits, over in the slough."

"Where's the slough?" asked Mr. Snyder.

"About a mile north-west from here."

"There it is," said Ivan, a few minutes later, as, ascending a little hill, they came in sight of a long, low-lying stretch of ground, heavily overgrown with marsh grass. As they looked they saw Mr. Bruce and the Professor, about half a mile to the westward of them, and striding swiftly toward the slough.

"Well I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Snyder, "it looks as though our friends were going to beat us to it."

"Let 'em," said Ivan. "I'll bet they don't get much."

Leisurely Mr. Snyder and his young guide continued their march. Long before they had reached the slough, however, their rivals had given it up in

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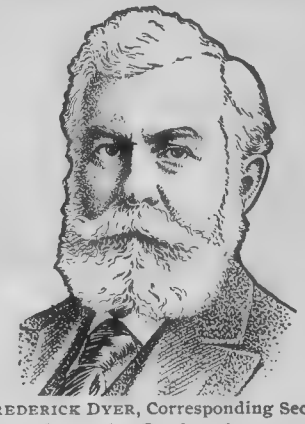

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disgust and passed on. "Not much use of looking there for anything, is there?" interrogated Mr. Snyder, but Ivan only chuckled and walked on.

"Now, be careful, Mr. Snyder," he cautioned, as they began to skirt the edge of the marsh grass, "there's a ditch right around here that they dug to drain out the slough. It's all snowed over, smooth, and a fellow might——" A grunt interrupted him, and Ivan turned in time to behold his friend's two hundred and fifty pounds of anatomy precipiated waist-deep into a snowy chasm at his feet. Mr. Snyder had found the ditch.

"Are you hurt?" asked Ivan, trying hard to keep from laughing.

"No, I guess not, only—quick, shoot him. My gun's full of——"

Bang! The voice of old Zulu cut short the sentence, and the rabbit, which had hurriedly left its cover in the ditch, came to grief. Ivan walked across to secure him.

"My stars!" came from the floundering banker in the ditch, there's a dickens of a hole here! I'll bet it's half full of them!"

"Pretty near, I guess," said the boy, calmly, "that's what we came here for. Only I didn't plan for you to fall into it to scare them out. Let's see your gun."

Mr. Snyder passed it over. Ivan "broke" it and pulled out the shells. Then he produced from his coat pockets a spike, a piece of twine, and an old handkerchief. He tied the twine to the spike and dropped in through the gun. Then he tied a piece of the handkerchief to the twine, and by jerking it several times through the barrels, soon he had them free from snow. "There you are," said he, "now just give me your place down there, and you get out and do the shooting."

Half an hour later they paused at the opposite side of the slough, and a very snowy looking boy crawled out of the ditch and shook himself like a spaniel. "Now let's go back and pick up," he suggested. Their ears were still ringing with the sound of the guns, and the side of the ditch was strewn with empty shells. Mr. Snyder, in his excitement, had missed quite a few shots, to be sure, but he had made a fair showing, for him, and many of the long-eared fellows, who would otherwise have escaped, had found the long range of the Zulu and the country boy's quick aim, more than a match for their fleetness. They gathered up twenty-six rabbits as the result of the skirmish.

"I guess we'd better quit," said Mr. Snyder, "before we have to go back after the team to haul 'em home." So they shouldered their game and returned to the Dixon farmhouse, where the banker fortified himself with a cup of hot coffee and chated with the farmer and his wife while waiting until his companions returned—with one grouse and eight rabbits between them!

A week later Ivan, while in town, met Mr. Snyder. "Well, sonny," said the banker, "did you buy your baseball mitt yet? Your ma told me that you'd been wanting three dollars to buy one with."

"No sir," said Ivan. "I thought about it a while and thought I'd let it wait. I won't want it before next summer, much, anyhow."

"What, then, did you do with your three and a half?" quizzed Mr. Snyder.

"Bought a shawl for mother, and a pair of mitts for dad. S'prised 'em," chuckled the boy.

"You're a brick," quoth Mr. Snyder. "Say, we've got a mitt down home, one that our lads used a couple of times, I'll give it to you. It's a dandy—cost six dollars, new—regular League mitt, you know. That's all right—You're perfectly welcome—and I'm coming down to hunt with you again next week."

And as Ivan pranced off down the street, the portly banker looked after him and smiled. "Bless the kid," he said, "he makes me feel young again."

Mrs. Arthur Caldwell.

How Many of these are Yours?

The answers to these queries are all words in common use, ending with "ure".

1. An expression of delight.—Rapture.
2. Where cows are kept.—Pasture.
3. The mother of us all.—Nature.
4. What students love.—Literature.
5. To what many aspire.—Culture.
6. A name applies to an animal.—Creature.
7. What we should lay up in heaven.—Treasure.
9. What we do not have enough of.—Leisure.
10. What every one enjoys.—Pleasure.
11. What artists make.—Miniature.
12. What a speaker uses.—Gesture.
13. When one leaves.—Departure.
14. A hole.—Aperture.
15. What happens sometimes between friends.—Rupture.
16. What white men fear from Indians.—Capture.

Alligator Lore.

By George Horton.

People who have traveled much must have noticed that every large animal has its lore, or collection of stories and superstitions concerning it. This is true of the elephant and tiger, for instance. Natives who dwell in the habitat of these beasts have many curious things to relate of encounters with them, their habits, their intelligence. There is no animal of which more queer stories are told than the American alligator, as the great army of Northerners who hunt and fish each winter among the bayous of Mississippi will testify. The alligator is an odd and mysterious creature, well fitted to appeal to the imagination; there is no doubt, moreover, that he possesses a cerain degree of cunning and is as eccentric as he looks. The peculiar feature of alligator lore is that many of the things that are related about him are so preposterous that Munchausen, Joe Mulholland, Herodotus, or any other famous liar, would have rejected them, yet they are told in the South with persistent gravity.

I have been spending some time among the bayous of Mississippi and have seen an alligator or two. It is possible for them to be quite numerous and be seen but rarely. They make their haunts in the deep grass of marshes, in impenetrable swamps, or in those long arms of the sea which thread a wilderness of pine forest and morass. They have a way of masquerading as logs when you do see them, or of floating just below the water with but three points showing—the tip of the snout and the two projections at the eyes. When they see you they sink to the bottom without creating a ripple.

There are two separate and distinct classes of alligator stories: those told by Northern hunters and those related by the Southerners themselves. It is hard to say in which class the spirit of Aananias is most discernible.

A well-known baseball expert, a New Yorker, who has hunted and fished much in the neighborhood of Biloxi, is responsible for the following: "I was rowing up a little bayou one day when I saw a fourteen-foot alligator eating a cow that he had killed. You know how they kill a cow? Well, a big alligator squats a little ways from a drinking place and turns himself into a log for the time being. When a cow comes down to drink, and gets between him and the bank, he hits her a terrible swat with his tail and either stuns her or knocks her into the water. In either case he has her at his mercy."

Those who know the fearful effectiveness of an alligator's tail will not regard this explanation as entirely beyond credence. At any rate, the saurian would be able to cause a cow a distinct feeling of surprise. "When I came back in the afternoon," continued the New Yorker, "I pointed out a log to my friend, who was fishing with me, which neither of us had seen there in the morning. It was sticking straight out over the bank, and, for some reason or other, caught our eyes. We rowed toward it, and when we had got quite close it suddenly turned into an alligator and lunged into the water with a tremendous splash, nearly swamping the boat. I went back after him on another day, taking a rifle, and sure enough, I saw him. Just the top of his head was on the surface of the water, and it looked like a trunk lid. As soon as he saw me he silently sank." Another New Yorker, an artist, heard of this same alligator, and spent several days trying to get a shot at him. At last he saw him, but his rifle stuck somehow and emitted a

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"click" before it could be got in order. Mr. Alligator heard the sound and discreetly disappeared. The same beast has since been killed, and he was fourteen feet long.

Had the artist gone for his game in the night he would probably have been more successful. The professional hunters row up the bayous throwing a bright light ahead of them from a bull's eye, and they have no difficulty in getting close enough to kill the beasts with quite small shot. They usually aim for the eye. The heaviest shot will glance from an alligator's body as from a coat of mail—as I have found to my own disgust. Mr. John Kimball, a famous Nimrod of Illinois, who spends much of his time in the neighborhood of Biloxi, has tried to spear alligators. He says the harpoon glances off with a "ching."

Not long ago some fishermen shot a small alligator and threw him into a dingey belonging to their schooner. Ere they reached port he revived and nearly thrashed the boat to pieces. Then they killed him some more and brought him home to Ocean Springs, where they dragged him into the yard of the principal hotel of the place. A Northern man poked him with his cane, and an onlooker cried, "Look out!"

"He's dead," said the man with the cane, and at that moment the big lizard hit him with its tail. The man sat down with such violence that he could not get up again, and, it was necessary to carry him into the house. "That's the liveliest dead alligator I ever saw," he remarked on coming to.

The blow of an alligator's tail is said to be so quick that it cannot be seen with the naked eye. They can also throw the head from side to side and snap with inconceivable suddenness — movements that are the more surprising and unexpected in such a sluggish-appearing beast.

The alligator hunters attract the game by putting the wrist to the mouth and making a loud kissing sound. Any Southern negro will tell you, too, that a dog, made to cry by pulling its ear, is a good decoy. Indeed, it is a legend along the bayous that dog is a rare dainty in alligator land. This legend has arisen from the fact that many good coon and 'possom dogs have disappeared with a faint yelp and a gurgle while swimming the bayous. In reality, it is not probable that a hungry saurian would hesitate long between dog, pig and nigger baby.

"Alligator bayous" are muddy trails leading off from the real bayous into the swamps. "Alligator holes" are often located by the absence of water lilies or other aquatic vegetation. Often, during the hibernating season, the snipe or duck hunter steps into one of these holes right upon the back of the reptile sleeping beneath, who has life enough to squirm in protest, or snap feebly. They are sometimes pried out of these holes with rails or other long sticks. The pelt hunters acquire considerable skill in locating these holes. The skins fetch, to the hunters, about fifty cents apiece.

It is not unusual for the farmers living in the alligator country to find nests containing eggs, described as resembling goose eggs, though longer and slimmer. These nests are always destroyed, of course; lizards two or three times as big as a man are not pleasant neighbors. Some people eat alligator meat and pronounce it delicious, but I have never met any one who would confess to eating the eggs.

When you shoot an alligator he sinks, whether you kill him or not. If he dies he turns upside down, and you can see his yellow belly at the bottom of the bayou. The hunters use oyster-tongs in getting him up.

It is a theory in the South that alligators snap off the tails of the cows that feed in the green marshes during the summer. I never fail, upon meeting a Southern cow, to observe whether she has lost her tail or not, and the fact is that you will occasionally see a tailless cow. I asked the first man who called my attention to this (in his mind) fact whether the alligators made oxtail soup of the caudal appendages or not, and he became offended.

A Mississippi boy whom I have met tells me that he once came upon an alligator convention in a shallow little pond. He thought that the pond was full of stumps, and walked right down to the edge, when one of the "stumps" yawned and displayed a great jaw filled with teeth. The boy ran all the way home.

Three Things.

Three things to fight for—honor, country and home.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to admire — intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

The Psychology of the Lion.

An interesting experiment, calculated to throw light on the degree of intelligence possessed by wild animals, is described in the Annales de la Psychologie Zoologique. Its object was to ascertain whether the lion, whose psychology is almost unknown to us, has enough ingenuity to open a box in which is placed some attractive morsel. The animal in the experiment, on being thrust into the cage where the box was placed, first showed a feeling of disquietude, which, it seemed, could be clearly perceived in his attitude and "on his face"; then he took courage, and, after some hesitation, he approached the box very gently, sniffed at it, and, convincing himself of the nature of its contents, showed a lively desire to get at it. Nevertheless he did not try to break the boards; he examined the box with close attention, and finally he took the edge of the cover gently in his teeth and raised it without violence. He was at this time in front of the box, so that it was necessary that he should thrust his neck forward over the box, still holding the cover, and that he should not let it go until he had opened it far enough for it to fall backward: This had to be done in spite of the temptation offered by the meat, from the moment when his mouth passed over the morsel. Now all these movements were carried out by the lion without haste, in comparatively precise fashion, and, so to speak, "reasonably." Here we have an exact fact with which we may clothe the framework of the leonine psychology--a framework which has been occupied hitherto solely by the very romantic adventures of Androcles.

The National Waste-Paper Basket.

Allied to the Stationary Office is the "national waste-paper basket," as it has been called, in Earl Street, where all the paper rubbish and old documents of every description, from all the Government departments, find their ultimate destination. It is calculated, says the Caxton Magazine, that no fewer than three thousand five hundred tons of secret papers, the bulk of which must on no account be allowed to fall into the hands of any outsider, some here for their funeral every year, and in addition to all the enormous quantities of London Government paper rubbish there are no fewer than three hundred centres in different parts of the kingdom whence great sacks of similar paper rubbish are despatched once every six weeks. About fifty female sorters are kept constantly employed at Earl Street, and the ten to twenty tons of paper of one sort and another which find their way there from divers sources every day are divided into twelve distinct classes. Some are sold to dealers for repulping, and the rest are disposed of in various ways as may seem best, while documents of such an extremely private kind that they must on no account be allowed to get into the wrong hands are not permitted to pass into the charge of any supernumary, but are cut up into very small pieces, and then, in the care of a high and trust-

Wheat and Live Stock

Liverpool Market Daily Closing Canadian Wheat Price
Winnipeg and Chicago Live Stock Prices

"THE DAILY FREE PRESS," Winnipeg, is the one and only Western Canada paper giving the closing price of Canadian Wheat on the Liverpool market. Its daily reports of the prices of grain and farm products of both Winnipeg and Chicago are authoritative---they are probably worth hundreds of dollars to you.

Here is an opportunity to get "The Daily Free Press," Winnipeg, for 75c. for six months
Good only in Saskatchewan and Alberta

The farmers of Western Canada, like the business men of the city, demand news hot off the press and market reports especially they need more frequently than once a week. In fact, it is becoming more and more apparent that no weekly, no matter how high-class, is good enough for the farmers of Western Canada. If you have felt the need of getting grain and stock reports more promptly and at more frequent intervals, we offer you an opportunity to try the daily edition of "The Free Press," Winnipeg, at a special rate, extended only to residents of Saskatchewan and Alberta, of 75c. for six months.

"Free Press," Winnipeg

The news features of "The Daily Free Press" are alone worth many times this amount. The great interest taken in the political struggle in the old land will be renewed this month in parliament. The Dominion Parliament is in session, and discussion of the naval programme now occupies the house. You also obtain the big Saturday number of "The Free Press," running as high as forty pages.

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I am a resident of Saskatchewan / Alberta and herewith enclose 75c. for which send your daily edition to following address for six months.

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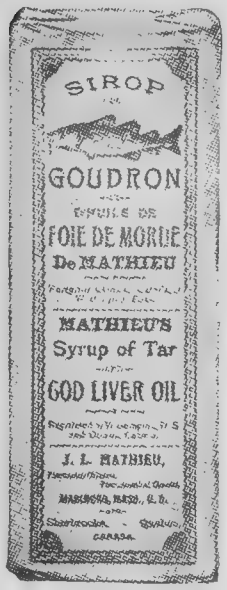

MATHIEU'S SYRUP of Tar and Cod Liver Oil Large Bottle 35c.

Mathieu's Nervine Powders Box of 18 Powders 25c. From all dealers.

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—that is what Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil has done for thousands of sufferers every year. It *relieves the cough more quickly and cures it more thoroughly and permanently than any other remedy* because it is made from the most potent remedial agents known to the medical profession.

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If feverish take Mathieu's Nervine Powders, the great headache remedy, in conjunction with the Syrup, to dispel the fever and also the accompanying headache and bone-ache.

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WE prepare you by mail in from four to six weeks for any one of these positions and assist you to employment. We have had more calls for our competent men than could be supplied. Many positions now open. Experience is unnecessary; promotion is rapid.

This Association is Directed by Practical Railroad Men and its Advisory Board is Composed of Officials from these Great Railroads:

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If you want interesting railroad work or wish to live in the city with a good, steady position, right now is the time to start. Cut out this advertisement, fill in your name and address plainly, mark X before position desired, send AT ONCE for FREE BOOK

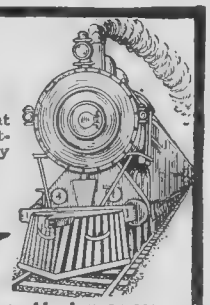
NATIONAL RAILWAY TRAINING ASSOCIATION,

Applications from colored men not accepted. **Kansas City, Mo.**

NAME P.O. STATE AGE T60

TO EARN THE BIG SALARY LEARN RAILROADING.

There is no line of work to-day that pays the princely salaries as does that of Railroading. Mechanics and tradesmen, office and store clerks, street-railway men, etc., spend years in learning and training, only to find that they have entered overcrowded trades and lines, and are therefore compelled to accept small wages. Not so with Railroading.



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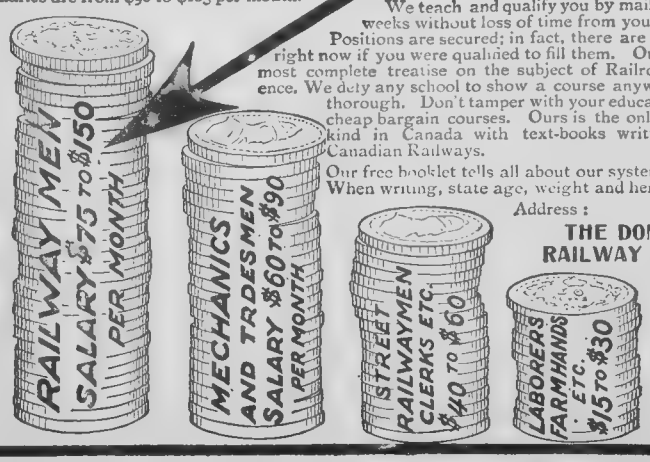
Earn from $75 to $150 per month.

With the rapid progress of Railway building in Canada, it takes only from 2 to 3 years to be advanced to Engineer or Conductor, whose salaries are from $90 to $185 per month.

You can earn that money. We can start you for it.

We teach and qualify you by mail in from 8 to 14 weeks without loss of time from your present work. Positions are secured; in fact, there are many openings right now if you were qualified to fill them. Our Course is the most complete treatise on the subject of Railroading in existence. We defy any school to show a course anywhere nearly as thorough. Don't tamper with your education by buying cheap bargain courses. Ours is the only School of its kind in Canada with text-books written for use on Canadian Railways.

Our free booklet tells all about our system of teaching. When writing, state age, weight and height.



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THE DOMINION RAILWAY SCHOOL,

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Winnipeg, Canada.

worthy official, are taken away to some paper mill, the name of which he keeps to himself. Old Government charts, which have backings of linen, are sold largely to bootmakers, who use them for lining boots, whilst the Belgian bootmakers are also large purchasers of old Government ledgers and account-books, which are properly defaced before being sold, and which are eventually transformed by some curious process into component parts of the footgear of the Belgian ladies. In one way and another it is calculated that the national waste-paper basket yields an annual profit of about six thousand five hundred pounds, and this must be accounted not at all a bad rescue from the national rubbish.

His Carnival.

By Christine Stephens.

Little Davie Baker's father was going to Montreal to the carnival, and Davie wished that he might go, too. He had heard such wonderful stories about the ice palace and the tobogganing.

When he cried a little about it, grandma said she would have Billy, the chore boy, think up something that would be much nicer. They decided to have a carnival of their own.

Billy and Davie, after much considering, began preparations. There were two great watering-tubs in the yard, where the horses were watered. It was cold weather, and at night they were frozen over an inch or two in thickness, and through the day, too, if they were not disturbed. Then Billy got two or three empty grain boxes,—big, shallow ones,—and after banking snow around them to keep them from leaking, he pumped them full of water and let them freeze over. These ice-cakes Billy carefully removed as often as he could get them frozen, and within three days, by constant watching, he had a great many, as clear as crystal. Then he and Davie marked off a square on the snow, drove down pairs of tall stakes at the corners, and as many along the sides as were needed.

The great ice-cakes were then dropped into place between the steaks, forming transparent walls. On the top walls single sticks were laid, and more ice-cakes laid over them for a roof. This was the "palace."

At an early stage in the proceedings, Davie had written this invitation to the boys of the neighborhood, leaving one at each door:

hoe For davie Bakers carnival
bring Yure bowguns
thursDy Nite

The fall before had been election year, and in the storeroom there was a whole boxful of wax candles left over from "illuminations." Mamma gave Davie these.

Billy made a cross and tacked rows of candles to it up on the roof of the palace; candles ran all along the four eves and down the corners. Two big piles of dry branches from the woods were heaped up at a little distance on each side, and a long pole with candles attached ran from one to the other, suspended from the high stakes.

It was a very still night. As soon as it was dark the boys came, all bundled up and the fun began. Billy first lighted lanterns and set them inside the palace; then he lighted all the candles and last the bonfires.

How they flared and twinkled and glittered! Great clouds of sparks from the bonfires went sailing up almost out of sight, and such shouting and whooping and dancing was never seen nor heard.

For an hour the children coasted down the hill near by and ran races on their snow-shoes; then Davie's mother sounded the horn, and they all flocked into the dining room, where there were great plates of apples and buns and snowy corn-balls. They all thought the "carnival" just splendid, and declared that they would have one every year.

But a very little thing came near spoiling it all. The boys had come armed with bow-guns and bows and arrows, and even pop-guns of all descriptions, much to Davie's amazement.

"Bow-guns!" he cried, in disgust. "I said 'boggins! Terboggins!"

But one of the boys fished his note up from the depths of his pocket, with

LIFEBUOY

LIFEBUOY

Lifebuoy Soap is invaluable for washing underclothing. It is a preventative against infection, and its regular use will keep the house sweet and wholesome.

For the toilet and bath, and for all purposes of sanitary cleansing, it is simply fine.

Lifebuoy Soap should be in every Canadian home.

5c. a cake
At your Grocer's.

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EYEGLASSES NOT NECESSARY

Eyesight Can be Strengthened and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves Sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, etc., and removes Cataracts without cutting or drugging. Over seventy-five thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive.

J. J. Pope, P.O. Box No. 43, Mineral Wells, Texas, writes: I have spent thousands of dollars on my eyes, consulted the best doctors in the United States, dropped medicine in my eyes for years and "Actina" is the only thing that has ever done me any good. Before using 'Actina' I gave up all hope of ever being able to read again. Had not read a newspaper for seven years. Now I can read all day with little or no inconvenience.

Kathryn Byrd, 112 Lincoln Street, Milwaukee, Wis. writes: "I was troubled with astigmatism and had worn glasses from ten years of age. I could not read or write without them. In a surprisingly short time, after using "Actina" I laid aside my glasses and I will never use them again."

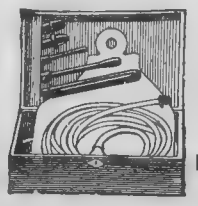
E. R. Holbrook, Deputy County Clerk, Fairfax, Va., writes:—"'Actina' has cured my eyes so that I can do without glasses. I very seldom have headache now, and can study up to eleven o'clock after a hard day's work at the office."

"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent on trial prepaid.

If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84 N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A., you will receive, absolutely FREE, a valuable book — Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

FITS CURED.

"APIOLEONE" Cures Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus Dance, and all Nervous diseases, is not merely a relief, but is guaranteed a positive and lasting cure. **Free trial** of two weeks treatment, and full information on request.—**The Mortimer Drug and Medicine Co., Toronto, Can.**



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We Have It.

Write us and mention your wants.

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Heart Trouble Cured.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled with some form of heart trouble.

The system becomes run down, the heart palpitates. You have weak and dizzy spells, a smothering feeling, cold clammy hands and feet, shortness of breath, sensation of pins and needles, rush of blood to the head, etc.

Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effectual medicine.

Heart Trouble Cured.

Mrs. Wm. Elliott, Angus, Ont., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of doctor's medicines but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and soon found great relief. I highly recommend these pills to anyone suffering from heart trouble."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Free! 14 Karats Solid Gold Shell Rings

We will give you your choice of one of those beautiful rings, guaranteed 14 karats solid gold shell, plain, engraved, or set with elegant simulated jewels, for the sale of 4 boxes only. at 25c. a box, of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills. They are the greatest remedy for indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, weak or impure blood, catarrh, diseases of the liver and kidneys. When you have sold these 4 boxes of pills, send us the money $1 and the size of the ring desired and we will send you, your choice of one of those handsome Rings, plain engraved or set with precious stones. Send your name and address immediately and we will send you, post-paid, the Pills and fancy pins which are to give away to purchasers of the pills. We do not ask any money before the pills are sold and we take back what you cannot sell.

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BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

Halifax Shredded CODFISH

(NOT A BONE IN IT.)

Makes delicious Fish Patties, Creamed Cod and dozens of other dainty dishes.

IN TEN CENT PACKAGES AT YOUR GROCERS

ATLANTIC FISH COMPANY LTD. NOVA SCOTIA

a handful of acorn shells and gingerbred crumbs That quenched Davie's spirit at once, and he stoutly resolved that he would learn to spell better before another year.

The Dog and His Lovers.

Once a year, here in New York, the lover of the dog has the satisfcation of seeing that, in spite of all the injustice done him every day, this noble quadruped is really an object not only of a widspread affection, but of an intelligent care and training as well.

And this is all the more gratifying because of a realization few of us can escape—that no one, unless perhaps a Presidental candidate, suffers more than the dog at the hands of the public.

He is the victim of the most cruel kind of literature. He is an object of calumny, a subject of scandal. His true character is never understood. His friends are sometimes his worst enemies, helping unconsciously to injure him. They flatter and spoil him, and by their idle adulation and foolish enthusiasm, help to make him ridiculous in the eyes of the sober-minded citizen. Recations set in, and the moralist and censor make their contributions to the general outcry raised against him and his followers.

For my own part, I decline to listen to most of the scandals about the dog. I certainly never believe a single published account of what is called a mad-dog scare. I have good reason not to. remembering an experience in my own life, when I was connected with a daily paper, and went to stay with some friends in the country. Just after my arrival their superb collie was attacked with fever. The poor dog's eyes! So like those of a child who is ill! I always see them when I thing of him.

Rabies was feared. The dog was killed and one or two with him—not because the master was afraid, but because the neighbors were anxious, and it was thought the kinder way. That is all there was to the story, except the untold grief of master and mistress, who had lost a comrade dearly loved.

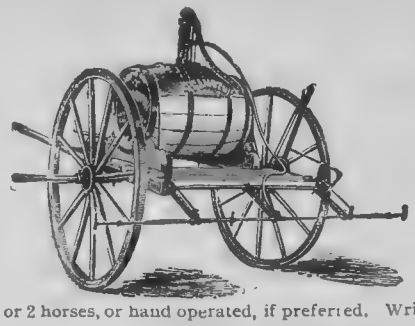
I happened to mention the dog's death on my return to town; and then, some ten days or a fortnight later, when, as often happens in midsummer, there was scant news for the paper, the editor asked me to write the news of the mad dogs, making it as blood-curdling as possible. Of course I declined. But I never forget. I always think of it, indeed, every time I read an account of a dog's depredation when mad.

I have met persons who thought their duty to a dog was done when he had been fed and watered. And I once heard a very conscientious person say, when I spoke of loving a dog, something as extravagant as this: that you owed love to God, not to brutes, and that it was a dishonor to God to give it anywhere else.

It is hopeless to argue with such minds. It would be as idle trying to convince them of even so much as, that the very sensitiveness of an animal to affection or ridicule provel its capacity for other emotions than those aroused by hunger and thirst, as it was for Galileo to prove to his contemporaries the movement of celestial orbs.

One can only feel what one is capable of feeling one's self, not that which the more highly endowed neighbor is capable of experiencing. And sometimes it would seem that nothing shows more clearly how varied in depth are a man's capabilities for feeling than his attitude to animals. His susceptibility to tender emotions, like his tendencies to the maudlin, the extravagant, or the cruel, are all proved by his speech and action to the animals. One sees this any day at the Dog Show. One certainly feels it in literature, else why should a simple story of two squirrels, who did nothing but love each other and their master, move us to tears, when told by one possessed of sentiment, who watched them day by day?

The world, indeed, would only be the poorer without dogs, or the love and sympathy men and brutes feel toward each other. The good results of our annual dog shows are not to be found only in the perfection of breeds, but in a better understanding between dog and master. L. H. F.



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Shown above will rid an acre of Potatoes of Blight and bugs in 20 minutes. The only aid required is a horse. What do you think of THAT? Has non-clogging nozzles, 12 gallon air tank, 125 lbs. pressure guaranteed with 12 nozzles open. Agitator, clean out, and pressure relief into tank, and nozzle protector, controlled from seat. Can be fitted for orchard vineyard and grain crops. For 1 or 2 horses, or hand operated, if preferred. Write for free booklet.

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Perpetual Youth

Let Me Tell You How to Regain All Your Old Vim, Vigor and Manly Strength. Be a "Health Belt Man;" Feel Young for Balance of Your Life. Age Doesn't Count if You Have the Vitality.

"I could shout for joy. After years of suffering and debility, your wonderful Health Belt cured me. I am a man again. Use my name as you see fit."

C. SIMPSON,
Pilot Mound, Man.

Perpetual youth. That is precisely what I mean. I say as man to man give my Health Belt a reasonable chance, and it will carry you through any business, mental or physical strain you may be under. It doesn't stimulate; it simply adds the electro-tonic element to your bone, nerves, tissue and blood; all the force and strength which has been drained from your system by some earlier indiscretion. My Health Belt is essentially a strength giver. It overcomes the private symptoms of weakness in men which sap the vitality. If you are nervous and lack manly vigor, you are passing away thousands of brain cells every day. Ask your physician if this is not true. I stop this awful, weakening process. You wear my Health Belt nights; while sleeping a great stream of soft electricity passes into your body at the small of the back; it cures backache in one application; you feel better immediately; inside of an hour; two months will make a new man of you. No drugs; no privations; no restrictions except that you must give up all dissipation. Follow my advice and I promise you will feel younger and look younger. Let me restore your vitality, and you will be able to face the world with new ambitions. The Health Belt cures other ailments too. A positive remedy for rheumatism in any part of the body, sciatica, lumbago, kidney, liver, stomach disorders.

FREE UNTIL CURED Call or write to me and I will at once arrange to let you have the Belt on trial, not to be paid for until cured. No deposit or advance payment. Send it back if it doesn't do the work. Liberal discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way.

Let Me send You These Two Books FREE

They fully describe my Health Belt and contain much valuable information. One is called "Health in Nature," and deals with various ailments common to both men and women. The other, "Strength, the Glory of Man," is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free, sealed, by mail.

If in or near this city, take the time to drop in at my office that you may see, examine and try the Belt. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free booklets by return mail. They are better than a fortune for any one needing new vigor.

Dr. W. A. Sanden Co., 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:—Please forward me your Books as advertised, free.

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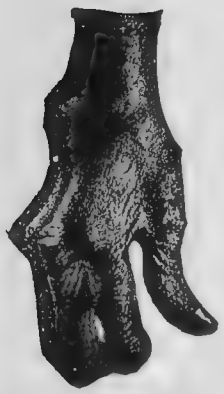
If You Have Rheumatism Let Me Send You a 50 Cent Box of My Remedy Free.



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I Will Mail FREE To Anyone Suffering From Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica (Who Will Enclose This Advertisement)

A 50 Cent Box of my Rheumatism Remedy Free.

My Remedy has actually cured men and women seventy and eighty years of age—some were so decrepit that they could not even dress themselves. To introduce this great remedy I intend to give fifty thousand 50 cent boxes away, and every suffering reader of this paper is courteously invited to write for one. No money is asked for this 50 cent box neither now nor later, and if afterwards more is wanted I will furnish it to sufferers at a low cost. I found this remedy by a fortunate chance while an invalid from rheumatism and since it cured me, it has been a blessing to thousands of other persons. Don't be sceptical, remember the first 50 cent box is absolutely free. This is an internal remedy which goes after the cause of the trouble, and when the cause of rheumatism is removed, have no fear of deformities. Rheumatism in time will affect the heart, so do not trifle with this merciless affliction. Address enclosing this adv., JOHN A. SMITH, 488 Laing Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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This elegant watch, ladies' or gents' size, stem wind and set, fancy engraved cases, FULLY GUARANTEED, will be sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, if you will sell only $3.00 worth of high grade collar buttons at 10c. per card (4 buttons on each card). These buttons are very fast sellers. Write to-day and we will send you a package; sell them and return the money and win this HANDSOME LITTLE WATCH. You can also win a lovely TEA SET FREE if you will help us enlarge our business by getting only 6 other agents and without having to sell any more goods. Only $3.00 worth—no more, no less, and you can win both these splendid premiums FREE.

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EUROPEAN PLAN

T. B. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

The Little Ones.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want, ask for it.)

O Rooster with the cheery crow,
I don't suppose you'll ever know,
How much you do throughout the week
To cheer our spirits, so to speak.

Who could be dismal, or despair,
While your blithe greeting fills the air?
No matter what the weather be
You're always happy, full of glee.

Right in the stormiest, darkest night
You call out, just as prompt and bright;
You know your duty—do it, too—
And crow out, "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

There's something very gat and proud
In your glad voice a-ringing loud!
O rooster, you will never know
How much you cheer us by your crow!

—M. J. H., in Little Folks.

A Rebel Buttercup.

There was once upon a time a stubborn little Buttercup that would not blossom. It was vexed because one day a Bumblebee searching for honey came buzzing and bumping up against it.

"I'll stay shut!" said the Buttercup. "I'll not open. Those greedy Bumblebees shall have nothing from me! Greedy, stupid, clumsy Bumblebees!"

So day after day of sunny bright weather the Buttercup kept its petals tightly closed, and looked just like a little fist doubled up, and would not blossom. It was all in vain that the other Buttercups of the meadow told it how blue was the sky, and how swiftly the sunshine and the shadows raced over the fields together. The vexed little Buttercup would not blossom.

The butterflies came often and fluttered around it and told it of the white clouds sailing over at noonday, of the beautiful red and yellow clouds at sunset, and of the wonderful dawn-colors of the sunrise. But the cross little buttercup would not blossom.

Then the northwest wind journeyed all the way down from a mountain-top, and for two hours lectured it in a voice so high and powerful that all the other flowers bowed their heads and trembled. But the stubborn little buttercup would not blossom.

The obstinacy of the buttercup was becoming known all through the land, and a message about its behavior was sent up to the ancient sun. The ancient sun looked down on the contrary little buttercup sternly with his great yellow eye for several days. All in vain! The saucy little buttercup said, "You cannot make me blossom!" The ancient sun shot down his beams like arrows, but the buttercup would not yield. "Shoot all you like," it said; "I'll not blossom!"

Then the cold rain came sweeping across the field and beat upon it hour after hour, until all the other flowers drooped and shivered. But the defiant little buttercup stood up straight and would not blossom.

A little child and her sister passed the buttercup daily, and the child saw that the buds did not open. "What will become of the poor little buds?" she inquired.

"They will dry, and grow hard and brown, and fall off," said the sister.

"And not be blossoms at all!" sighed the child. "Poor buttercup!"

"No, it never will blossom," said the old Oak-tree above the plant. "I have lived a hundred years, and I never before saw a flower so stubborn."

"Let us try to persuade it," said a dewdrop. "I think I can persuade it."

So one pleasant night the Dewdrop took its station upon a leaf of the oak-tree just above the buttercup. In the morning when the birds were beginning to sing and the sky to be rosy, the dewdrop came softly down and kissed the little butercup. "Open your eyes, dear Buttercup," it said, "and look at me. I am sad that you do not blossom." And at the kiss of the dewdrop, the sorry little buttercup opened its golden petals and blossomed.

A Laughing Chorus.

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!";
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro.
And, "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,
"'Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came,
of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."
And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring";
And the Violet only mumured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came,
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down;
But patiently each wrought her own beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown.

A True Story of Grandma.

Grandma was little, and old, and bent, and was all alone in the world. Her little brown house was next to the schoolhouse, and she had a smile and a pleasant word for every boy and girl who went by. She was "Grandma" to them all!

Back of Grandma's house was a garden, reaching down to a little river which had great willows on its banks. In this garden Grandma raised the vegetables she needed for her own use. Besides these, there were a few fruit trees—apples, and cherries, and plums. She had fruit enough to use all winter.

In front of the house, and all about it, were flowers—old-fashioned, sweet-smelling kinds. People said that Grandma only had to look at a flower to make it grow.

Mornings, when the children were going to school, Grandma had flowers for all who wanted them. When her fruit was ripe she shared freely with the young folk, filling their hands when they went trooping home from school.

Besides her house and her garden Grandma had a little barn in which she kept Clover, her gentle, soft-eyed cow. There was a chicken-house, too, and fifty fine chickens in it.

Grandma had very little money, but Clover's milk and the eggs from the chicken house helped her very much.

The chickens were perfect pets. Grandma took care of them herself. They were so tame that they would fly all about her and eat out of her hand. Now and then one would fly up to her shoulder and rub her cheek.

The school children loved to stand by the fence to see Grandma feed and pet

the chickens. Each chicken of the fifty had a name of its own.

There were Speckle, and Tiny, and Weeny, and Tot; there were Polly, and Toppy, and Fluff; there were Blacky, and Scater, and Buff. I can not remember all their names. Each one knew its own name, and when Grandma called, it would run to her as fast as it could.

One morning the children found Grandma in tears. A thief had come in the night and taken all her chickens. Not one of the fifty were left, and Grandma was heartbroken. The children were sorry, too, and went to school feeling very sorry for poor Grandma.

Days went by and Grandma still mourned for her lost chickens. They had not been found, nor had the thief been detected.

One morning, a week after her loss, Grandma saw the yard full of chickens again. She rubbed her glasses. Had all her lost fowls come home like the sheep of little Bo-Peep?

She hurried out to see what it meant. Every chicken had a card tied to one of its legs. Grandma read on one card: "I have come to take the place of Speckle"; on another: "I have come to take the place of Blacky"; and so on for Tiny, and Weeny, and Tot; for Polly, and Toppy, and Fluff; for Scatter and Buff, and all the rest of the fifty.

Tears came into Grandma's eyes—tears of joy. Who had done this beautiful thing? Who but the school children whom Grandma loved and who loved Grandma!

Pussy Willow is Asleep.

Now does Pussy Willow
In the hollow deep,
Rock her little kitties
Till they're all asleep.

Safe from winds and winter—
Wrapped in softest down—
Tucked up closely to their chins
In their cradle brown.

March will find them waiting,
And impatient grow,
April showers their cradles burst—
May new charms bestow.

Merry children's eyes will dance
When they see them sprout,
And we'll laugh to hear their cry—
Pussy Willow's out!"

Tommy's Surprise.

One night when Tommy was getting ready for bed, he came to mamma and asked for just one story more. Mamma drew her chair up by the grate and held Tommy close. They looked into the fire, where the big coals shone out and made the room warm and light, and Tommy was very happy, and waited as still as a mouse for the story to begin.

"A very long, long time ago," said mamma, "there was a beautiful grove of big, big trees. Their tops reached up higher than any trees you ever saw, and their branches reached out farther. Every day they drank in the sunshine and grew bigger and bigger. Everything all around them was very bright and pretty.

"But one day the wind began to blow, and the rain came down more and more, till the lakes and rivers all spread over everywhere and covered the trees all up; and it kept thundering and lightning, and the ground shook so hard that some mountains were shaken all to pieces.

"The grove of big trees had all been blown down, and a great mountain of dirt was heaped up over them. How do you suppose the trees felt? They were jammed in tight, and squeezed hard under the big mountain, and it was dark, very dark in there. And I suppose they thought, 'We can never work any more; we will never see the sunshine again.'

"And there the trees stood for years and years and years—oh, a great deal longer than anyone who lives upon this earth can remember. But one day, way down in the ground under the mountain, came a great crashing, tumbling, rumbling, grumbling noise, and next there was a big hole in the mountain that reached clear down to where the trees where.

"But if you could have looked in there for the trees you never could have found them, for they had all been broken up and jammed tight together and turned black and hard till they looked more like a big black rock. And when the men who made the whole saw the shining stuff, they said:

"'Here it is, here it is!'

"And the black, shining stuff said:

"'What's that? what's that? Oh, light! it's daylight! My! Who ever thought we'd see daylight again? Why, we've been shut in here years and years and years! We want to get out and look around.'

"But when it went to move it was very hard and stiff, not at all as it was when it was tall green trees and waved in the wind.

"Then the men took their big iron tools and began breaking it up into pieces. They loaded it into little carts and drew it out into the bright sunshine. The black, shining stuff said:

"'See those trees growing there on the mountain! They look like bushes. When we were trees we used to reach ever so much higher.' Pretty soon a man came and bought it. He brought a big load of it here on the cars for us to burn in our grate."

Then Tommy opened his eyes and said:

"Mamma, was it coal?"

And mamma said:

"Yes. And when it turns red and hot it is giving back the sunshine it drank in so long, long ago, when it was tall green trees."

Write For a FREE Sample of GIN PILLS

Let them Prove that they will help your Sick Kidneys and Bladder.

First of all read these three letters:—

34 John Street, Hamilton, Ont.

"Being a sufferer from my kidneys and dizziness, I saw in the papers what good Gin Pills were doing, so wrote for a sample. They did me so much good that I bought three boxes. They worked wonders with me. I can recommend Gin Pills to any sufferer."

GEO. A. BROWN.

Hensall, Ont.

"The sample package of Gin Pills came to hand and we were so much encouraged by their use that we obtained a full size box from our druggist, Mr. Hooper, which relieved me from all pain and has apparently made a perfect cure. We would highly recommend Gin Pills to all sufferers from Kidney and Urinary troubles."

R. J. DRYSDALE.

Skipness, Bruce Co., Ont.

"I have seen the sample of Gin Pills and received great relief. Enclosed find P.O. order for $2.50 for 6 boxes.

RICHARD WEBSTER.

These gentlemen felt just as you do about Gin Pills, they wanted to try them before they spent any money on them. So they took advantage of our liberal offer and sent for free samples.

DO THE SAME. Sit down, right now, and write us for a sample of Gin Pills. We will send them, by return post, free of all charge.

We know that Gin Pills will help you—and will cure you—if your trouble is the Kidneys, Bladder, Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago.

Gin Pills are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50—or sent direct on receipt of price.

National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd

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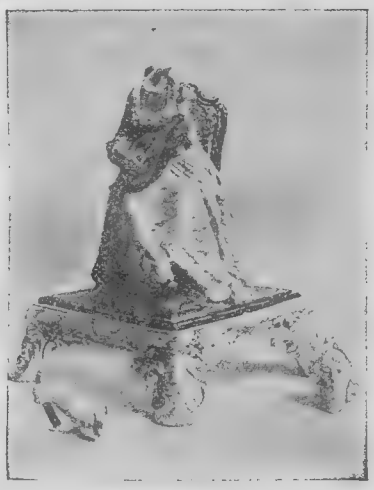

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Mended.

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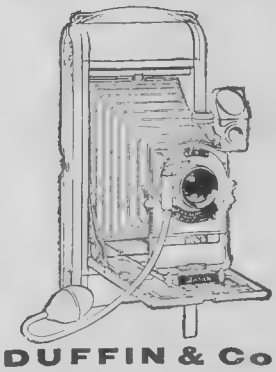

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RED ROSE TEA is always worth the price

AS EASY AS A B C

Have you ever noticed that some people when they try to explain something they do not understand use very big words? Sir William Ball, one of the greatest living astronomers, can explain even that difficult branch of science in simple words and phrases. In the same way, people who know how they lost their health and regained it can tell us all about it in words "as easy as A B C."

Take the case of Mr. George Morris, 18 Cathedral Street, Montreal, who, on June 28th, 1909, wrote us saying:—"I would like to join with others who have benefited from the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup by thanking you for the benefit I received from it while suffering from indigestion. I have always been strong and robust; in fact, being a shipper, I was obliged to be able to lift heavy weights. Well, five years ago, I first fell ill. I felt weakness, lack of energy, and lost my appetite, and when I did eat a little I suffered such violent pains across my chest and back that I dreaded food and often went hungry. I had bad headaches, and with the least exertion I felt dizzy and the blood rushed to my head."

"This, with foul breath, coated tongue and constant nausea, made me begin to lose hope of ever being well again. But a friend told me of Mother Seigel's Syrup and I tried it. One week's treatment brought great relief, and when I had used the Syrup one month I was completely cured."

There is no reason to doubt that what Mother Seigel's Syrup did for Mr. Morris it will do for you. It cured him and it will cure you.

Taken daily after meals, it will cleanse and invigorate your system, restore tone and vitality to your stomach and liver, and make you look well, feel well and be well.

Madame Jules Gagnon, of 80 Richardson Street, St. Roch, City of Quebec testified on July 8th, 1909, that she suffered from dyspepsia for about fourteen years, and during that period endeavoured to find a cure for the various sufferings which accompany this malady. The usual heavy feeling and pains after eating had a strong hold on her, and headache, sleeplessness and constipation were among the numerous afflictions with which she was subject to. On account of the long period of her suffering she lost in weight, and her case became nearly chronic. Pains in the back, palpitation of the heart, wind in the stomach and bowels, as well as a sensation of dizziness would frequently attack her, and it often seemed as if she would vomit after meals.

Numerous medicines were tried to overcome the difficulty, and we are informed that Mother Seigel's Pills have given such relief that she has no doubt of receiving a permanent cure shortly, and she is very thankful for the benefit that she has received thus far.

INDIGESTION

MEANS:—

TORTURING PAIN. WRETCHED DAYS.
CHRONIC WEARINESS. WAKEFUL NIGHTS.

It means being "done up," "played out," bowled over," "good for nothing," all the day and every day. It means starved blood, starved muscles, a starved body and a starved brain; in short, it means ruined health and a broken-down system unless you root it out without delay.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup is the standard remedy for indigestion in sixteen countries. Its unrivalled reputation is backed by nearly forty years' unbroken success in curing indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and all diseases arising from a disorded condition of the stomach, liver and bowels. Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the extracts of certain roots, barks and leaves which exert a remarkable curative and tonic effect on the stomach, liver and bowels, and has no equal as a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy. This is the testimony of tens of thousands of persons whom it has cured after all other medicines had miserably failed. Here is a case in point:—"Five years ago I began to feel out of sorts; felt weakness and lack of energy I had never felt before. I lost my appetite, and when I did eat a little I always had pains in my back and chest. I had headaches, giddiness, unpleasant breath and coated tongue. I began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup and in one month was completely cured."—George Morris, 18, Cathedral Street, Montreal. 28.6.09.

GIVES

STRENGTH TO THE WEAK. | ENERGY TO THE LANGUID. | COMFORT TO THE DYSPEPTIC.

GOOD DIGESTION TO ALL

Sold everywhere. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

In Lighter Vein.

When the "Hants" are Out.

By Edgar Wellton Cooley.

De moon done gone beneath a cloud,
'N de ole houn' whines,
'N de cricket, hit doan chirp no more
'N dem's bad signs!
Done see a black cat cross de road,
'N de smoke blows down de flue,
'N de fire keeps sputterin' 'way,
'N de moon is new,
'N hit's twelve o'clock, 'n de hants is out
'N walkin' about!

I'se done see a bat fly 'cross de moon,
'N de clock spring snaps
When nobody warn't touchin' hit,
'N de plum tree taps
De winder-pane wid hits crook'dest branch,
'N de snails done creep
Back 'n forth on de kitchen floor—
How you reckon I'se gwine to sleep
When de moon is dim, 'n de hants is out
'N walkin' about?

Going Some.

"No, sah!" said old Uncle Abe, "I hain't afraid of hants, no hants can skeer me."

"Now see here Abe," said the doctor, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll go down to old Perkins' haunted cottage and stay there till one o'clock in the morning, all alone in the dark."

"Yes, doctah, I'se go shuah, I'se not afraid of hants, and I think I see that dollah. Yes, Mr. Doctah, you lose that dollah."

And so Abe went down at eleven o'clock and lighted his pipe and began smoking. "No, sah," said he, "I'se afraid o' no hants. You can't skeer old Abe nohow. I'll get the doctah's dollah shuah."

Just then he heard a low sound behind him, and turning around he saw in the very dim light of a waning moon, a big black cat which was grinning from ear to ear. As Abe turned the grin became more pronounced and the cat said in a high tenor voice: "There's jest us two, Abe, ain't they?"

"Yes, sah," said Abe jumping up a yard, "they'se just us two, but there won't be two for long!"

And so out of the door he went and down the road as fast as his legs would carry him. When about half a mile from his house he was forced to stop in order to get his breath. Leaning up against the fence he could just blurt out, "No, sah, I'se afraid o' no hants, but I reckon talkin' black cats ain't no hants. No, sah! cats is cats! No. sah!"

Just then he heard the low sound behind him once more, and as he turned the black cat was sitting on the fence beside him and grinning as before. As it caught old Abe's eye it smiled more amiably than ever and remarked once again in a high tenor, "Well, old Uncle Abe, we was a-goin' some, wasn't we?"

"Yes!" said old Abe as he started off again as if electrified, "we was goin' some, but it ain't a patch to what we'se a-goin' to go." And the dust proved that he was trying to make good his words.

Could not Remember His Prayers.

John Rogers was stationmaster at Coupar-Angus, on the Caledonian Railway. He was a pious man, but, like many other railway men, he waxed a little profane under excitement. John was a member of the local Burns Society and attended the annual dinner regularly, getting a little mellow by closing time. After one dinner, he got home among the "wee sma' oors," undressed himself with some difficulty, and went down on his knees beside the bed, where he sent forth some incoherent mutterings.

"What's the maiter, John?" asked his better half. "Are you no feelin' weel?"

"Am feelin' a' richt," replied John, "but a' canna' mind a damned wird o' ma prayers."

No Fear of John.

Andrew Carnegie tells a good story:—"'I canna' leave ye' tha., Nancy,' a good old Scotchman wailed. 'Ye're too uld to work, an' ye couldna' live in the lmshouse. Gin I die, ye maun marry nither man, wha'll keep ye in comfort i yer auld age.'

"'Nay, nay, Andy,' answered the d spouse; 'I couldna' wed anither an, for what wad I do wi' twa husands in Heaven?' Andy pondered over this, but suddenly his face brightened.

"'I ha'e it, Nancy!' he cried. 'Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He's a kind man, but he is na' a member of the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him, 'twill be all the same in Heaven. John's na Christian, and he's na likely to get there.'"

He Knew it.

The landlady was in a sentimental mood.

"This is the anniversary of the death of my poor dear old Uncle John," she sighed. "He was a sea-captain, and went down with his ship this day five-and-thirty years ago. I was only a child when he went away, but I remember he gave me a pet lamp as a parting gift."

"And you've killed it at last!" said the sky boarder, reproachfully, picking up a piece of mutton on his fork and regarding it with mournful interest.

Ready and Brave.

An Irishman, out of employment, went up to an employer and asked for a job.

Employer: "Do you know anything about horses?"

Pat: "Sure, and wasn't Oi born in a stable!"

"Do you know anything about cattle?"

"Sure, and I'd like to know phwat I don't know!"

"And carpentry. Do you know anything about that?"

"Begorra, an' I'd like to see the man as would beat me at it."

"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Sure, and I'm in my element at that job."

"Just tell me, then, how you would make a Venetian blind?"

"Sure, and wouldn't Oi just poke me finger in his eye!"

Why he Cried

At a tea-meeting in Manchester given by one of the church Sunday-schools the curate present noticed a little boy crying. The curate asked the boy why he was crying.

"Please, sir, I can't eat any more cake," replied the boy, and he started crying again.

"Never mind, my little man, put some in your pockets," said the curate.

"Please, sir, I can't. They be full now!"

Mrs. Suberbs—"If you'll only agree to stay with us you will be treated as one of the family." Cook—"Did ye iver hear th' loikes av thoot? Shure, mum, if yer husband trated me as he does you I'd break his head wid th' broomshtick!"—Judge.

On the notice board of a church near Manchester the other day the following announcements appeared together: A potato pie supper will be held on Saturday evening. Subject for Sunday evening, "A Night of Agony."—Manchester Guardian.

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked his hostess. "No, ma'am." "Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?" "Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie, confidentially; "this isn't her pie."—Christian Work.

Was Troubled With Dyspepsia.

For Years Could Get No Relief Until She Tried

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Can Eat Anything Now.

Mrs. Herman Dickenson, Benton, N.B., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. I took three bottles and became cured and I can now eat anything without it hurting me. I will highly recommend it to all who are troubled with stomach trouble."

Burdock Blood Bitters has an established reputation, extending over 34 years, as a specific for Dyspepsia in all its forms, and all diseases arising from this cause.

For sale by all dealers.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH

Successfully treated by "Actina"

Ninety-five per cent. of the cases of deafness brought to our attention are the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed, relief is impossible. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying hence the inability of specialists to always give relief. That there is a scientific treatment for most forms of deafness and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the "Actina" treatment.

E. D. The Drum; H. Hammer; A. Anvil; S. Stirrup; S. C. Semicircular Canals; C. Cochlea.

The vapor generated in the "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the vibration of sound. "Actina" is also very successful in relieving head noises. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be completely relieved in a few weeks by this wonderful invention.

"Actina" has also been very successful in the treatment of la grippe, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds, headaches and other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina will be sent on trial post-paid. Write us about your case. Our advice will be free as well as a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease. Address, Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84 C., 811 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A.

DRUGLESS HEALING or SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS

Prof. Banton's method of treatment has healed hundreds and hundreds of people in Canada, United States and foreign countries. People in Calgary and other places lately healed of Rheumatism in all forms, Paralysis, Catarrh, Eczema, Asthma, Goiter, Lung-, Liver-, Kidney-, Stomach- and Bladder-Troubles, old sore, nervousness, constipation, etc. If diseased in body or mind wake up my friend, there is Health, and Happiness for you. All you need is God's infinite laws put to work in you. Write me stating your trouble, I'll explain how we heal you in your Home, without poisoning your system with medicine. We give both personal and absent treatment. **Prof. H. W. Banton, Institution of Healing, office 232 13th Ave. East, Calgary, Alta.** Tel. 197. This science of Healing taught.

MY VARICOSE VEINS

WERE CURED completely by ABSORBINE JR.

says WM. PRATT, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. and will do the same for you in a pleasant manner; allay the inflammation, kill pain, heal and restore them to a normal condition; reduces Goitre, Tumors, Wens, Gouty or Rheumatic Deposits, Synovitis, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Sprains of the muscles or ligaments. Heals cuts, old sores, wounds, etc. Costs only $1.00-4 oz., $2.00-12 oz. bottle at your druggists or delivered. Book 2F Free.

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Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

The Trouble with the Hens.

The poultry editor of a county paper received this letter from a poetical summer cottager:

Dear Editor: What shall I do? Each morn when I visit my hen-house I find two or three fowls on their backs, their feet sticking straight up and their souls wandering through fields Elysian. What is the matter?

The prosaic editor replied by return mail:

Dear Friend: The principal trouble with your hens seems to be that they are dead. There isn't much that you can do, as they will probably be that way for some time. Yrs resptfly, ——

The Same Old Difference.

Two flies stood close together on a screen. "It's pleasant weather," said the first fly. "I'm glad you think so," buzzed the second fly. "It's well enough, I suppose, but it looks like rain."

"Let her rain," said the first fly. "Who cares? I believe in making the best of things. What's the use of kicking all the time?"

"I admit," said the second fly, "that there's no use in kicking, but if you don't kick there's little else to do. I tell you this is a hard world. I see mighty little in it. I'm disgusted with the whole affair."

"The trouble with you is," said the first fly, "that you are a pessimist and I'm an optimist. I naturally look on the bright side of things and you look on the dark. It's a question of temperament. I can't help being happy, and you can't help being unhappy. We were born so. It's fate, pure and simple. That, my friend, is the difference between us."

The second fly buzzed satirically.

"That's where you're 'way off," he replied. "As a matter of fact, the difference between us is simply this: I'm on the outside, and you're on the inside, of this screen."

A Permit.

Two boys, while intently fishing in strictly preserved water, for which only one was provided with a permit, were quite suddenly confronted by the keeper, whereupon one of them, hastily collecting his tackle, set off at his best speed across the fields, the keeper following.

After covering three or four miles of very heavy country, the angler seated himself, and awaited the panting and angry pursuer.

"Do you know," asked the keeper, "that you are not allowed to fish in that water without permission?"

"Yes," answered the lad, "but I have permission. I've got an order."

"What did you run for, then?" said the astonished and irate keeper.

"Oh, just to let the other lad away —he hadn't got one."

Revenge is Sweet.

A woman entered a railway train crowded with winter tourists and happened to take a seat in front of a newly-married couple. She was hardly seated before they began making remarks about her, which some of the passengers must have heard.

Her last year's bonnet and cloak were fully criticized with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might have come next if the woman had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of clever, feminine strategy.

She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the bridegroom, and, in the smoothest of tones, said:

"Madam, will you please have your son remove his feet from the back of my chair?"

A Considerate Parent.

Algernon: "Have you any idea, darling, what your father would say if I asked him for your hand?"

Arabella: "No, I haven't. He never uses that kind of language before his family."

SUN FIRE

The oldest Insurance Office in the world

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS

Proving by Actual Experiment

This experiment will always interest the children, and will provoke a good deal of thinking. The explanation, of course, is, that the lighted piece of paper which is inserted into the inverted glass drives out most of the air, so that when the mouth of the glass is quickly put down into the water there is very little air, and, consequently, very little pressure above the water within the glass. Hence, the weight or pressure of the air on the water outside the glass drives the water up into the glass to occupy the space from whence the air was driven by the burning paper.

A practical demonstration of this kind is always more convincing than any mere statement. This is particularly true of medical remedies.

The effect of the anti-toxin treatment for diphtheria is noticeable within a few hours, so that everyone must believe in its virtue. In a similar way, the treatment known as ORANGE LILY gives a practical proof of the progress it is making in curing women's disorders, and that, too, within a few days after commencing its use.

All authorities agree that in every case of women's disorders there exists a congested condition of the womanly organs. The circulation in these parts is sluggish or stagnant, and the result is that the broken-down tissue or waste matter which should be carried off if the blood was circulating freely, remains in these parts, causing inflammation, irritation, oppression of the nerves, etc. ORANGE LILY is not taken internally, but is applied direct to the suffering organs. It is absorbed into the circulation, and its antiseptic properties at once act on the waste matter referred to above. The consequence is that this waste matter, which is causing the inflammation, ulcers, nervous troubles, etc., begins to be discharged, and it continues to be discharged until all the foreign matter is removed from the circulation. At the same time the blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, the nervous trouble disappears, the circulation is restored and good health follows.

Toronto, Ont., June 2, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—I wish to tell you that Orange Lily is doing me a great deal of good. Those ulcers come away one or two every week, and I have less pain and fewer headaches. I feel sure I will be perfectly cured in a little longer time.

MRS. D. S. T.

The explanation of the wonderful cures performed by ORANGE LILY is very simple. It is a scientific remedy, based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. The conditions existing in all female troubles are alike in character, differing in degree and development only, so that a positive remedy, as ORANGE LILY is, acts with all the certainty of a chemical experiment. In order to convince every suffering woman that ORANGE LILY will cure her, I make the following

Free Trial Offer

I will send to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the ORANGE LILY treatment to last her 10 days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer, and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctor's bills or expense of any kind.

Enclose 3 stamps, and address, MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont. 1

Cancer Cure

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous EVANS' CANCER CURE, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment will cure external or internal Cancer. Write, R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT PRIVATELY BY ELECTRICITY

You cannot permanently rid yourself of disfiguring hair by burning off the exposed part. You must kill the hair root, so that it cannot grow again. The only sure and safe way to do this is by electricity. This method is employed by all reputable physicians and dermatologists. **THE MAHLER APPLIANCE** is an electrical apparatus embodying the standard recognized method of electrolysis—simplified for home use. This kills the hair root by a steady, constant current of electricity, so faint that it cannot cause the slightest shock or scar, but sufficiently strong to destroy the life of the hair, so it can never grow again. You can use it with absolutely no danger of any kind. No knowledge of electricity required to operate. Send today for our book which fully describes the **MAHLER APPLIANCE** and contains evidences of the results achieved by women who have used it. This book free on request. We prepay postage in full. WRITE TO-DAY.

Apparatus shown and operation explained at Lyon's Cut Rate Drug Store, 9 & 10 Bleury St., Montreal, Can.

D. J. MAHLER, 653 N MAHLER PARK, EAST PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Quickly Cured

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.

We want every man and woman, suffering from the excruciating torture of piles to just send their name and address to us and get by return mail a free trial package of the most effective and positive cure ever known for this disease, Pyramid Pile Cure.

The way to prove what this great remedy will do in your own case, is to just fill out free coupon and send to us and you will get by return mail a free sample of Pyramid Pile Cure.

Then after you have proven to yourself what it can do, you will go to the druggist and get a 50 cent box.

Don't undergo an operation. Operations are rarely a success and often lead to terrible consequences. Pyramid Pile Cure reduces all inflammation, makes congestion, irritation, itching, sores and ulcers disappear—and the piles simply quit. No knife and its torture. No doctor and his bills.

For sale at all drug stores at 50 cents a box.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON

Fill out the blank lines below with your name and address, cut out coupon and mail to the PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY, 240 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich. A sample of the great Pyramid Pile Cure will then be sent you at once by mail, FREE, in plain wrapper.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

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TRENCH'S REMEDY —FOR— EPILEPSY AND FITS

IMPORTANT NOTICE
A BRANCH OFFICE has been established at 107 St. James' Chambers, Toronto.

REDUCTION IN PRICE
This important change permits of prices being reduced to those prevailing in Europe, namely:—Full package, $12.00; half do., $6.50; quarter do. $3.75; postage or express charges extra.

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Pamphlet mailed free on application.
Beware of spurious imitations. All packages of Trench's Remedy must bear our trade-mark seal in unbroken condition on each end.

Foreign 15 DIFFERENT, FINEST COLORED, and big exchange offer. 10c. (coin). Members everywhere. Round World Postal Club, A1, Dayton, Ohio. **Views**

Science for the Young.

Thoughtful little Willie Frazer
Carved his name with father's razor;
Father, unaware of trouble,
Used the blade to shave his stubble.
Father cut himself severely,
Which pleased little Willie dearly—
"I have fixed my father's razor
So it cuts!" said Willie Frazer.

Mamie often wondered why
Acids trouble alkali—
Mamie, in a manner placid,
Fed the cat boracic acid,
Whereupon the cat grew frantic,
Executing many an antic.
"Ah!" cried Mamie, overjoyed,
"Pussy is an alkaloid!"

Arthur with a lighted taper
Touched the fire to grandpa's paper.
Grandpa leaped a foot or higher,
Dropped the sheet and shouted "Fire!"
Arthur, wrapped in contemplation,
Viewed this scene of conflagration.
"This," he said, "confirms my notion—
Heat creates both light and motion."

Wee, experimental Nina
Dropped her mother's Dresden china
From a seventh-story casement,
Smashing, crashing to the basement.
Nina, somewhat apprehensive,
Said: "This china is expensive,
Yet it proves by demonstration
Newton's law of gravitation."

— Wallace Irwin.

Last but not Least.

Three boys started out in life together. Said one of them: "I'll work only when I have to. I'll make a great show, and sit up nights thinking how I will get ahead of the firm."

At the end of twenty years he had a nice little business of his own.

The second boy took the other tack. "I," he said, "will be ever faithful to my employer's interest. I'll work hard day and night, and will not attempt to push myself forward unduly. I believe that in the long run honest effort must tell."

And at the end of twenty years he, too, had a nice little business of his own.

One day the first boy and second boy were sitting together, congratulating themselves on their success, when the third boy entered.

"He never did amount to much," said the first boy.

"That's so," said the second boy. "I wonder what he has been doing all this time?"

"Gentlemen," said the third boy, "you'll have to shut up shop. I'm glad to know what you've been all these years, because each in his own way has been working for me."

"And what have you been doing?" said the other boys anxiously.

"Forming a trust," said the third boy.

He Got Even all Right.

A grocer was guilty of some rather sharp practice on a customer, and the latter stamped out of the store, roaring: "You're a swindler, and I'll never enter your doors again!"

Next day, though, he came back and bought five pounds of sugar.

"Dear me," said the grocer, smiling in a forgiving way, "I thought you were never going to enter my doors again."

"Well, I didn't mean to," said the customer; "but yours is the only shop in the place where I can get what I want. I am going to pot some bulbs and I need sand."

Near Enough.

One day as a train from the East pulled up at a little station of a most depressing town in the fever-and-ague district of a Southern State, a passenger, thrusting his head out of a car window asked of a dejected-looking citizen who was leaning against the station door:

"Tell me, what do you call this dead, dried-up, dreary, low-down place?"

"That's near enough, stranger," replied the native in a melancholy voice. "Let it go at that."

Random Reading.

Why is it that summer always seems to pass so quickly?—Because there is often an evening mist.

"What did she say when you turned out the gas and kissed her?" "She said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again."

A tailor's window had in it a placard announcing—"Special attention given to the requirements of the stout." He evidently intends to live on the fat of the land!

Editor: "See here! In one verse you rhyme 'wind' with 'sinned,' and in the next you rhyme 'wind' with 'fined.'" Resourceful poet: 'Oh, that's all right—the dictionaries allow both ways!"

Studious boy, writing a composition: "Should we say a man marries a woman or a woman marries a man?" Father: "H'm—I should think that depends a good deal on whether the woman was a widow."

Miss Briggs: "Yes, I'm going to the Coronation. Why not?" Miss Baggs: "Of course you have a right to if there's any truth in the old proverb." Miss Briggs: "Which one?" Miss Baggs: "'A cat may look at the king.'"

First swell, pretending to mistake for a waiter an acquaintance whom he sees standing at the cloak-room of the theatre: "Ah, have you a programme?" Second swell, on the Alert: "Thanks, my man, I got one from the other fellow."

Handsome mother: "I understand, sir, that you have secretly been making love to my daughter, and I must forbid an acquaintance begun in that way! You shoud have seen me first." Shrewd suitor: "Madam, had I seen you first, I should have forgotten your daughter and fallen in love with you!" Handsome mother: "Um—the informality of the proceeding was all I objected to! Come with me and I will introduce you!"

On the subject of childish misinterpretation of hymns a lady writes—"They linger strangely in the memory. I remember that line, 'Where surges swell no more,' used to cause me acute disappointment. I wore a white serge frock with conscious pride on Sundays, and it distressed me to think that serge would not be modish in the better world. I remember too being constantly asked not to stand in the light when my parents were painting, and thinking uneasily in church how worried they would feel in a land where angels 'stand ever in the light.'"

Here is a specimen from Judy. He tried the door with his key, but the thing was locked on the inside—locked and bolted. And, just as he was about to apply the knocker, a voice, stern and admonitory, reached him from above. "Hallo! Who are you? What do you want?" "My dear," he called, "isn't that a trifle gratitous? I want to come in. D'ye see?" "Where have you been till this hour?" "Club, my darling! Been down discussing the strike." "Very well, then. Now you can go back and discuss the lock-out. Does it still rain?"

But recently arrived, the Shade bustled up to St. Peter. "My good man," said he, "will you tell me where I must go to get souvenir postcards?" And St. Peter, eyeing him sourly, told him where he could go to.—Cleveland Leader.

"Can't I take your order for one of our encyclopedias?" asked the dapper agent. "No, I guess not," said the busy man; "I might be able to use it a few times, but my son will be home from college next week."—Buffalo Express.

"Now, Tommy," said an anxious mother to her son, "the minister will be here to dinner to-day, and you must be sure to wash your face clean." "All right, mamma," answered Tommy, "but suppose he doesn't come?"—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Sores Flee Before It.—There are many who have been afflicted with sores and have driven them away with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which acts like magic. All similarly troubled should lose no time in applying this splendid remedy, as there is nothing like it to be had. It is cheap, but its power is in no way expressed by its price.

Had a Bad Cough

FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. WAS AFRAID IT WOULD TURN INTO

Consumption.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that when a person catches cold it must be attended to immediately or serious results may follow.

Thousands have filled a consumptive grave through neglect.

Never Neglect a Cough or Cold, it can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Afraid of Consumption.

Mrs. A. E. Brown, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I have had a very bad cough every winter for a number of years which I was afraid would turn into consumption. I tried a great many remedies but only received temporary relief until I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and after taking two bottles my cough was cured. I am never without a bottle of Norway Pine Syrup."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the medicine you need. It strikes at the foundation of all throat and lung complaints, relieving or curing all Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, etc., and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be imposed upon by taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

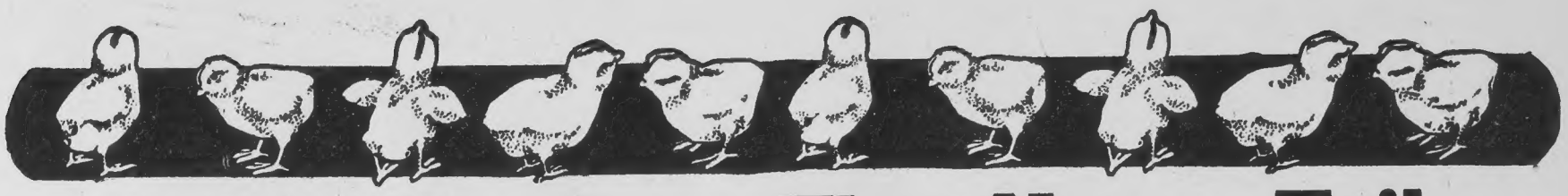
Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON
54 King Street
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Halifax Shredded Codfish
(NOT A BONE IN IT.)

With a ten cent package you can make a tasty fish-ball breakfast, enough for the whole family

ASK YOUR GROCER.



Raise The Crop That Never Fails

That crop is poultry—the crop that knows no "bad years." You can raise that crop on your farm, no matter whereabouts in Canada it is. You can raise poultry successfully, make money doing it, and be sure of a good market for all you do raise. You need make no heavy investment to start at it; you need no elaborate equipment; you don't have to give up a big slice of your land to poultry-raising, even if you go into it on a pretty big scale.

Nor is it hard work to make a go of poultry-farming,—not anything like the work it takes most everywhere to make even a pittance out of ordinary farming. Poultry-raising, nowadays, with The Peerless Way to follow and the certainty it provides for you, is actually a business that you owe it to yourself to get into, and to get into right away. Consider the matter carefully. Read every word of what follows, and act upon its suggestions.

This Is How You Can Make Your Farm Pay Better

First of all, sit down now and drop us a post card with your name and address on it. That will bring you a book you ought to read twice, at least,—it is packed so full of facts about poultry-for-profit. It tells you the real truth about poultry-raising; there is no empty theory, no clever writing, in it at all; but it certainly does clear up a lot of problems that use to puzzle people. This book explains just why The Peerless Incubator, The Peerless Brooder, and The Peerless Way make a combination that puts success within anybody's reach —makes success practically certain, failure practically impossible.

The Peerless Incubator is so designed, so constructed, from practical experience, with precise knowledge of the climatic conditions of every section of Canada, that it will positively hatch perfectly in any part of the country. When you get that book we ask you to send for, you will read letters in it from every province of the Dominion,—letters from people who have done with the Peerless what they could not have done with any other incubator built. That may sound like a bold statement; but you will learn its truth once you study the subject. Get the book and see why.

Very Little Money Will Start You Right

Don't imagine for a moment that you need a great deal of cash to start after the profit there is in poultry. One important feature of The Peerless Way is how easy it is made for our friends to go into the business with but very little ready money. And don't imagine, either, you need be anything of an expert to succeed with poultry. Your own good common-sense, added to a fair degree of diligence and effort, equips you thoroughly to make money poultry-raising, and to make it quick. Get the cold facts.

We Guarantee To Find a Buyer For Your Product

Here is another valuable service you get when you follow The Peerless Way:—We guarantee to find a buyer for all the fowl or eggs you want to sell—a buyer who pays spot cash, pays the highest market prices, and charges no commission whatever. Poultry prices, and prices for eggs—as you would know if you lived in a city—have been climbing steadily year after year. They are going to be higher still; they will never be lower, at least; because the demand is growing faster than the supply.

You Get, Free, The Advice And Aid of Experts

Another very important thing about The Peerless Way is that our interest in your success doesn't lapse when your Peerless Outfit is shipped. We figure, you see that our reputation is largely bound up with your success—yes, with **your individual success,** once you become a Peerless follower. If one Peerless customer should fail at poultry-raising because we did not do all we should have done to help him, we would feel disgraced. So we try to see to it that no Peerless user fails. Our Board of Experts gives advice, counsel, detailed instructions, to any Peerless user who wants them. And the advice is so plain, so explicit, that a child could not misunderstand it. It tells just how to overcome every difficulty poultry-raising has; and it explains fully the methods which have built up the largest poultry-farm in Canada—the great Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited, at Pembroke, where the Peerless method of hatching was perfected and is exclusively followed.

The Best Paying Business You Can Get Into

For the work involved and the money required, poultry-raising, The Peerless Way, is the best business there is. It has possibilities big enough to interest a capitalist; and yet a schoolboy of average intelligence can succeed at it, make money at it, prosper in it, yet start with but a few dollars. There is not a farm in Canada on which poultry cannot be raised for profit; there is not a farm on which poultry will not pay better than any other crop. You simply cannot find a better investment for part of your time or for all of it. Neither can you find a better way to go into it than The Peerless Way. Ten thousand people are doing well with it. So can you.

We Trust You Willingly

When it is not just convenient for our customers to start on a cash-down basis, we willingly arrange such long credit terms that the Peerless equipment pays for itself—earns its whole cost long before the last payment is due. You will find us very easy people to deal with; you will be pleased and satisfied at every point. Write us to-day.

Let us ship you this and trust you for it. We pay the freight and give you a 10-year guarantee.

FREE Big Valuable Poultry Book

You have read enough here to convince you, probably, that there really is something worth while in poultry raising The Peerless Way. Now send for the FREE book that tells the whole story—that clinches the whole argument—that gives facts and figures and proofs—things you want to know, and ought to learn of right NOW. Make a start this very day, Send for the book. Address: 30

We carry ample stocks in our big distributing Warehouses at Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver, for the convenience of our Western friends. Address all letters to Head Office at Pembroke, Ontario. They will receive prompt attention.

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ROYAL CROWN SOAP

SAVE THE WRAPPERS FOR PREMIUMS, SEND FOR OUR LIST. MAILED FREE. ON APPLICATION.

Mary Work would groan and grunt,
When'er she did the Wash-Day stunt;
The aching of her spinal-Column
Made Mary's chubby face quite solemn
And patent med'cines she would hunt.

But Mary now takes no more dope,
With washing problems she can cope;
Her friends in wonder gape and gaze
For long and loud doth Mary praise
That crowning blessing ROYAL CROWN SOAP!

MORAL:- Use ROYAL CROWN SOAP, And you'll need NO dope!

DO YOUR WASHING in the ROYAL CROWN WAY!

The Economical Way
The Thorough Way
The Healthful Way

AND BE SURE TO SAVE THE COUPONS.

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